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MY LIFE AND TIMES

BY

CYRUS HAMLIN

Missionary in Turkey

Author of "Among the Turks," etc.

FIFTH EDITION.

BOSTON

The Pilgrim Press

CHICAGO

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Dedication

TO MY CHILDREN

AND CHILDREN'S CHILDREN.

PREFACE

WHILE the record of my life and times is dedicated to all my children, it is due to my daughter Clara (now Mrs. Lee, of Marash) to acknowledge that her persevering insistence, while last at home, was the sole cause of its origin All my children, however, joined with her in demanding it. It was written in familiar style, as addressed to them all. This personal address has been changed, and many family references omitted, but the origin and design of the book appear on every page, and should be kept in mind by the reader. If some of such references remain, every one will know how to excuse them.

My social changes have been entirely omitted and reserved for a separate record.

Some things that may seem remarkable in the record were due to the remarkable times in which my life was appointed. Persecution, war, and the contest for Robert College were the mold into which the life was cast, and it could not but have some shapings which are peculiar. And there were arrangements and deliverances of divine Providence so wonderful that no flesh can glory in His presence.

C. H.

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THE HAMLIN HOMESTEAD.

(This front view shows the homestead as it now is. See the rear view, p. 30, for the older parts.)

MY LIFE AND TIMES

CHAPTER I.

PARENTAGE, BIRTH, AND CHILDHOOD.

THE Hamlins are of Huguenot descent. Their ancestors, driven by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes (1685) out of France, where they had suffered persecution, and, in one case, martyrdom, fled to England and Germany. One was a faithful friend and supporter of "Palissy the Potter." Many of them returned to France when amnesty was offered, and their descendants are still Protestants, among them being the admiral of the French navy in the Crimean war of 1854–56. In the latter part of the seventeenth century the two traditional brothers immigrated to this country from England, and one of them settled in Harvard, Massachusetts.

My grandfather, Eleazer Hamlin, was a farmer, a great reader of history, and a true patriot. He had seventeen children, and with three of his sons fought in the war of the Revolution to the end. His admiration of Roman heroes led him to name his first-

born son Africanus (leaving off the Scipio); his second he named Americus, the third and fourth, Asiaticus and Europus. But the world called them Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, and there was no remedy. After the four continents, my grandfather had twins (b. 1768) whom he named Hannibal and Cyrus. He also had Eleazer, Jr., and Isaac, and, I think, Jacob, who died early. I have no complete list of the names of his children. Hannibal was my father. Cyrus was the father of Vice-President Hannibal Hamlin. So you see that I was named for his father and he was named for mine. Uncle Africa was always called Major Hamlin, and I suppose he rose to that rank in the war under Washington, whom he held in profound admiration, keeping a Boswellian diary of everything he saw, heard, or knew of him. It was lost by too frequent lending to old Revolutionary soldiers.

At the close of the great war all that my grandfather Hamlin possessed was a large family and a free country. In consideration of his great sacrifices and faithful services a large section of land in the "District of Maine" was given to him by the Massachusetts legislature. With unspeakable hope and joy he went *down*, as the journey was then designated, to view it and select farms for himself and his sons. He would then have enough left for their sons.

He found the tract so rocky that nothing but a sparse growth of spruce trees could sustain life upon it, and so full of caves that it had become the head-quarters and breeding place of bears; which it is to this day. He begged the legislature not to impose the gift upon him, as it was already occupied by the only inhabitants it could support.

Finally four farms were given to his sons in Waterford; and Africa, Eleazer, Jr., Americus, and Hannibal came and selected their places of abode. My father, Hannibal, had earned money as a school-teacher, and was able to clear a part of the land and to build a house and barn, and then in the winter of 1799–1800 he went to Acton, Massachusetts, and was married.

There were then about thirty-five families in the town, and a majority of the men were Revolutionary soldiers. My mother was Susan Faulkner, born February 21, 1772, in Acton, Massachusetts. She was a beautiful and charming woman, the daughter of Colonel Francis Faulkner, who was, like my grandfather Hamlin, a Revolutionary soldier and a man of character and influence.[1] There was *iron* in the blood of the Faulkners as well as of the Hamlins. Colonel Faulkner had eleven children. Those were the days of large families.

[1] I have sketched the Faulkners in my lecture before the Lexington Historical Society, published as a pamphlet under the title "Colonel Francis Faulkner and the Battle of Lexington."

My father and mother took great pains to keep up Massachusetts culture down in that new settlement in Maine. When other families were located in the neighborhood, my father established for the winter months a weekly spelling match for old and young. After spelling awhile every one communicated whatever news or new thoughts he had; public affairs were discussed; and if the young orchards had begun to bear fruit, the evening was doubtless closed with cider and apples. It was in effect a rural lyceum, and it knit the families together and did much to cultivate the intelligence which characterized those early inhabitants of the town.

I was born January 5, 1811. I had two sisters, Susan and Rebecca, and a brother Hannibal, two years older than myself. Susan was ten years older than I, and Rebecca six. Two other children had died in infancy.

Susan and Rebecca were very different. Susan had judgment, prudence, and executive ability beyond her years. From a very early age she was a great help to her mother. She made a pet of me, and I would obey her lovingly almost as readily as I did my mother. I always knew that what she did was right. She governed us by a strange influence, so that we never thought we were governed at all. When I was at Bridgton Academy, old Mrs. Dr. Farnsworth

told me that at one time she had six or seven boarders, all of them academy girls, and she never liked to be absent a day unless Susan Hamlin was with them. Then she knew everything would go right.

Rebecca was the bookworm, the scholar, the poet. She used to rhyme in her childhood, and would commit to memory poetry by the page. She was always first in her class, and nobody supposed she would ever develop such capacity for meeting the stern experiences of life as she did. She was always a lady, and always the executive of her household.

I was not a promising child at the start. I was pronounced "weakly." My "head was *too big*." So the wise old ladies comforted my dear mother, and told her she must "never expect to bring up that child."[1]

I was doubtless a great care and anxiety to her. My father died of quick consumption when I was but seven months old, and neighbors often said it was my mother's devoted care of the weakly baby that kept her from sinking down in sorrow. She was left with four children, two farms, and a large unsettled business, of which the lawyers relieved her to their own profit more than to hers. She had known almost nothing of the farm, and now it was

[1] To "raise a child" was not used then as in New York state. We said to "raise a calf" — to "bring up a child."

to be her main support. But being of good Puritan stock, and well educated for the times, faculty and capacity came with the demand, and she conducted her affairs with great prudence and wisdom. Some of her neighbors were very kind; others were not at all considerate of her interests.

My tumbling downstairs was a story often told against me, and I remember it perfectly well. I was between three and four years old. A woman was weaving cloth at the head of the stairs; I was playing near her, and rolled down bump, bump, to the bottom, making spots black and blue. Just as I came down, John Atherton, a jovial workman cutting our hay, came in with a honeycomb from a bumblebee's nest, the most delicious honey ever made. He gave me the honey to stop my crying, and told me he would give me another if I would tumble downstairs again. I tumbled down twice more that day, and I can remember his shouts of laughter; for I was all black and blue, and my mother stopped the play at once. I had no design of tumbling down, but probably I played round at the top of the stairs so that if there was to be a tumble, I should be on hand; and I had the three honeycombs. Susan and Rebecca were indignant, but when they poured out their indignation upon John he only laughed the more.

An early remembered act was a criminal one. Indeed, most of my earliest remembrances are of things discreditable.

My mother had two neighbors at tea. They came with their babies, and as it was summer time the babies were bolstered up in the open door looking out upon the lawn where I was amusing myself. I threw a stone which went through the open window and smashed my mother's china sugar bowl all to pieces. It belonged to the tea set which her father gave her at her marriage. Mother simply told me to go round to the other side of the house and play. After the guests were gone, she showed me the broken pieces and told me how sorry she was, because her dear father gave her that sugar bowl. I defended myself. I said, "I did n't mean to throw it in at the window; I threw it at those babies that were hollerin' in the door. I hated them babies."

It was a poor defense. Mother very rarely inflicted physical chastisement, but this was a most atrocious case which demanded it and had it. I always respected babies after that.

The next thing was still worse, and it made an indelible impression upon me and upon my brother. We were over at Mr. Haskell's one day, and saw a little pile of oxgoads split out but not finished. They were of beautiful straight ash wood, and as

every boy likes a stick, we each of us took one and brought it home. That we knew it was wrong was sufficiently demonstrated by our putting them behind the door of our wood shed, which concealed them while open and swung back, but as inevitably revealed them to any one going out if the door was shut. George Haskell, the young man who had split them out, and who was often in and out at our house, saw the ill-fated sticks standing in full view. He knew them instantly and took them directly to our mother. She called us to account, and we confessed having taken them. She took us separately into her bedroom and talked to us, and showed such distress at the wicked act that we never stole again.

Our cousin Lydia used to laugh at us in adult age for never having fulfilled the promise of our precocious ability of concealing a thing! A wicked act is sometimes a means of grace, as I believe this was to us. We confessed this and all other sins in later life, and implored the divine forgiveness; but George had left the place, and we never had the opportunity to make confession to him. But there is in our moral nature, ineradicable, a necessity of confessing a crime to the person injured, unless it has become impossible. Nothing else will restore the moral balance. About seventy years after the occurrence, I met this same George. Of course we had only the

memories of childhood in common. We had much to talk about in the few minutes we were together, and he said, "I shall be here again in two weeks, and we will talk up those early days." I resolved to ask him if he remembered the goadsticks, and to tell him it always remained upon my conscience, and he must absolve me. He would have laughed, but I would have felt a real satisfaction in it. He did not come, and I lost the chance.

We were a family in which the Bible was reverenced and daily read as the Word of God, and the Sabbath was strictly kept from all unnecessary labor. The care of the cattle had its fixed duties, but nothing that could be called *work* was allowed; and Saturday night, although not kept strictly as holy time, was the preparation for Sunday. The children were bathed, the clothes laid out for the morning, and then there was some reading in the parlor before we retired. The meetinghouse was nearly two miles distant, but it was very bad weather indeed that could keep us all at home. The church was unwarmed, and in very cold weather our heroic sufferings were mitigated by a foot stove. One of the family always had to remain at home to see to the barn or the pasture and its occupants.

As little boys are always ambitious to be big, I insisted one summer day that I would take care of

things alone, and mother granted my desire. I was diligently instructed what to do, and Rebecca begged me especially to be careful not to leave the great whey tub uncovered on giving the pigs their whey at noon, for her speckled chicken might get in and be drowned. I promised faithfully to do everything exactly right.

That speckled chicken was quite a character. It was Rebecca's property and pet, and was a large and beautiful chicken. It knew its mistress perfectly well and was the pride of all the broods.

Well, I dipped out the whey to the pigs. I loved to look at them and see with what eagerness they drank it and wanted more. I went off and forgot all about the whey. A long time after, I thought of it and ran to the uncovered tub. Woe, woe, was me! There was the speckled chicken, its wings spread out on the fatal fluid, dead! dead! I thought, "Oh, what a wicked boy I am! How Rebecca will weep and break her heart!"

I took the chicken out, pressed the whey out of its feathers, and laid it on the hot chips in the sun in front of the long wood shed. I knelt down over it and called upon God to restore its life. I prayed earnestly, if ever I did, and I promised if God would only restore that chicken's life, I would never do another naughty thing so long as I should live. I

would be the best boy that ever was. My soul was in too great distress to stay long in one place, and I ran into the house to find comfort there; and then I came back to the speckled beauty and knelt down by it. It moved and peeped! It came to life! My joy was delirious. Before Rebecca came home it had begun to pick up crumbs like any chicken. I told the whole story, to the amusement of all.

As to my promised goodness, I fear it was like the early dew and the morning cloud that vanish away; but the chicken story never perished.

I was about six years old, and a little fellow at that, when I had my first day's experience at the district school. I had made a small beginning at home, but, the schoolhouse being more than a mile away, my entrance on scientific pursuits was delayed. The master, Macallister, was a severe and brutal man, much disliked, "but he made the boys and girls study." I sat upon the front seat for little boys, with no desk before me. A scholar brought in an armful of shavings and threw them on the fire. They blazed up with a roar, and some of them fell and went down through a hole in the corner of the hearth. There must have been a draught of air upward, for immediately a bright, clear, forked flame shot up out of the hole, and, little foolish boy as I was, forgetting all my environment, I laughed right

out. The stern voice called me up to the desk. I went with trembling and told him just how I came to laugh: "When I saw that flame come up straight out of the hearth I snickered right out 'fore I knew it." That made the school laugh and the master mad. "Hold out your hand; there 's no laughing in this school!" he commanded. He seized the hand and gave me a terrible ferruling. I screamed. I was so terrified I don't think I felt the pain. My sisters hid their faces and wept, and so did my brother. I was "entirely kilt." I was disgraced. The crystal vase of life was dashed in pieces. What would mother say? Punished the first day, and the only boy punished that day in school! But I lived through it somehow. Going home, my sisters comforted me by saying that I had not done any wrong, and the master was a naughty, wicked, cruel man. Mother was evidently grieved and did not reprove me. She only said, "Scholars must mind the rules." But the next day I heard mother and sisters talking about it in the next room, and declaring that such a man ought not to be allowed to teach school. That mended my broken heart.

After this the district was divided, and we had a schoolhouse at a small distance. Our teachers were persons whom we loved and honored. I remember them all with great affection.

A decided forward step was taken when we came into possession of a good pocketknife. A Yankee boy is not much until he begins to whittle and owns a knife. We had a miserable thing which we did not respect and which was not worthy of respect. I remember well the time when our neighbor Mr. Kilgore made a call and in the course of his talk said to mother, "I have an excellent jackknife for your boys. We are out of butter, and if you will give me one of those balls of butter, they shall have the knife." No sooner said than done, and we were rich. The knife was a homely horn-handled thing, but the blade was of the best of steel. We idolized it. With its help we became early experts in making sleds for coasting and for drawing in wood. If that knife was mislaid, the house had no peace until it was found.

I remember one incident as though it were yesterday. The knife was lost. We hunted for it at home, and made mother and sisters hunt with us; then despairing we rushed over to Mr. Haskell's, for we had had it there that morning. So we rushed back and forth, and if we gave up the hunt in one place, we ran to the other. Finally Uncle Sam said, "Stop this useless hunt. When the snow goes off perhaps you will find it." I began to ask him what we should do till then, and to protest that I had had

the knife right there on that log. Knocking my foot in the snow, because my toes were cold, *I knocked up the knife!* right out of the snow. I seized it and ran shouting home, "I've found the knife! I've found the knife!"

The household ran together to participate in the joy. We never lost it again, and what its end was I know not.

Our cousin Henry Upham, a student in Harvard, visited us and took note, evidently, of our beloved knife. After his return he sent each of us a splendid pocketknife, with which our well-worn veteran could not compare. Susan took them, and said nothing till morning, when she came early into our room with those fascinating knives in her hand and said, "These have just come from Henry Upham, but if you take them, you must give up your old one." The temptation was great, but our old knife rose up and appealed to us by all the memories of our whittling achievements. "Let us not do it," we whispered to each other; and so we said with flashing eyes, "Send back those knives to Henry Upham and tell him we don't want 'em." Then Susan laughed and said, "You deserve them all and shall have them. I only did it to try you."

After awhile the dear old knife was laid away in a drawer. It had seen its best days. It had become,

like the hand of the writer, nearly useless for labor, and it was time to pass into the oblivion which sooner or later envelops all our works.

One of my pleasantest memories of childhood is the coming on of spring. It never lost its charm to us all until we left the farm. The long, severe winter, the roads often blocked with snow, cold hands and feet, sometimes frozen toes and ears and nose, *quorum pars fui*, made us long for spring with a great longing and watch for every sign of its approach. Who should see the first live fly, who should hear the first robin or see the first swallow were things we wanted to boast of. But above all, the springing up of green grass in some sunny spot, and the coming up of apple seeds we had planted here and there in the fall were revelations that never lost their charm. They were new and surprising wonders, delighting our hearts to the full. There always seemed to be a divine force beneath them. I can never see one of these germs of life now in springtime without being instantly transported to childhood's home, and always my mother and brother and sisters are there.

Our apple trees, whether in blossom or fruitage, are another memory ineffaceable. We had two orchards in full blossom about the last week in May. One could hardly determine which was more entrancing, the vision of beauty or the subtle fragrance that

seemed to be the very atmosphere itself. Nearly all the trees were brilliantly white, with here and there one of pinkish hue that greatly enhanced the universal glory. If a breeze swept across our path, it brought a wave of more delicious aroma than art ever produced. No one could pass between the house and barns without stopping to be filled with the fragrance and the beauty on either side. The sight of an orchard in blossom always reproduces that unfaded picture.

Our childhood's amusements were few and simple. Among them were pitching quoits (flat stones with us boys), "firing" stones and snowballs at a mark, coasting on our sleds, and playing blindman's buff, when there were enough together to engage in it. In the autumn berrying was a rage. It began with strawberries in July, and then, later, raspberries, blackberries, blueberries, huckleberries. The land of the farms was then new, and strawberries grew as they now grow only by cultivation. They were hardly ever sold — at least I never heard of such a thing. If children from a family brought a neighbor four or five quarts, they probably did it for something which they had not, as butter, cheese, or whatever it might be. No price was set on either side. I remember giving twenty-five cents for a large milk pail heaping full of magnificent blackberries,

I suppose ten or fifteen quarts, and the children thanked me heartily.

Our childhood was not without its labors. Every family was a hive of industry, summer and winter. Clothing was chiefly of home manufacture. Every family made woolen cloth, which went to the fulling-mill, where it was fulled and dressed and colored. It was fine or coarse or very coarse, according to the quality of the wool and the skill of the workers. There was no little competition and pride in these domestic manufactures. Linen cloth was also made for summer wear, and it never wore out.

We boys had various duties in the house, but out-of-doors we had one task which we disliked. In the spring, before the grass was more than an inch or two high, and in the fall, after crops were harvested, we had to pick up stones and pile them into piles equidistant and on straight lines. A free surface was absolutely necessary for the mowers, or their scythes would suddenly come to grief. Never could little boys be engaged in a more useful work. We were excused from lifting all heavy stones, and were assured that the little ones did all the mischief. But we hated the work, and I never knew a boy so belated in his evolution as to like it.

We could also drop corn and potatoes and beans and *punkin* seeds very early. Every other hill in

every other row had five beans on the south side of the corn. The beanless rows were well provided with pumpkins. The land was new, the barnyard dressing was plentiful, ashes and ground plaster of Paris were freely used, and abundant crops were the results. We had to do the ashing and plastering of the corn. A large tub of ashes would be drawn out to the edge of the field, and the little boys, each with his pail and wooden spoon, dealt out a certain measure of ashes to each hill before the first hoeing. If it were plaster of Paris, the fingers were used, about a heaping teaspoonful being given to each hill.

We had some kind hand, probably at the request of our mother, to provide us with boys' tools. We had a small axe, scythe, rake, and spreading-sticks. Spreading hay was fun, though raking was not. Hannibal with his small scythe became a skillful mower two or three years before I did. He had a native tact at doing things which I did not have. What I have done in mechanics has been by persistent effort and determination. He was a natural mechanic, and had marvelous precision and neatness in all that he did ; and yet I was destined to be the mechanic. We are in many things the creatures of our circumstances.

Like most children, I was fond of asking questions,

and sometimes people laughed at my questions and mortified me so that I became afraid of asking things I wished to know. I asked my mother once what was meant by eighteen hundred and eighteen. She told me it was so many years since Jesus was born in Bethlehem. "But how do they know, mother?" "They have kept it right along," was her reply. "This year is 1818, next year will be 1819, and the year after 1820, and so on." That satisfied me. I felt I was growing in wisdom and knowledge.

I suppose there is a point when a child begins to think for himself — to reason out a thing. I know that point in my experience, as it appears to me. My mother, seeing that water was leaking through a crack in a kettle hanging over the fire, put in some meal right over the crack, and as it settled down in the leak was stopped. She had hardly turned away when the water in the kettle rose up and spilled over. I cried out in surprise, "Mother, you put in cold meal and the water boiled right over!" "Yes," she said; "flour always makes water boil over badly if you don't take it off." I continued thinking about it until I said to myself, "The flour makes the water so thick the steam can't escape, and it has to lift the water up to get out." I gloried in having satisfied myself. From that point I started out on the career of endless thought.

It was at a later period than this, and when I may have been ten years old, that I solved by accident a problem that gave me a false reputation in arithmetic, of which I knew nothing but the four rules. Three or four young men were sitting round a table proposing puzzles. One was how to write four nines so as to express one hundred. They declared it was impossible. I knew nothing about fractions, but I knew that two halves, three thirds, four fourths etc., of a thing make one, or the whole, and said to myself, "Nine ninths make one." I plunged right in when I had no business, and taking a pencil wrote $99\frac{9}{9}$. The proposer of the puzzle said, "The boy has done it, but somebody told him or he got it somewhere." I protested, "Nobody ever told me, and I did n't get it nowhere!" This performance gave me a reputation I could not keep up. I was rather slow in arithmetic except for an occasional *hit* at a problem.

My brother early became a neat penman, and never had a blot on his writing books. I could beat him and almost every other scholar in blots, and my handwriting was the despair of "schoolma'ams" and masters. But I was a pretty good speller. I won two prizes for spelling — small books. One was a stupid thing which I kept for many years because it was a prize. The other was given me by Miss

Mary Emerson, and was a sweet, attractive tale of Swiss mountaineers.

Miss Emerson was a character. She was aunt to Ralph Waldo Emerson, and she almost worshiped him. She was a transcendentalist. She would sometimes spend the winter months at our house, we had a chamber so retired and our family was so quiet. She wanted no one to enter her chamber. If the boys would keep the woodbox full outside of her door, she wanted no other service. She gave herself devotedly to study and writing; she was going to leave her thoughts to posterity. She wrote a great deal, but *what* no one ever knew. She often spent an evening hour with the family, and her conversation was instructive and entertaining. She gave me "The Mountain Lute" for being "at the head" in reading and spelling. I kept it many years, but it has gone the way of all flesh. I advise all children to have a little box for their "keeps" and hold them safe through life. The variety, cares, excitements, and intense occupations of missionary life have been fatal to many precious keepsakes.

There is no marked line between our childhood and our farm life as boys hard at work, and I might as well pass to it right here.

CHAPTER II.

OUR FARM AND OUR FARM LIFE.

OUR farm was situated on the county road leading from Bridgton through Waterford and Norway to Paris, the shire town of Oxford County. It had a very pleasant western aspect of cultivated farms rising to the hilltops, and beyond were the White Hills, Mt. Washington always telling us when it put on its white cap of snow.

My father, in the phrase of our courts at that day, was the high sheriff of Oxford County. He died at the early age of forty-two, as has been said; and the farm life of myself and brother was without the care and help of a father. We were early inured to toil. We took to it kindly, and were ambitious to do men's work while we were mere boys. Our ever-watchful mother tried to guard us against overwork, but my brother's constitution was unquestionably injured by it. I was naturally too tough to be injured. I was like the willow, he like the pine tree which is often broken by the storm.

Our father left a large supply of farm implements such as were then in use; but after his death our

THE HAMLIN HOMESTEAD.
(The oldest portion, now on the right, used to be on the left. The central portion was added in 1802.)

neighbors were always ready to borrow them; and when we boys were old enough to look after them a great many things which this neighbor and that said belonged to us were not to be found. I once went for an article which the neighbor confessed belonged to us, but he said he could n't do without it, and he wished I would bring it back when I had done with it! Did I?

At length everything seemed to give out. The potato cart and the hay cart were utter wrecks, and could no more be used. The holes of the ox-bows had worn enormously large in the yoke, and finally they split out, and the yoke came to the honorable death of old age with all the rest. Owing to some troubles in the district, there was to be no school all winter long, and we resolved to see what we could do. Our financial resources were only sufficient to buy a new plow and a pair of cart wheels. We resolved to make the rest — a resolve at which our neighbors laughed. I was then about thirteen or fourteen, and my brother two years older, with a natural gift at whittling out things.

We cut down in our wood lot a nice yellow birch and obtained two lengths for yokes. We had a board pattern from a neighbor, and began to hew the log to the pattern. For tools we had an axe, drawshave, jack-plane, and an augur. The poor log

was never left alone; while one was taking care of the barn, the other was at the yoke. It was soon in shape so that we could carry it into the kitchen in the evening and work upon it before the fire, until our mother would make us leave it and go to bed. It was very difficult to work the curved surface with nothing but a drawshave. We heard of a man who had a spokeshave and we borrowed it. The yoke was splendidly finished. We scraped it nicely with pieces of glass, and then polished the surface by hard rubbing with a dry stick. It was at length "a thing of beauty." But the holes were not bored. We bored them the best way we could — and ruined the yoke! The holes were not parallel, and the bows would not enter. When we saw there was no remedy our hearts broke. If I did not cry, it was because my grief, disappointment, and sense of loss were too deep for tears.

Major Stone came along and scolded us for trying to do what few men can do well. But he comforted us. He praised the work. He said no better yoke could be made. "Make another just like that, but leave it straight on the back, and I will bore the holes." We went at it and made it, but as he did not come the very minute we wanted him, we invented a way that would hold the augur parallel to itself all the time in making the four holes. It

was a complete success, and our hearts swelled with joy. We gave it the highest possible finish. It was an improvement on our first one, and we were glad of our misfortunes. How often that experience reappears in human life!

Major Stone came along and seeing this one said, "Well, boys, who bored those holes?" "We bored them," was the answer. "Then you have spoiled another good yoke," said he. But trying them and finding them perfect he said, "Don't you tell me a lie; you never did that." When we showed him how, he laughed and said, "When I make a yoke you shall bore it." We felt lifted up.

One great injury to be guarded against was the checking or cracking of the ends of the yoke in drying. They needed to be wet every day, or a piece of wet cloth thrown over them. We were told to soak them well with paint again and again. I went up to Deacon Carleton's, the cabinetmaker, and bought a pot of brilliant red paint, and borrowed a brush, and we painted the yoke a most brilliant red, and every few days painted it over again. It was the most magnificent object my eyes had ever seen, or ever will see in this life. Many a time I have stood before it with my hands in my pockets, to drink in the unmatched splendor.

We then proceeded to make an axle and tongue

for the new cart wheels, and a potato body or box body and the hay body. These were in part arrayed in the same splendor, and we reaped a rich reward for our persevering labors in the æsthetic enjoyment of these works of high art.

I ought not to ridicule them, however, for there was real education in all this hard training. We derived as much real preparation for the battle of life as we should have derived from ten weeks' schooling.

We generally had half a dozen cows, a yoke of oxen, fifteen to eighteen sheep, the "old mare," and two or three colts of different ages, together with the young cattle reserved to supply the wastes of time. We were on the best of terms with them all. Each one had its name and seemed to know it. We really loved our noble oxen, Star and Golding, for whose patient and powerful necks we made the magnificent yoke. Our cows were the Great Red, the Great Brindle, Thief Brindle, Old Scrimp, Little Red, and Little Brindle — not as being smaller, but younger. Great Red and Great Brindle were queenly beings. Thief Brindle was wicked. There was hardly a fence she would not jump over or break through to get at the corn or whatever else her soul lusted after. And yet she was a great coward. If she saw one of us coming with a stick, she would

decamp with such haste that she rarely received any righteous penalty for her deeds. Old Scrimp was also a thief, but a sneak thief, her nose in everything, watching for a chance to steal.

Hannibal and I had made a new gate for our garden of which we were very proud. Thief Brindle came along, and seeing the cabbages on the other side put her head against the center of the gate and broke it through and lifted the frame off its hinges. Our neighbor came laughing and crying out, "The cow has stolen your new gate and is eating your cabbages!" She escaped as usual, but we drove her into the barn-yard, and then we could not get the gate over her horns. We must either cut off her head, which she richly merited, or take the gate to pieces. The latter being the more economical, we proceeded to do it, amid the laughter and jokes of those who had gathered round.[1]

But we really loved our dumb animals. To this day I remember them all with real affection, and wish I had done more for their comfort.

Our dogs are a memory of joy and sorrow. The boundless love between a dog and his master and master's family is one of the mysteries of our earthly state. Our first dog was Bose — a noble,

[1] An ingenious youth, on hearing the story, remarked: "That is the first cow I ever heard of wearing a necklace made of a-gate!"

powerful, faithful, intelligent fellow, black as coal. He was our father's dog, and on the coldest evenings would sit on the doorstone and watch for his coming when he would come no more. It sometimes made my mother weep. My sister Susan, eleven years old, would put her arms round his neck and tell him: "He won't come to-night, dear Bose. Come in and you shall watch for him to-morrow;" and so she would bring him in. He seemed to be one of the family. In the days of his strength he formed a habit which proved his death. Our well was between the dairy room and the woodshed, one end of which was also dairy room certain parts of the year. A slide door closed the well curb from the dairy room, and when water was drawn on that side the door was open. The dog, coming in or going out, would bound over the well through that door, with a leap so graceful in its curve that he was often put through it for the admiration of visitors. He was growing blind from age, but still he loved that way in. One cold, icy day in winter he leaped against the door and fell back into the well. Oh, the anguish that filled our hearts!

A boy mounted our horse and went a mile for our cousin Addison Hamlin. He came at the highest speed, and with a rope round him went instantly down the icy rocks and put the dog in a basket. He

had ceased to moan. He breathed convulsively two or three times, while we gathered round him wiping him dry and calling upon him to live. The grief of our hearts can be remembered; it cannot be described. For many years that scene could not be recalled without tears.

Our next dog was Caper, a fine fellow, but he fell into bad habits of chasing sheep and was justly shot by a neighbor, one of whose lambs he was feasting on. We boys cried over his untimely death. We did n't believe him guilty of any wrongdoing.

Boys in the country cannot long live without a dog. We went to a distant neighbor and obtained a puppy and named him Carlo. He soon became a great playmate. That was all he was good for, he was so much petted. He was a genius at play; he tempted us to it oftentimes to the delay of other duties.

The game in our environment was composed of squirrels of all kinds, — red, gray, and black, — partridges, pigeons, hawks, crows, woodpeckers, foxes, rabbits, and woodchucks. Carlo was death on all these; but he would tree a little red squirrel and bark all night at him. My brother and I were passionately fond of hunting. We had each of us a gun — "a fowling piece." We killed something of all the above except "bre'r rabbit." Twice we chased a bear, but never got a shot at one. Bears

had become very shy. They always made their escape to "Hamlin's Grant," as the tract offered Eleazer Hamlin is still called.

Carlo was always about when he saw us with a gun. If he treed a squirrel, we must shoot it or he would die watching and barking at it. It was the same if he chased a woodchuck into a hole. He would bark at that hole like Beecher's dog Noble. He would always follow the chaise wherever it went, and Sundays we had to shut him up, because he would insist upon making one of the audience. He soon got round that, for Sunday morning he was not to be found. About halfway to church he would turn up sneakingly and beseech us to forgive. If he saw one of us laugh, he knew he had won his case, and his ecstasy knew no bounds.

At length, like Bose, he grew blind and also deaf. His life was a burden to himself, for he had lost in great measure the sense of smell. He was tenderly cared for, but at length my brother, with many tears, had him carried into the woods and shot through the head.

Hannibal wrote me a pathetic letter, and I replied in the following doggerel: —

Far in the lonely woods
  Where wild flowers scent the air,
Carlo shall rest in peace,
  For aye reposing there.

The winds sigh o'er his grave
With sad and solemn sound,
And nightly make their wail
Above his leafy mound.

Birds sing his funeral dirge
When night winds cease their moan;
Silent and sad he sleeps,
Yet sleeps he not alone.

Squirrels their revels keep
About his lonely bed;
Woodchucks and rabbits bless
Their stars that he is dead.

Upon his naked skull
They crack their nuts with glee
And boast if 't were alive,
They 'd crack their nuts as free.

I closed with a moral and a resolve, but I cannot recall it, and English literature will forever suffer the loss.

I think I can recollect every book we had in our library. We had two large Bibles (Ostervalds), one with and one without the Apocrypha, Hannah Adams' History of New England, Goldsmith's Histories of Greece and Rome, The Vicar of Wakefield, Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia, Elegant Extracts, Tristram Shandy, a book on farming (and, as I believe, an excellent one), but, above all, Pilgrim's Pro-

gress and Robinson Crusoe. We took The Panoplist, with its blue covers, from the beginning; and by combination with three other families, minister's and doctors', The North American Review. This my mother and sisters read, as being beyond us boys; but I used to listen with eager ears, understanding some things perfectly well, and wondering if I should ever be able to comprehend the whole of that wonderful book. Our uncle, Dr. Cyrus Hamlin, of Paris Hill, had a much larger library. Paris was the shire town. Mr. Lincoln, a lawyer and a poet, who became one of the early governors of Maine, boarded with him, and my sisters made frequent drafts upon that house. It was from that source we had Las Cases' Life of Napoleon, which fired our hearts against England. In our boyhood the old spirit of intense hatred to England still smoldered in the hearts of the people. The treatment of Napoleon was considered barbarous, as indeed it was. Our few books were thoroughly read, and we could give a good account of them.

Esquire Howe ("Square Howe" he was always called) came to live in the lower village. Calling at our house one day he saw us boys reading, and talking with us found we were fond of history. He commended to us Rollin's Ancient History, in four large volumes, if we thought we could understand

such a great work. We assured him we would like to try it. "Call at my office," he said, "and get the first volume, and when you have read it bring it back and tell me if you want the second, and so on." We bestowed our spare time upon this great work for months. It gave us a new idea of the world and its history. I hold Mr. Howe's memory in grateful remembrance.

Our family was a reading family. On winter evenings one of us always read aloud, while some of the family industries, as sewing and knitting, were going on. There is a bright glow of social happiness over those evenings, as they recur to me in memory. To my brother and myself the family training of reading and discussion was of more value than the common school. Our mother and sisters were authorities that we never questioned. Two or three of Scott's novels were read, Quentin Durward the first; but our reading was mainly historical and biographical. The Bible was read before retiring to rest, and each child had a system of reading the Bible through, one chapter every day and five every Sunday. Our Sundays were sacredly guarded from all unnecessary labor, and the reading was in harmony with the sacredness of the day. The Panoplist, and afterward its successor, The Missionary Herald, was read aloud, and especially

every item of missionary news, for some of our neighbors did not believe in missions. The missions were then so few that a close acquaintance with them was easily cultivated, and we believed in them with all our might.

About the year 1820 or 1821 a proposal was made to the church to respond to the call for aid to educate heathen boys in Christian schools in India. Twelve dollars a year would educate a boy. A penny contribution box was offered to the Sunday audience by the door, as they passed in and out. The cent was the limit in one direction against half cents, but in the other there was no limit. The object was to raise a dollar a month. It was proposed and voted to name the boy Lincoln Ripley, after our saintly and excellent pastor. All the boys and girls were invited to try for a cent a week. There was little money in the country, and the trade was largely barter. But there was a potash factory in the place, and ashes commanded a good price. The boys could cultivate a potato patch. Good potatoes were ten cents a bushel. Girls could braid straw for hats and bonnets, or knit woolen underwear. By hook and by crook the box collected its dollar a month, adults putting in the larger contributions. Much interest was excited in the work, and we thought we were doing something great. It

was more difficult then for a boy to earn a cent than it is now to earn a nickel.

We had four great days in the year — first of all Thanksgiving day. That has been written into the ground, but I love to recall its household joy and evening sports.

Then the Fourth of July, "the glorious Fourth." The reading of the Declaration of Independence was arranged beforehand, and everybody knew who was to have the honor. That occasion always fired our souls. We wondered that such a wretch as George III had been allowed to live. We have lost the Fourth of July. It is still worth keeping with less powder and more patriotism. Mr. Bowen sets a noble example in his Woodstock celebrations.

Election day was a holiday, and we always had election cake and some boyish sports.

But the annual muster was the great day. Then a regiment turned out, and this was all "the pomp and circumstance of war" our eyes were privileged to see. Everybody went to it. When there was a sham fight with the Indians in war paint and feathers, it was to us intensely exciting.

I remember well one morning when — I suppose I was about ten or eleven years old — I was to start off alone, my brother being ill; and as I was delayed

by chores, the boys of the neighborhood had all gone; but I did n't care.

When I had got myself in order, my dear mother gave me seven cents for spending money, for gingerbread, buns, etc. A cent then was a more puissant coin than it is now in such purchases. In giving it she said to me, "Perhaps, Cyrus, you will put a cent or two into the contribution box at Mrs. Farrar's." [1]

As I was trudging along I began to question, Shall I drop in one cent or two? I wished mother had n't said one *or* two. I finally decided on two and felt satisfied. Five cents would furnish all I could eat and more too; but after a time conscience began to torment me: "Five for yourself and two for the heathen! Five for gingerbread and two for souls!" So I said four for gingerbread and three for souls. I could n't make a firm stand there very long, and I said three for gingerbread and four for the souls of the heathen. I would have drawn the line there but for my foolish pride. The boys would find out that I had only three cents! But I was at Mrs. Farrar's open door, and there was the contribution box, and I had the seven cents in my hand. I said, "Hang it all! I 'll dump them all in

[1] Mrs. Farrar was the handsomest woman in town, and it may be the contribution box profited by that fact. Week days she kept it where every one saw it.

and have no more bother about it." So I did, and went away contented.

I played shy of the refreshment stands; and by three or four o'clock I had sated myself with military glory and made for home. I had been on my feet from early dawn, with absolutely nothing after my early breakfast. I was just as tired as a little boy could be who had never fasted in that way before.

I burst into the house and cried out, "Mother, I 'm as hungry as a bear! I have n't had a mouthful to eat to-day."

"Why, Cyrus! have you lost the money I gave you?"

"No, mother; but you did n't give it to me right. If you had given me eight cents or six cents, I would have divided it half and half. But you gave me seven. I could n't divide it, and so I dropped it all in together."

"You poor boy!" she said, smiling in tears; and soon I had such a bowl of bread and milk as I had never eaten, and no monarch ever ate. What was the meaning of mother's tears?

I have gone back to earlier life. *Revenons à nos moutons.*

Our prospective harvest was always a subject of deep interest to us from May to October. Our

garden yielded an abundance of garden vegetables. Our orchard gave us an overmeasure of apples. We made from ten to fifteen barrels of cider, and put forty bushels of selected apples into the cellar for winter. The greenings and the russets would sell at fifty cents a bushel in the spring, the glorious rich bluepearmains for a dollar. Our orchard had an uncommon proportion of sweet-apple trees. These apples were gathered separately for sweet-apple cider, to be boiled down into apple molasses for apple sauce. With properly selected apples the result was delicious. We had a large sweet apple which when quartered and stewed in the molasses made the most seductive condiment ever eaten. Making apple sauce and drying apples and pumpkins were busy household industries in the autumn after harvest.

We cultivated from four to five acres every year with the plow. The chief divisions were one acre each of potatoes, corn, and wheat. The rye, oats, flax, and buckwheat claimed the rest. Nothing can exceed the beauty of the fields of flax in blossom. That glory has passed away from New England. In my day our summer clothes were of homemade linen cloth. Its worst trait was it would never wear out; we had to outgrow it. If we harvested two hundred bushels of potatoes, twenty bushels of wheat,

thirty bushels of corn (shelled), twelve to fifteen of rye, twenty of oats; and peas, beans, and buckwheat for table use, we considered ourselves well supplied. We changed into money, at Portland chiefly, butter, cheese, a fatted hog, oats, beans, and nothing else that I can think of. Occasionally we had a colt to sell, or a pair of steers.

At length there came up the practical question, What shall the younger boy do? The farm was enough for one, but not enough for two. Our other farm had been sold for a thousand dollars, and anyhow it was too stony and wet to be thought of for the youngster. A part of the price had been transmuted into the education of my sisters. But the farm right opposite could be had for a thousand dollars; and mother had five hundred dollars ready for the first payment. It would be a most delightful future to my dear widowed mother to have her two sons always close by her side.

But our faithful physican, Dr. Gage, wise and excellent, said, "No. The boy does not grow. He has not grown any for three years. Farm work will kill him. Give him an education." That was impossible on account of the expense. Besides, I liked the idea of being a farmer. It was finally agreed that I should become a silversmith and jeweler in the establishment of my brother-in-law, Mr. Charles

Farley, of Portland. My mother sacrificed her heart's desire without a tear, unless shed in secret.

"I would have been so happy to have you here, Cyrus; but I see it is best for you to go to Portland, and you will be with your sister Rebecca; but for that I could not let you go."

I suppose my mother had something of that selfishness that belongs to humanity, but her children never saw anything of it. At her funeral, her old pastor, the Rev. Lincoln Ripley, remarked, "I can say of our departed sister what I have been able to say of very few; that now, standing by her coffin, I can testify that in an acquaintance of forty years I never heard her say a thing that I could wish had been differently said, and never heard of her doing a thing that I could wish had been differently done."

It was agreed that I should keep my sixteenth birthday at home, January 5, 1827, and then depart for my new sphere of preparation for life's battle. There was a sadness in it all, and yet enough of hope to cheer us all. Both the daughters were happily married, and now one of the two sons would go. A mother's love was equal to it, and what was done was done cheerfully. Hannibal and I had never been separated. I had never slept from under the maternal roof but one night. To me the change would be great.

But at length the eventful day came. The trunk was packed, the sleigh loaded with such things as we had for the market, — Hannibal and I were to add ourselves to the load, — and at five o'clock in the morning we were to start and join Major Stone and Mr. Amos Saunders for the cold winter journey of forty miles to Portland. The last day at home dragged heavily with us all. It was more of an event than the starting for a voyage round the world would now be. But night came and the last thing was to feed the old mare, that she might need the less time for eating in the morning.

Our cousin Almira Hamlin was with us, and she remained with mother for years, a great blessing to us all. She was up betimes, and a rousing fire warmed our benumbed fingers as we came down from a chamber that seemed to import cold for special use. A dry northeast snowstorm was on, and it was intensely cold. Mother was sure the other parties would not start, and knowing our stiff-neckedness to carry out anything we began, she made us promise to turn back and not push on alone if they should not go.

With hearts ready to break we parted, with New England reserve and self-possession. Such experiences always nerved the New Englander up to the quality of tempered steel. The only part bordering

on pathos was when my mother, with a tremor in her voice, gave me a Bible and asked me to read it every day. And then I slipped out to the barn to bid my dumb friends farewell with a "lantern dimly burning." I kissed the noble oxen and the favorite cows — those good, virtuous, heavenly-minded cows — a sad farewell. I never confessed that weakness until I was old enough to defend it. And thus my farm life closed.

Our friends concluded to go, and we pushed on together. It was a day of no ordinary suffering. The cold was intense, the traveling heavy. Our party put up at a town, seven miles out from Portland, but we rash boys refused to stop, cold, weary, hungry as we were. It was do or die. We could surely reach Portland in two hours — it took us more than three. During the ride a new anxiety seized us which made us forget ourselves: the old mare might give out and lie down and die. When at length we reached the great city of twelve or fifteen thousand inhabitants, we began to inquire for Moore's hotel, which was our *objectif*. It was near nine o'clock. We had been sixteen hours on the road. This and that one knew of no such hotel, but finally we met a man who stopped and told us very kindly, "Turn to your left at the third street from here and you will come right upon it." The first street we

passed was so narrow we said, "That is a lane, not a street;" and we did not count it. But when we had passed four or five and only one of them was broad enough to be called a street, we inquired again. "Turn right about, boys, and the second street at your right is the one; and Moore's hotel is close by."

At length we were there and all our troubles were at an end.

We told the hostler of our long journey and of our anxieties. We begged him to take good care of our horse (we changed her designation) and cover *him* warm and give him a good bedding. For answer he said, "Go and take care of yourselves, boys, and I'll take care of your old mare."

Mr. Farley's house was perhaps two minutes' walk away. It was nearly ten o'clock, and we had been at least eighteen hours on the *qui vive.* It was not in human nature not to be tired. Mr. Farley and Rebecca were sitting up before a bright anthracite fire in an open grate. We had never seen either before. They were amazed to see us. They wondered we had not perished. We were warmed and filled, and then went to bed in an awfully nice and cold room. We trembled and shivered for half an hour, but we had always slept in a cold room if there was any cold about. We were well covered, and we

awoke in the morning warm and refreshed. We ate a good breakfast, and then we sallied out to see the great and wondrous city.

My farm life had closed; and now my life as a mechanic in a city was to begin.

CHAPTER III.

APPRENTICE LIFE IN PORTLAND.

OUR first visit after breakfast and prayer was of course to the stable.

We were delighted to find the old mare in good order, and she saluted us with a whinny, as much as to say, "I 'm glad to see you, boys." We took our load and our orders to Mr. Burbank, a true and honest man, and the business part of my brother's visit was soon disposed of. Mr. Burbank had failed twenty years before, owing my father $17. He now brought up the matter so long forgotten, and never known to my mother, and said she could draw upon him for that amount. He was again prosperous. The message affected my mother deeply. It seemed to come from her departed husband; for Mr. Burbank said he was such a kind, just, and honorable man that he enjoyed paying this debt to his widow. She exclaimed: "A score of known debts remain unpaid, but here the payment of an unknown debt is freely offered."

Our business done, and the horse returned to the stable, we sallied out to see the wonders. Of course

we made our way to the wharves to see the ships. We could pick out the ship, with three masts and square rigged, and we could distinguish the brig, the schooner, and the sloop. But what interested us above all things was a vessel on "the ways." At high water, a man told us, it had been floated on to the cradle, and kept there while the sea retired. Then the cable from the cradle was wound round the capstan, and a horse was set agoing to draw the vessel up on those rails called "the ways." We watched it for a long time; the horse went round and round, a boy following at his heels, and the vessel moved so slowly that we despaired of the operation. The horse must walk miles to move the vessel a rod. But then there was no noise and no hurry. There was a lazy boy whistling along and striking the horse only when he proposed to stop. We had seen an empty barn moved a quarter of a mile by a hundred yoke of oxen with "hollerin'," swearing, drinking, breaking of chains till pandemonium seemed let loose. Here were a boy and a horse moving a ship on to dry land without noise. It was in our view the greatest thing we had seen in Portland.

The next morning my brother started late for home, as he designed to go but little more than halfway that day. He had had quite enough of putting

the journey through at one pull in heavy traveling. So we separated, who had never been separated before. We had thought aloud to each other and kept nothing back. Now our paths diverged. He pursued his education a good deal by himself. He studied mathematics and became a skillful surveyor. He was very conscientious and independent. He dared to do right. In this respect he often toned me up. Our brotherhood was perfect unto the end.

After he had gone I entered the silversmith and jewelry shop. There were three apprentices. William Haskins was from my native place and from an honored and beloved family. He was just completing his apprenticeship. He was a man of wonderful skill and taste in his art. There were also Thomas Hammond, who had still a year to serve, and Edward Baker, who was in every way a pleasant, intelligent fellow and a good workman.

For a month or two I was miserable. I was timid and bashful. I seemed to myself to make no progress in acquiring that skill which the others had and which came so natural to them. "Don't hurry. Learn to do a thing well, and then learn to do it fast," was a law of the shop which was of great advantage to me.

When at length, in addition to silver sleeve buttons, which had a great sale, and to mounting hair

necklaces and wristlets, I could make a good silver spoon, my happy days began to shine. I could make spoons with any of them. Mr. Farley encouraged me to make myself acquainted with every part of the trade, and when I should finish, at twenty-one, we would form a partnership and go in for importing jewelry and military goods. I should go to Europe, to Geneva and Paris ; and we could not fail to do well. To me it seemed a great and brilliant future.

One of the boys boasted that he had taken so many ounces of silver in the morning and delivered five well-finished tablespoons at night. I said I could do the same, at which they laughed ; but Mr. Farley gave me the silver and let me try it. I did it, and the work was pronounced good. Three spoons of that weight were a journeyman's day's work. They did n't see where my little arm got the muscle for that day's work, for spoon-making was then the work of the right arm. It is now done by machinery, and a man will turn out some dozens in a day. The fibres of the muscle had been twisted together on the farm, and by constitution I had the quality of toughness. My father is said to have had it before me.

After Haskins left to go into business for himself, a new apprentice by the name of Cutter entered. Remembering my own trials, I befriended him all

I could; but heedlessness was inborn in him and could not be eradicated; otherwise he could have made a man. He broke more things in one month than all the rest had done in their entire apprenticeship. The following is a specimen: —

Mr. Farley sent him for a large pane of glass for a showcase. He had hardly twenty steps to bring it, but he broke it. He was sent for another, and he broke that. "I will buy the third with my own money;" and he entered the shop triumphantly with the last, and holding it up he began to explain how he came to break the second; and the third fell smash! upon the floor with a shout from the shop.

That was Cutter — an intelligent fellow too. The last I heard of him he had become a sailor.

The next was Kibby Dodge. He would do well as a workman, but he was too fond of amusements; and he purloined money from the money drawer, and when he was caught he confessed he had done it many times. Of course he departed.

The next was Francis Edmands, a dear, good fellow of gentle nature and, I think, a true Christian. He and I had a bedroom in one corner of the military goods' room on the second story. We slept there as a guard against burglars. Poor Francis was so nervous that he thought every noise of the rats was made by burglars, and he woke me so often that

I begged Mr. Farley to let him sleep at home. I preferred to guard the shop alone. I was well armed, and I felt sure I could disperse any number of burglars with ball and buckshot. It was perhaps not wholly safe, though, against all contingencies, that a boy should sleep guard on that great block, no one being within call; but I was proud of my marksmanship and thought it brave to take the risk. After six or eight months' guard, having neither shot myself nor anybody else, I was withdrawn from the post, undoubtedly through my sister's influence.

I became intimately acquainted with a few apprentices of my age, and our friendship remained till death separated us. Adams, Ilsley, Colesworthy, Stackpole were true, unselfish, genial fellows; they became true Christian men and fought the good fight. Colesworthy alone remains at this writing — 1893.

In the progress of my work I remember things that occurred to test my mechanical faculty. An apprentice may, by dint of practice, make a few things well, and yet not be a mechanic. I was ambitious to be a real mechanic.

Early one morning Pascal Brooks, a very excellent and popular young dry-goods merchant, called with the broken key of his store. One half the nib was broken off in the lock. I said to him: "I will cast

a brass key with a solid nib, and then saw and file out the wards." He was incredulous, but let me try. It was half done when Mr. Farley came, and he said, "Go on and finish it." I went with Mr. Brooks to try it. It opened the door with perfect ease, and my triumph was great.

One day at noon, while all were gone to dinner, and I attended to the sales store, as the youngest apprentice, a countryman came in with a bruised and battered silver watch to sell the case for old silver. I took out the movement, and weighed it, and paid him a dollar and a half and gave him back the movement, telling him it was of no value to us. "Neither is it to me," he said, and left. I was going to throw it into the box of broken things when I noticed the peculiar brilliancy and finish of the inside work. When Mr. Titcomb, the watch repairer, came in, I showed it to him and said: "Is this good for anything?" He examined it very critically, and said he never saw nicer work. He would put in a mainspring and try it, adding, "But if you have a dollar and a half of your commissions on collecting bills, pay it back into the money drawer and take out that old battered case. Who knows but you may have a watch!" When Mr. Farley came in, I told him. He looked at it and laughed and said: "You have your evenings now

and you may have Saturday afternoon to see what you can make of it." Mr. Titcomb very kindly put it in order, and, after a week's trial, declared that no watch living could run better than that. It did not vary from the regulator by one second a day. "If that countryman should ever turn up, you must tell him," he said. "I think it is a rare watch. If now you can do anything with that case, you will not only have a watch of your own, but one of the very best."

The only very difficult thing was the rim that held the glass. I must make a new one. If I should succeed in that, could I solder on the hinges and make neat and perfect work there? I succeeded perfectly! I found in the waste box an old seal and key which I polished up; my sister gave me a black ribbon; and my fob had a perfect watch. Marks of bad treatment remained upon the case which I could not remedy, but I had as good a watch for time as any gentleman in Portland. Farther on I shall tell how I came to part with it and my fruitless efforts to recover it. It had a history.

Before this I had been tried by fire. Mr. Farley brought me a heavy bag of Mexican dollars and said, "There is twenty or twenty-five per cent of alloy in these dollars. Take the largest smelting pot. It will take eight or ten ounces at a time, and you

may have the week to do it in. What time you gain will be your own."

I was glad of the chance. I was sure I could do it in three days. I hardly finished it in five, but I learned just what the work was, and that was my master's object. I also gained a very impressive illustration of the meaning of Mal. 3 : 3 : "He shall sit as a refiner and purifier," etc. When the process was complete the melted mass in the fining pot retained a brilliant surface that perfectly reflected my face when I looked into it. No alloy remained to form an oxide and obscure the brilliancy.

So far as my trade was concerned, I was industrious and contented. I had gained confidence in myself. When my five years should be finished I would be ready to launch out into business.

As a salesman my pride had a terrible fall. I had often made important sales while alone in the store at noontime. Mr. Farley complimented me on it. One day a man called, dressed as a minister. He was in a chaise, and I saw him hitching his horse at the post. He wanted to look at our tableware. He bought a nice britannia coffeepot at five dollars, gave me a ten-dollar bill, and I gave him five in exchange. When Mr. Farley came in he found that the ten-dollar bill was from a "busted" bank and not worth a cent, as I might have found if I had

looked over the bank list. No trace of the purchaser could be found. Some had seen him getting in and out of his chaise and thought him a country minister. He stopped at no hotel. He carried off a coffeepot and five dollars, to my great humiliation. It is the only time I have been cheated by a ministerial dress.

I have purposely deferred all mention of my religious experience, in order to take it up by itself. My brother and sister Farley were members of Dr. Edward Payson's church, and of course I went to church with them. Dr. Payson was physically wrecked, but not mentally or spiritually. He preached occasionally in the forenoon, but always attended his Bible-class in the afternoon. In addition to the spiritual power of his sermons was the deep sympathy felt by his people with their dying pastor in his heroic battle with disease. The leg of one side and the arm of the other being paralyzed, he could not use crutches, and one side was supported by a man whenever he moved about. He went up the broad aisle leaning heavily on Deacon Coe, his face indicating a sculptured fixedness from his constant, firm endurance of great suffering. His thus passing along would melt some to tears. His services in the pulpit brought life and power into his

voice and bearing. His farewell to his pulpit was so tender and solemn that few eyes were dry. I saw the tears fall from one who I supposed was a "graceless" young man.

In this farewell he expressed his wish to continue his Bible-class as long as possible. As he had been informed that many were turned away every Sunday because they could not obtain admission, he would ask all his church members to refrain from coming. The exercise was expressly for those who were not church members, many of whom were excluded for want of space.

I had become deeply interested in that service. He made Bible truth so clear, and brought it so forcibly home to our own thoughts and experiences that it was impossible not to be interested. I was always there betimes and nearly in the same place. But, I thought, if my presence forces some one to be absent, I ought not to go; and so I did n't. What was my surprise when a member of the church, Monday morning, came to me and said Dr. Payson wished to know why I was absent, and if I misunderstood what he said from the pulpit. I told him frankly how it was. He said Dr. Payson wanted I should feel that his remark was to secure me and others like me a place, and he hoped I would return. That Dr. Payson should think of me, a little bashful

country boy, made a deeper impression than any sermon could have made.

The next Sunday I was in my usual seat before the crowd came in. The vestry was soon filled to the utmost. Dr. Payson came in, leaning heavily on Deacon Coe. The room was a long one for its width; the desk was on the middle of the right-hand side. He was helped to his seat, and first of all he wiped from his face the sweat which the painful exertion had caused. The complexion of his face was dead, but dark rather than pale, the muscles motionless and appearing to be carved out of walnut, resulting, I imagine, from constant, firm, heroic resistance to intense pain. When he had taken breath he turned his eyes to the right and then swept round over the whole audience, probably seeing every individual in it. When he came round to his left his eye seemed to rest on me. My eyes fell, but when I looked again he seemed to be still looking right at me. The probability is that a severe access of pain had fixed an unconscious look. Intended or not, it went through my very soul. It said to me, "Poor country boy! have you come to this city to be lost or saved?"

Before the singing of the hymn, he remarked that two modest strangers had misapprehended what he said from the pulpit, and were absent last Sunday.

He was glad to see them there again, and he hoped if any others had received a wrong impression, they would return. That I was one of the two I cannot doubt. Who the other was I never knew.

After a few Sabbaths, a stranger took his place, and announced that Dr. Payson would never leave his house again, and was waiting with a hope full of immortality to lay aside his suffering body. He lingered long, with great sufferings, but with refreshing visions of the coming glory.

Albert Titcomb, the watch repairer whom I have mentioned, in the revival which accompanied and followed Dr. Payson's death became very deeply impressed with the conviction that he was a lost sinner. He awoke as one surprised by a danger always near, never before felt; but when he knew clearly the great truth that Christ is our salvation, that in him is eternal safety, out of him eternal ruin, he accepted him with inexpressible joy. The change in him was a transformation that no one could fail to notice.

I followed later and with a slower pace. He joined the church months before I did. But he was a great help to me all along the way. I wanted some wonderful overpowering influence that should carry me right along. My friend Horatio Ilsley went with me in about the same experience. We joined the church

together, May 6, 1828, a year and four months after I reached Portland. My brother about the same time joined the church in Waterford, and the closeness of our union was only made the closer.

Soon after I came to Portland, my reading took a religious turn. I felt little interest in other books. I read faithfully the Journal of the Franklin Institute, in Philadelphia, and kept abreast of new inventions, but beyond that I can remember almost nothing of that kind. I studied the Bible as a new book. Doddridge's Expositor and the Comprehensive Commentary were valuable assistants. But I fell in with Edwards' History of Redemption. It quite took possession of me. I read it through and said, "Now I understand history." The great events of the world all have reference to the kingdom of God. God is in all human history, and the movements of the nations are under his control, and will be so until the millennial days. My reading thenceforth took its shaping from this view of history. I read everything of Edwards I could get hold of. Watts on The Mind was another book of great use to me, in leading to a more methodical cultivation of my own faculties. I can hardly remember when I last saw the book, but it is full of good sense, and in its day was preëminently useful. I doubt whether a copy can now be found without great search.

About the time Ilsley and I were thinking of joining the church, we were invited to join a society of young men for religious improvement. It met every week at the house of one of the members, all young men, about half of them married. One object, and that which contributed perhaps to hold them together, was the payment to the secretary by each one of half a dollar a week toward the education of Edward Payson, Jr., in Bowdoin College. Eminent as Dr. Payson was, and repeatedly invited to Boston and to New York, he placed no value upon money beyond its present use, and the expenses of his son's education would have been very heavy upon his resources. This object of the association was kept private, and probably Edward himself never knew of it. In this respect Ilsley and I were honorary members, but we had to take our turn in leading in prayer. This was "taking up our cross," but we knew it was good for us. It was a very great kindness and a true Christian interest in us that led those noble brethren to take into their companionship the two boys Horatio and Cyrus. It was a most excellent school to us. It made us both ministers of the gospel, although the thought then never came into our minds.

The first half hour was social, the conversation being directed to the interests of the church, the

Sunday-school, or any object of Christian work. Then a prayer was offered, and the person appointed read the passage selected and made his brief general remarks, after which every one, even the two boys, had a word to say or a question to ask. At nine o'clock a brief prayer closed the evening. It was the meeting we looked forward to more than any other. We used to have fifteen to twenty at a meeting; the membership I do not know. Some of the members I recollect perfectly well by name: Isaac Smith, John Smith, William Cutter, David Cutter, Eben Steele, Erastus Hayes, Albert Titcomb, John Codman, Pascal Brooks, Oliver Dorrance, Baker, etc. Sixty-four years is a great effacer of names. Titcomb and I are the only ones now living, I in my eighty-third year, he in his ninety-second. They were all noble and useful Christian men. I hold them in dear remembrance. Thus life moved on in happy earnestness, both in the shop and out.

In the winter of 1828–29, an apprentices' evening school was opened in one of the city schoolhouses. Master Libby and Master Jackson were in it, and there was a large corps of volunteer teachers. It gathered seventy apprentices, who were regular attendants to the close. The irregulars were dismissed. Some of the volunteer teachers were de-

cided characters. Ben Fernald, the soap boiler, was almost a genius. Vain and self-important, he was indefatigable, unselfish, and an admirable teacher. Mr. Green taught my division grammar. He was an excellent teacher and full of enthusiasm. There were two other teachers whose persons I recall, but their names? Colesworthy would give them; he remembers everything.

In joining this school I had one difficulty. I kept the sales store while the rest went to supper. When they returned it was impossible for me to go to supper and be at the evening school in time. I resolved to sacrifice my supper, or rather to defer it to twenty minutes past nine — the earliest minute I could get home after school. It was not a good thing to do, but it did not hurt me, because I did it willingly. Had I been forced to do it, I would have denounced it as cruel and outrageous.

Curious coincidences come to us in life. One evening as I was going with swift steps to the school, I repeated from Proverbs, "Seest thou a man diligent in his business, he shall stand before kings, he shall not stand before mean men." "Now," said I, "that is not literally true. I am certainly diligent in business, but I shall never stand before a king. We have no kings." Nineteen years after, this little incident came to mind as I was talking

with the Sultan Abdul Medjid, in his palace on the Bosphorus.

A few weeks before the close of the term, which must have been in March, two prizes, a first and second, were offered for the best essay on Profane Swearing. My sister Rebecca encouraged me to write for it. "But, Rebecca," I said, "you know I never wrote anything, and there are seventy boys, some of them studying geometry and navigation. I should appear ridiculous." But she insisted that as a Christian boy I ought to write against that prevalent sin of young men, and as a duty I yielded. We were to hand them in on a certain evening, and when sixteen fellows went up I would gladly have withholden mine. The first prize was a silver pen with ivory handle and cap, the other was a book. Three evenings before closing, Master Jackson called for attention and said, "Let every contestant for the prize be prepared to read his paper in a clear, manly voice, without a hem or a haw. This can only be done by faithful practice at home. Let every one come and take his manuscript for that purpose."

I took mine, but doubt if I would have made the preparation, had not one of the prize committee said to Colesworthy the next day, "Tell Hamlin he has the first prize; you have the second. Say nothing,

but be ready." I was overwhelmed with amazement. I pitied the poor sixteen.

The eventful evening passed off. All the city magnates were there; but just as the closing speeches by the distinguished gentlemen were about to come on, the shrill shriek of "Fire! fire! fire!" was heard in the distance, and in an incredibly short space of time Master Jackson had his schoolhouse all to himself. It was afterward provoking to find that the blaze was out before any one got there.

I do not deny that I was gratified by the prize, slight as was its value. Such a pen was then a new and curious thing, and may have cost half or three fourths of a dollar.

Ben Fernald evidently knew of the decision days before, for he skillfully wove into his remarks to the class sentences from my essay which sometimes made me blush. That was my great and hateful weakness — to blush at trifles. I could n't meet a girl without blushing, and so I avoided them.

It was during this winter that one evening, as the little association came out of Eben Steele's house, Deacon Isaac Smith took me aside into a corner, and asked me if I had ever thought it might be my duty to prepare for the ministry.

"No, sir; not seriously," I replied.

"Well, I want you to think of it and pray over

it;" and he offered some reasons why I should think of it.

After a time he was at me again.

I told him no: I was engaged to Mr. Farley and I had three years to serve, and then I should be free.

"But suppose he should release you?"

"I don't think he would be willing to, and I would not like to ask him."

However, his words awakened a conflict within me. Should I sacrifice my bright prospects? Should I be successful, how comfortable I could make my mother in declining years! Then again, the utter vanity of all earthly things would come over me, and I would resolve to do that which I should be most likely to approve any number of thousands of years hence. I earnestly prayed God to make my path so plain that I should have not a doubt that I was doing his will.

I was greatly influenced by the following resolutions of President Edwards, which I copied for my own use and which seemed to me to have the force of Scripture truth: —

Resolved, That I will do whatever I think to be most for the glory of God and my own good profit and pleasure in the whole of my duration; without any consideration of the time, whether now or never so many myriads of ages hence.

Resolved, To do whatever I think to be my duty, and most for the good and advantage of mankind in general.

Resolved, So to do, whatever difficulties I meet with, how many soever, and how great soever.

Well, at length Mr. Farley told me that, although it was a great disappointment to him, I was free to act according to my own views of duty. My sister Rebecca felt very deeply the thought of my going away. She shed many tears over it, and yet she said, "Cyrus, I want you to go. I think God calls you to that life and not to this, and I would not say one word against it." I became not a little "tumbled up and down" in my mind as to what I ought to do.

When Deacon Smith came to me again I said, "No. Let the thing be dropped. I can never make a minister. I can make a good mechanic, and I had better stick to that."

"But you won the prize for an essay, did you not?"

"Yes," I replied; "and I wonder at it. But the expenses, Deacon Smith, make it absolutely impossible. I could not get through with nine years' study for less than fifteen hundred dollars. My share in our home is not in a salable condition, and I could hardly provide one third of that."

"Oh, I will see to that," he said; and he placed the question before the church, and the church voted to aid me to the extent of one thousand dollars.

So, finally, I pitched all my life plans overboard and resolved to start anew, not for earthly, but eternal and spiritual good. It was not done without great searchings of heart, but once done it was never for one moment regretted.

It was decided that I should go to Bridgton Academy to fit for college. I should be within six miles of home. Master Libby obtained some second-hand Latin and Greek books for my first studies. I had a Latin *Liber Primus* and an awful Latin Dictionary, hardly legible, a Greek Testament, etc. That Greek Testament I am confident was from Neal Dow, then one of the promising young men of Portland, a tanner by trade, but also a scholar and a gentleman. That Greek Testament, printed in Boston, 1814, has recently come back to me from the west with names of students through whose hands it had passed. The son of the last owner, seeing my name and the date, 1829, and I being the only living one of those who had owned it, sent it to me as a memento of the past. It helped bring my farewell to Portland very vividly to mind.

With feelings of wonder and great tenderness I bade farewell to the shop, to the tools, to the store, to its inmates, and mounted the stage for Bridgton. It was early in May, two years and four months since I had left home. I asked, Is it reality, or is it a dream?

All things are changed, plans, prospects, hopes, determinations. The world is changed, life is changed. The past is all like a dream, and now real life begins. I was eighteen years and four months old. I had lived a very industrious life. I must now settle down to study, and I resolved not a moment should be wasted.

I had some money in my pocket derived from commission on collecting a very hard lot of bills. A pump and block maker promised to pay his bill of twenty-five dollars the next day. My commission would be one dollar and a half. That evening his great establishment took fire and burned up. I went up to the flat roof of our store and saw at once just where the fire was. "There," said I, "there goes my dollar and a half!" Very wonderful is the personal pronoun, first person singular.

CHAPTER IV.

BRIDGTON ACADEMY.

THE preceptor of the academy, the Rev. Charles Soule, received me very kindly and took me to Mr. Gould's to board, just above the academy. His son Stephen had just begun the study of Latin, and we roomed together. He was a thoroughly good young man, but not quick in his studies.

I had money enough to pay my stage fare, and but little over. The church had said nothing, and I did not wish to ask for money before I had done anything. I think Mr. Soule had engaged my board at one dollar and twenty-five cents a week. After six weeks a short vacation ; and with a bounding heart I would see my mother, brother, and the old farm again. But I must pay my board bill. I took out my beloved watch and asked Mr. Gould if he would take that in pay, and he said he would. I had a foolish love for the good and true old thing, but it was no time for sentiment.

Two weeks on the farm at home was life and joy. I worked and talked and ate and slept.

I determined to live at some cheaper rate than one

dollar and twenty-five cents a week, and to pay the bill without asking help from any one. A fellow student, Isaac Carleton, of like mind, joined me in making an arrangement to board at Farmer Howard's — two miles from the academy. It was hardly two miles, for we could walk it in half an hour with high enjoyment. Full half the way was through a forest which has since disappeared. We could run it in twenty minutes, but it was hard on our breathing because we did not train for it.

Mrs. Howard was the kindest, most motherly woman that ever lived. They had one daughter, Rebecca Howard. Mr. Howard was an intelligent, industrious farmer; and I think we introduced a variety into their life that was as pleasant to them as to us. We had a spacious room with cheerful scenery from our windows. Our food was abundant. Excellent bread, butter, cheese, milk, cream, with all farm produce — what more could we want? We took a lunch with us for noon, and dear Mrs. Howard spent more labor and care upon this than she was ever paid for. We told her so, but she would say with a smile, "Boys like a good lunch at noon." There were some fine old apple trees on the hillside in front that had inviting sitting places, which, on our return after tea, we often enjoyed, preparing our morning lessons until light faded utterly away.

In the neighborhood there was an excellent, pious woman at whose house there was a neighborhood prayer meeting. Methodists, Baptists, and Congregationalists had no difference in such meetings. We "exercised our gifts" in them, and they were of advantage to us.

We left the Howards with regret, but the fierce November blasts made us seek a place near the academy. I paid my board bill and other expenses in various ways. I went to the old shop in Portland and made half a dozen silver teaspoons for Rebecca Howard, about to be married. I made a pair of silver-bowed spectacles for Mrs. Howard, and another pair for Mr. Sawyer, the tailor. My brother sold to Mr. Howard a steer, and all bills were balanced.

Next, I went to board with our excellent and beloved principal, Rev. Charles Soule. I took care of his horse, and he made my bills very light. It is not for that, but as a kind, noble-hearted, Christian gentleman, I remember him with affection; and dear Mrs. Soule can never be forgotten.

Our academy life was full of interest and real life. The students were young men and women who came there for a purpose, and in pursuing their object they turned neither to the right nor left. I am tempted to sketch some characters, but must not stop. We had a debating society that called forth

all our strength. Dr. Farnsworth, who, like his son, George S. Farnsworth, then the little boy student, was a benefactor of the academy, was always present at our debates, as were also the principal and Dr. Gould, the vice-president of the Board of Overseers. Others came in from curiosity.

Our august assembly incited us to make the best preparation we could, and some of those debates are still in memory — one, with Henry Carter, now Judge Carter, of Haverhill, and the other with Solomon Andrews. The latter was a trained debater, and ten years my senior. He used me up, although I gave him one or two fair hits. It did me more good than the other debate, in which Carter and I were more evenly matched, and each of us did ourselves immortal honor. The students generally derived great benefit from these literary contests. They were compelled to do their best, and that is real education. I honor the unselfish devotion of our seniors to this exercise.

Our weekly declamations, half one week, half the next, became quite unpleasant to us. All the girls of the village who could flourish out used to come in and instead of being wholly absorbed by our masterly eloquence, they were often, as we thought, making fun of us. Carleton and I committed to memory, each of us, a whole sermon of Thomas T.

Stone, on Peace and War. They were good sermons, but would not amuse those young ladies. Andrews had a half hour of excerpts on tattling and tale-bearing. We arranged that we three should come on last. Andrews and I delivered our pieces with so much energy that Mr. Soule apparently merely wondered at their length. Carleton came on in a droning strain, and when halfway through Mr. Soule said, "Carleton, that will do. You are all dismissed." It wrought a perfect cure!

I recall as one of the great blessings of my academy life at Bridgton the being classed with a very slow scholar. He found it hard to get ten lines of Virgil. We had only read the Liber Primus, and not all of that; our drill in grammar was defective. I wanted the principal to let me move on. But he replied, "Get the lesson thoroughly, and then move on in other studies." So we went through the first book of the Æneid, and I could repeat every line of it from beginning to end. At the close of the last lesson Mr. Soule closed the book, and looking at me from under his dark, projecting eyebrows, he said in a low, significant tone, "Go ahead, Hamlin!" Of course, after that training and drill, I walked right through the other books. At the close of the term I had just finished the Æneid, and I objected to being examined in it by the visiting committee with-

out reviewing. But Mr. Soule was inexorable, and I had to stand it. Every one knows that the first few lines of a book are made familiar, and it is quite possible the committee felt themselves on safer ground there than elsewhere. They took no other portion. I had to translate rapidly a few sentences from the first of each book, and they were satisfied. I ought not to have been allowed to get off with such imperfect proof of work.

One great enjoyment of my academy life was the privilege of going home every other Saturday. In good weather I always went across by Bear Pond and Hawk Mountain, with my beloved gun. Partridges, gray squirrels, and in the autumn pigeons were tempting game. Once as I was passing along the deeply shaded path, a beautiful partridge, unconscious of danger, walked from the covering into the road. Instantly I shot it. To my surprise it did not flutter, but remained on the ground, its head erect. It looked at me with its beautiful eyes and seemed to say, "Could you not let a poor partridge enjoy its short and happy life in its lovely, leafy home?" Then its bright eyes glazed in death and its head fell. I resolved I would never shoot another partridge, and I never did. The shot had severed the spinal cord just above the wings and hence it could not move. It looked as though it

waited, motionless, in order to reprove me. I excepted from my resolve all pernicious "varmint." One afternoon we saw from Mr. Howard's house a bear crossing the pasture toward the woods. We rallied the forces at hand and gave chase, four men with guns. We pursued him till he changed his course for Hamlin's Grant. Two of our party followed his track with dogs all the next day, but Bruin made his escape.

When winter had well set in, our district school in Waterford was under the teaching of Luther Farrar, a college sophomore and an excellent classical scholar. He offered to superintend my Greek and Latin, and for eight or ten weeks I could board at home. The preceptor required that I should come as often as once in two weeks for examination. I was again on the farm, but my studies pressed me hard. Mr. Soule had mapped out for me what I must do in order to enter Bowdoin College the next autumn, September, 1830. The plan was of doubtful wisdom, but it would save a whole year of expense. I was up every morning at five o'clock, and I studied till nine or ten; my mother would not let me study later. She went to Mr. Soule to object to my being pressed at that rate. He made her rather a curious reply, saying, "That boy will never hurt himself by hard study. He is not of that sort. He learns

easily and never mopes and bothers himself, but goes right along. Besides, he is such a good walker and gunner that he 'll never want for fresh air." If there was some exaggeration, there was some sagacity in this judgment, for I did study very hard, and I did not injure myself. I grew more that year than in any year of my previous life. I began to look like a boy of more than sixteen or seventeen. But then there was a penalty — I outgrew my clothes.

I must mention two more pleasant episodes of my academy life, and then dismiss it.

As I was crossing by Hawk Mountain one Saturday, I went to the summit to enjoy the view. I noticed an immense bowlder on the very edge of the precipice, looking as though it might easily be dislodged and do something grand in bounding down into Bear Pond. My brother told me that one Fourth of July there was a general rally of young men to throw it off. They cut a number of spruce trees about six inches in diameter, and placed these long levers under one side, but they could not start it. It was imbedded at the base in a foot or two of solid gravel, and that must all be dug away. They had no picks or spades for that, and they retired defeated but resolving to do it some day. I found by careful examination that it rested not on the solid granite, but on at least a foot of gravel.

I made an agreement with my brother to meet Andrews and me the next Saturday, as soon after dinner as possible, with a sharp axe, and we would make sharp stakes of the hornbeam which grew around; and two would sit on the brow of the precipice, one on either side, and pick out that gravel, and see what the great bowlder would do with itself then. The other would supply sharp stakes, and so we would all take turns.

The work proceeded hopefully for three or four hours, and we felt sure of a magnificent result, when we discovered that right in the center there was a round stone that just filled the space between the bowlder and the solid rock. It was time to go home to supper. We gave it up, and agreed to borrow two crowbars and come the next Saturday and finish it; and then one suggested that some one would find it out, complete the work, and get all the credit. We went at it again, saying, "Let supper go for once." It looked critical and dangerous; the thing might cant over on one side and catch the fellow, and he would never cry for help more than once. The third man was to watch for the slightest motion, and give us warning. We detached the stone, and sent it rolling down. We were searching for another when the scream, "It's moving!" made us scrabble up without any unnecessary loss of time. It seemed

at first to move slowly and reluctantly, as it sucked its base out of its compact bed of gravel where it had lain for untold millenniums; and then with a sudden plunge it went down its fateful granite track in sheets of flame, from friction or electricity. When it reached a swell in its path it curved majestically and gracefully into the air and struck the solid granite a hundred feet below. It burst with a tremendous sound and a vivid flash into three great fragments which went bounding into the forest. The biggest fragment made its path known by the marvelous commotion in the tops of the trees. We stood, rapt observers of the scene so entrancing and so short. But we voted it better than any supper, and agreed to come the next Saturday and follow the track of that great fragment.

We found that when it entered the woods it cut trees of eight inches' diameter right square off, without disturbing the roots. As the speed decreased, it broke them down, and finally, before reaching the pond, it fell in between two bowlders bigger than itself, where no academy boys will ever disturb its repose. Legends of the achievement still exist in the neighborhood, considerably magnified.

During the winter I spent at home, I came in contact with the rum power, or, more correctly, my brother Hannibal and I together did. There was a

fierce division in the school district between the rummies and the temperance side. The temperance side gained their man, and the strife ended. But one night the rummies took out all the windows of the schoolhouse and carried them off.

My brother Hannibal, who always had a knack at rhyming, wrote a hudibrastic description of their brave doings. I carried the letter at midnight and hung it on the handle of the door. The person to whom it was addressed never knew from whence it came. He brought it to our house in great glee, saying, "That Harvard student who has been in town undoubtedly wrote it." He spread it all over town, and it stirred up wrath and laughter.

But the rum party was getting everything into its hands, and something must be done. One Sunday evening, at the house of my brother-in-law, Mr. William Stone, we discussed the situation among us. We wrote the names of eighty persons who might be called drunkards, and of seventy who were hard drinkers — 150 in a population of 1,500. It was astounding. Mr. Stone said to me: "If you will write a petition to our minister to begin at once a course of weekly or fortnightly lectures on total abstinence, I will go round to-morrow and see how many men will sign it." I did so, and he obtained the names of seventeen

men. The drunkards and hard drinkers signed, saying they would like to hear what Douglass would have to say. Then William Warren, physically and mentally the most powerful young man in town, took it, and obtained forty additional names. Mr. Douglass was astonished, and the meetings were appointed without delay. They were well attended and ably conducted. In the spring of that year, 1830, the first Total Abstinence Society of the town was formed. It produced great and excellent results. It rescued many from the very jaws of destruction, and saved a majority of the boys from the deathly habit. It needed, however, the Maine Law to finish the work.

I returned to Bridgton Academy and to Mr. Soule's house, where I felt at home, for the summer term and the final struggle. I have nothing but pleasant and affectionate remembrances of Mr. and Mrs. Soule, and all my associates and friends at Bridgton Academy. I roomed with Joseph Blake the last term, and we were dear friends to the end. He died a few years ago in Andover, to which place he had retired. Bowdoin College conferred upon him the title of D.D. Carleton had found a place in Bangor Classical School, where he could fit for theological study by a three years' course. He became a devoted minister of the gospel, suffered much from

poor health, and died early. I believe his sons are useful and prosperous men.

The term closed, and I bade farewell to Bridgton Academy, farewell to Waterford, farewell again to the farm, but with very different feelings all round. My mother was cheerful and happy that I was preparing for a useful life, and that I should be at home vacations, and Hannibal and I kept up a constant correspondence.

CHAPTER V.

BOWDOIN COLLEGE.

I LOOKED forward to the examination with fear and trembling. What would those learned professors make of me or think of me? I passed through the Latin grammar and Virgil, here and there in the Æneid and Georgics, without disgrace. When I came to Cicero's orations, I knew that I might fail in many places. But I had an astonishing piece of luck. In my hasty review I came upon a page of very long and difficult sentences that I had not fully mastered in the first reading. I said to myself, if I am taken up on this page in examination, I shall ignominiously fail. I gave myself to it, and wrote out a satisfactory translation, and said, "Now come on, Mr. Professor, and try me on this." To my amazement, the examining professor turned to that page and said, "You may pronounce the Latin first, and you will perhaps get hold of it all the better." I did so, and then gave him such a ready and smooth translation that he said, "That 's quite sufficient," and closed the book. I blushed, for I knew I ought to say to him, "That is the only

page in Cicero that I can translate in that way." But I *did n't.* With the exception of geography, my examination was less rigid than I anticipated. Geography was always a weak point with me, and the examining professor asked me just the questions that I could not answer. However, I received at once my ticket of admission ; and behold I was one of about fifty freshmen of Bowdoin College ! It was the largest freshman class that had ever been admitted.

On the way to Brunswick I fell in with Albert Cole, of Saco, who was to join the same class. We became friends at once, and for life ; I trust also for eternity. He passed over after a short but blessed ministry. Edward Woodford, of Woodford (then Woodford's Corner), was another freshman, in delicate health, — a pure and noble spirit, — who still lives, having made the bravest and longest struggle for life against physical weakness that I have known. We three were a trio. Both of those choice friends supplemented me through the college course. Cole spurred me up to effort. Woodford was a young man of wise, considerate judgment. He had more of that mature, common sense that decides a thing once for all than any of us. Cole and I learned very soon to respect Woodford's judgment. He was out of college half his time from sickness, but he graduated

honorably, and has outlived thirty of the thirty-five who graduated with him.

At ex-Governor Parris' special request, I took his son Albert as my roommate in my freshman year. I have always had the highest respect for the family, parents and daughters, but Albert was not the chum whom I wished to have after the first year.

We had hardly fixed up our rooms, and had our first recitations in each department, when a friend in one of the other classes enlightened me on the subject of hazing, and advised me to take it kindly and jocosely. My whole soul revolted against this, and I replied that I would certainly shoot the sophomore that should enter my room by force. It is true I had nothing but a bootjack and such other missiles as I might procure, but I was resolved not to disgrace my Revolutionary origin by basely yielding the right of self-defense. The class, conscious of being two to one, and indeed, against hazers, three to one, easily responded to the appeal to defend ourselves to the last. We really prepared no arms but stout heavy canes and such missiles as could effectively be hurled by the hand. Some, who roomed near each other, had watchwords by which any one too closely beleaguered could call out assistance. The other party wanted vulgar, brutal fun, without any danger of penalty. When they saw a fierce determination

to turn their weapons upon themselves and make their violent dealing come down upon their own pates with a vengeance, their ideas of fun all vanished, and there was not an instance of hazing in our freshman year. Had the sophomore class been larger, and the freshman smaller, there might have been ugly encounters. But the sophomores, besides being few, had so many excellent fellows among them, as Allen (President of Girard College), Harris (President of Bowdoin College), John Pike, Ebenezer Parsons, James Means, W. T. Savage, Ben Tappan, S. H. Shepley, C. C. Farrar, and others, gentlemen and scholars, who were above all such brutal outrages, that the hazers found themselves in a contemptible minority, and concluded that "discretion was the better part of valor." The mischief was only adjourned. It will appear again.

I immediately found college study quite different from my fitting course. Not that I studied harder, but everything was regular and measured. Three recitations a day, with some stated variations; and then we must go thoroughly into a thing. Our professors were men of power. Shallow, surface work was their abomination. Professor Smyth took us in scientific arithmetic, and a great light dawned upon the science of numbers and the laws of notation. Latin and Greek grammar had to be studied anew.

Here I was very weak as compared with some of my classmates who had been in fitting schools from three to five years. I saw very soon that I was not armed for the strife. I went to Professor Smyth, who seemed to take a liking to me, and told him just what I thought and felt. He listened to me with a sober, thoughtful look and said, "It might have been well if it had been planned so in the beginning; but now you have entered college, you could not at once strike into a course of study or find a class just fitted to your plan in any academy. You had better continue where you are. You take mathematics easily. Make up your Latin and Greek grammar, and you will reach the sophomore year on a level with the rest."

It was, on the whole, wise advice. I had not the financial resources to take a different course without calling upon the church for help, which I was resolved not to do. Deacon Smith and Deacon Coe advised me to apply to the Education Society, which I did, and with the help from home I reached near the close of the first term very happily. I had formed some friendships in the class and out, which time has only made dearer; but now most of them have passed over to the other side. How few remain!

About three weeks before the close of the term I caught a bad cold, which resulted in a high fever

and delirium. It was partly from the absurd supper which I cooked for myself out of materials which my chum brought me from the club, at my express order. I was destined to be a great bread maker, but I was not an accomplished cook. In the night I saw visions. I thought that the college was on fire; and that I must get my chum and all the furniture out of the window before I could escape. I rose, dressed myself, putting on my coat first and then buttoning my suspenders; my coat tails were turned up against my ears. I pulled my chum out of bed, but he was such a sleepy head that he went right back.

I moved the bureau against the window, but I could not get it out; I must have help. Taking a stick of firewood, I went to the next room to call upon my friend Cole for aid. I pounded on his door, and although it was midnight, he was still at his desk. He cried out, "Come." His look of terror and surprise is still vivid in my memory, for every part of that night's experience is as indelibly imprinted upon my memory as though it had all been stern reality. He sprang from his seat, and then checking himself, said, "Oh, yes; we 'll do that right off. But here! we don't want that stick of wood. I 'll see to it all;" and putting his arm soothingly round me, led me back, told me I was ill and needed a doctor and must lie still, and he would call Dr.

Lincoln. Dr. Lincoln was the best physician in the place, but had retired from all night practice; and he positively refused to come, but Cole made him come. He had to come, to keep Cole from waking up his invalid wife and the whole household.

Dr. Lincoln talked pleasantly to me, took off three or four of the bed coverings, bathed my hands and face; and I was quite restored to reason. He gave me an emetic, after which I had some good sleep. Mrs. Lincoln was exceedingly kind in sending me nice things to eat, among which were enormous baked apples, as delicious as big.

After a few days he said, "Go home to your mother. This is no place for you." After I had gone, he told Professor Smyth: "You must n't expect to see that student back here again."

I went by a pleasant stage ride to my sister Rebecca's in Portland. It was better than going into the best hospital in the world. Little Emily took to me wonderfully, and she was one of the most charming little girls ever born. I must have had characteristics then that have faded out, for children generally made friends with me right off. Old Mrs. Farley (Mr. Farley's mother) had a bottle of medicine half full. The other half had served her in just such a state as I was in, and now I must take it in the same way. It relieved my cough at once.

I took it home with me, and with mother's excellent care and the good, nourishing home living I rallied very quickly. I then thought I must teach school; but fortunately the schools were all supplied, and I spent a happy winter at home. It was well I did. My vocal organs were strangely affected. My voice was very weak and indistinct. Professor Smyth welcomed me back very warmly and told me what Dr. Lincoln had prophesied.

Professor Newman (of rhetoric) took me immediately into training for a voice and especially for distinctness of enunciation. It was of peculiar value to me. After some weeks of training, he told me there was no student in college with a more distinct enunciation than I had attained. Blessings on the memory of Professor Newman! He found my handwriting something like my voice. When I went over to his study to receive back my first "theme" with criticisms, he said to me: "Your style, Hamlin, has a Quaker-like simplicity and clearness. I only wish you would aim at a little more ornamentation; and your handwriting is often quite indistinct. There is a sentence — or rather that word — what is that?"

"It is indistinct, sir."

"Yes," he said with some surprise; "that's what I complained of."

"Well, it is *indistinct*, sir."

I saw he was about to be offended and I said: "That word which I have so badly written is the word *indistinct.*"

He laughed heartily and added: "Make your handwriting as clear as your style, and I shall have little to say."

He knew how to encourage a poor, bashful, blushing freshman.

In the second term of the year we entered our chosen societies. The two leading literary societies were the Peucinian and Athenian. I chose the former. They were rivals and the rivalry bred certain evils, but they were fine training grounds for life.

There were two religious societies — the Praying Circle and the Theological Society. This latter was rather for cultivating some historical knowledge of the heresies and orthodoxies of the past ages and of the present times. We aimed at nothing above our reach.

The Praying Circle brought together the religious element of the college without any distinctions. In that there were neither Congregationalists, Baptists, Methodists, nor Presbyterians. Its influence in college was unobtrusive, but was very great. There was a corps of earnest Christian students in college, whose influence was excellent and whose work in life has been blessed.

There was also a rough and rowdy element, possessed of the devil, who thought it grand and manly to destroy college property by bonfires, blowing it up with powder, etc. The faculty could only moderate the mischief. Where the authors were not found, the damages were averaged. Every student paid from one dollar to one and a half on each term bill — from three to five dollars a year. At length we rebelled, and formed a combination that for a time stopped it with a rough hand; and the faculty thanked us for it.

Not in my freshman year, but at a later time, I smashed a student's door all to pieces, and told him that was my first hint that the business he was up to in the night would stop; if it did not, I would try issues with him. I wrote the treasurer what I had done, and that I would stand for the damages. He never charged them to me. Of course I got the ill-will of some, but we had quiet times for study. There were always some splendid fellows, none superior to Charles Beecher and John Goddard, ready to put down lawlessness by force; but the rowdies never came to an open fight. "Conscience made cowards" of them all, and they knew that law, government, and public opinion were all against them.

When my freshman year closed, I had begun to know that by diligence I might have a fair standing

in my class. Indeed I already had it. Before the close of the first term, I overheard some boys in rather loud dispute as to who was going to "lead the class." H. B. Smith, Mel Weston, H. T. Cheever were all mentioned. Moses McLellan with his magisterial voice said aloud, "You are all wrong, gentlemen; Hamlin is going to lead this class," and gave his reasons. I only noted that his interference was not scouted. It surprised me more than anything of the kind that had happened. Cole took hold of it and said, "Aim for the first rank, and take it for Christ and his cause." He may have stirred my ambition some, but I did not look upon it as either possible or desirable.

I closed the first year with gratitude and joy. My health was good, and I had learned to study. One habit was of great advantage to me in the languages. Immediately after recitations I sat down in my room and read over the whole lesson, so as to fix whatever light I had gained on any passage or word. This aided me to remedy, in some measure, the deficiency in my "fit."

Home at length, enjoying my first vacation; freshman year closed, and sophomore dignity already on my youthful brow. Everything about the farm wore a charm unknown before. My brother had everything in order, and I entered into his plans with

enthusiasm. He had a "porcine" that he was proud of. He was going to fatten it. I had just read in The Oxford Democrat the advice to cut off an inch or two of a pig's tail on commencing the fattening process. The bleeding would be slight, but vastly beneficial. I advised my brother to do it. He would n't go into that pen for any such purpose. Opening the large blade of my pocketknife, I was in the pen instanter, and had hold of the quirl of the tail with my left hand. The wild beast plunged round the pen so that I could hardly hold on, but I gave the tail a slash and brought off triumphantly, not two inches, but five or six! The next morning the poor pig had bled so much he could only stagger about. We called one of our neighbors. He said, "Kill it immediately; it will make good pork as it is." I felt awfully ashamed and conscience-smitten. I felt for the poor pig. He drank feebly the buttermilk I gave him, and I had to go and call a butcher, and we had fresh pork before the time. The joke was upon me decidedly. That was a specimen of my "college l'arnin'." My brother-in-law, Mr. William Stone, laughed and laughed immoderately over it. Two or three years more, he said, would make me the greatest farmer in New England. He thought everything of me, and could joke me without offense. I took my honor as meekly as possible.

In the vacation I earned something as a Sunday-school agent, visiting remote districts and establishing Sunday-schools. I found the people generally ready and waiting, or I would have done nothing.

As I have mentioned above, I applied to the Education Society for aid, but my generous and noble cousin, Hon. A. D. Foster, of Worcester, was more to me than the society, and I drew aid from it only part of the time.

I was induced by Professor Upham to take the academy in Rochester, New Hampshire, the native place of the Uphams, for one term. He said that I could keep along with my class perfectly well, and earn fifty or sixty dollars besides. I had such confidence in his wisdom, and such want of the money, that I yielded, but it was a great mistake. As to the academy, I came off with honor, and made some friends dear to me still. It was, however, an injury to my studies, and I have always advised students never to drop out of their course for a single day. At the close of the academy term I walked from Rochester to Portland. One day I made thirty-seven and one-half miles, my greatest day's walk. My rule was twenty-five miles a day, and that I could keep up for any length of time. I had no desire to try that stint again.

On reaching Portland, I found my brother, Mr.

Farley, with his sister, Miss Susan Farley, just stepping on board the brig Florida, Captain Stallard, for a trip to St. John, New Brunswick. I accepted their invitation to go with them and for the first time put to sea, and for the first time set my foot on the dominions of his majesty William IV. I saw the sea and felt its nauseating power; and I saw English colonial society in a most interesting manner. It was a very enjoyable excursion, treasured up in memory still. The coming in of the tide at St. John was worth going to see.

I returned in season for the term, and my examination, whether satisfactory or not, was accepted. I resolved to be absent from my class no more.

In our sophomore year there was no hazing, because we had set ourselves against it from the beginning, and as it was a monopoly of the sophomore class, the freshmen were safe. In the sophomore year I was one of Longfellow's assistant librarians, which brought very small pay, but always a word or two with him. Any inquiry about an author usually brought him out, but he was always busy with some investigation of his own, and we did not intrude upon him. He was universally liked, and no one wished to intrude upon him.

At the close of the sophomore year, I was chosen secretary of the Peucinian Society, an office usually

given to the member of the highest rank in his class. In the Athenæan Society the same position was given to H. B. Smith. Still Weston and Cheever were probably on the same plane in the books of the faculty. My studies in mathematics interested me intensely, and probably I stood as well in that department as any one, except J. H. C. Coffin, who was a mathematical genius, but remarkable in no other study.

I entered upon my junior year weighted down with too many society offices. We had a vigorous Temperance Society, of which there was need. Colonization in Africa was then believed by many to offer ultimate hope for the slave. We formed a new Natural History Society with great zeal. In all these I had rather a leading part. But hazing again came to the front in its most atrocious mode. The sophomore class, though a very excellent one, had a few fellows who determined to renew the discredited practice of hazing. A few moderate impositions upon the freshmen were borne with too much mildness. In the meantime two of the freshman class had fitted up their rooms in a style offensively neat. The room was newly papered, a carpet quite covering the floor was spread, some pictures adorned the walls, a nice center table with a handsome cover completed the outfit. I have no

doubt their mothers had been there, and had done it with a mother's love. A brute by the name of D—— resolved to spoil that fun. He had a large tin syringe made with a jet, and filling it with a quart or two of ink, he and his fellows broke out a pane of glass, and injected the whole into the room with all possible force. That was bad enough. But after that the decaying carcass of a dog was thrown in. The poor freshmen declared they would leave college at once. Their beautiful room had become a horror. I exhorted them to stay and see what would come out of it. In the evening, I called together in Woods' room (for many years president of Western Pennsylvania University) some ten or a dozen of the most powerful fellows of the class, and exhorted them to inflict some penalty upon D——, the leader, that would stop such outrages in the future. I promised assistance if they would utter a certain call, and I went and engaged about twenty good fellows to answer the call, with shillalahs ready for use. I had my own ready. I was awakened that very night by a crash, and I sallied out with short preparation, and the first object I saw was D——, in his nightshirt, and in the hands of a band of stalwart freshmen.

"You hurt my right hand!" he cried. "Let it go, and upon my word of honor I won't strike."

"Let it go," said the captain; and D—— laid one of them on the floor by a well-aimed blow.

He was paid in cold water. They hurried him out to the pump, and held him under the spout until he was well drenched.

"Oh! oh! oh!" he groaned; and they let him go.

It was a clear frosty night with a brilliant moon, and as he came trotting back over the frosty grass, the water dripping from him in the moonlight, I clapped from my open window.[1]

D—— complained of the outrage to President Allen; and the president, in his bland manner, said: "Yes, D——; the outrage shall be examined; but all the antecedents which may have led to it will also be examined. Knowing this, if you will make a written application, I will attend to it immediately."

It is needless to say he never made it.

The general sentiment of the college was "Bravo for the freshmen! served him right." But D—— and his party planned an attack upon two of the more obnoxious freshmen's rooms. Rev. Dr. Rand, 150 Nassau Street, New York, knows about that and how it was thwarted.

After some days a more formidable plan was

[1] Fifty years after I met George Woods, LL.D., in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, and the first words he said were, "Give it to him, boys! give it to him!" He said that I called out from my window those words, which I do not remember.

formed of carrying out a "bogus" freshman to the pump. He was to call lustily for help, and as we should rally out to his aid they had a dozen reserves in a recitation room who would rush upon us, catching us one by one, and give us a thrashing. The plot was revealed to me by one of their own number in season to enable us to thwart it and turn it into ridicule. I never could devise a reason for that treachery. That ended hazing for a year or two more. The reason why it has died so hard is the general cowardice of college governments as to punishing outrages by law before the courts. Such affairs in college soon pass, and they hardly disturb the current, except for a day.

One more event was destined to disturb my quiet for a day and to cause a great deal of amusement of a very transient kind; but first I must mention the antecedents.

In the latter part of the junior year there was an interesting state of religious feeling, and there had occurred some marked conversions. One of my classmates, John D. Smith, was in all things the antipodes of Henry B. Smith. He was of a powerful physique, of a rough wit, the leader of scrapes, and the president of "The Old Dominion," a society for joviality and practical jokes. He derided "the pious." "Go and talk with John D.," said some;

"he always treats you well and you can talk with him." I was very unwilling to do it, but seeing his chum one day on the ball ground, I determined to see if he were in his room alone and have a talk with him. I found him, so I told him at once I had called to have a talk with him on personal religion, if he would; if not, I would retire.

"Sit down, Hamlin," he said; and then, looking at me with an impassioned and withering look, he said, "That holy Cole will lie!"

"Suppose he will, Smith: what is that to you or me? He has to answer for it, not we."

It disconcerted him a little, but he returned to the charge: "That pious Thomas Parnell Beach is a confounded hypocrite!"

"Well, Smith, I don't know but he is. What is that to you or to me? Every man must give account of himself to God. But I want to ask you this, Smith: Are you content to live and die just as you are, and risk eternity upon it?"

"No; I am not. I know it's my duty to become a Christian, and if I am one of the elect, I am safe, and if not, I am damned and there is no help for me."

After a conversation of very deep interest, I proposed that we call upon God in prayer. We knelt together. I think the Holy Spirit was with us. The dinner bell rang. We went over together, and

it seems to me now that we did not speak on the way. The "trio" made him a subject of earnest prayer. I feared it was all a momentary impression. I dared not seek an interview for fear he would explode it all. The next day but one I saw him coming across the campus, and I met him as though accidentally. He said "Good-morning!" so pleasantly I said: —

"How is it with you now, Smith?"

"Oh, I have made my peace with God!"

"When, pray? tell me about it!"

"When we were on our knees together before God in my room."

We did not believe in such conversions then, but it stood the test of time. It produced a profound impression upon college. It helped forward the spiritual work.

We feared that what occurred, which was called John D.'s first speech after his conversion, would injure the tone of things, but I believe it did not.

The Amherst students wrote a letter to the Bowdoin students proposing a united total abstinence society, with the idea of extending it to other colleges. As it was addressed to me, I placed the subject on the bulletin board, and proposed a college meeting in the chapel right after dinner Saturday. The chapel was quite full. I read the letter, after

we had chosen Thomas chairman, and I made a few remarks upon the importance of temperance in college.

When I sat down W—— was up, and commeneed a speech in ridicule of the whole thing. He had repeatedly pitted himself against me, with no very satisfactory results to himself. His remarks finally passed the bounds which even college students set to the grossly personal.

John D. sat at my right, in the next seat back. I saw his strong countenance working with some intent, and at length he arose, a good six footer, and putting one hand on my seat he lifted himself on his toes, and swinging his long right arm over his shoulder, he bent forward and pointing toward Thomas roared out, "*Thomas, button up your vest!*"

It struck Thomas like an electric shock. He sprang to his vest, but found nothing to do. There was a momentary silence of astonishment; and then the most astounding applause with peals of laughter. Little W—— stood sublimely unmoved until the noise subsided, when he recommenced his speech. The students did not relish this, and clapping, stamping, scraping, caterwauling followed; some jumped out at the windows and the assembly broke up. It mortified and embittered W——.

No effort was made at that time to renew the temperance movement, but the principle of total abstinence was strong in college. The drinking minority was small, and very few of them were men of any influence.

Our class was peculiar for its discordant elements. We quarreled over something at our first class meeting. I think it was about having a class uniformity of dress. As we began, so we proceeded through college. We never had one harmonious class meeting. Our last meeting in the senior year, to arrange for a class supper, broke up in disorder over the question of having wine.

H. B. Smith came to me and said, "This is too ridiculous. We have quarreled at every class meeting straight through for four years, and now we must quarrel over our farewell supper. We cannot even eat together."

I replied, "There is no class in college that has more real fellow feeling, only we can't do anything by vote. Let us start a subscription paper for a supper without wine, and propose in the heading three men as a managing committee."

So we did immediately, and every man but one signed it, and we had a grand good time. We proved that the class of '34 needed no wine to move its hilarity and wit.

As I am writing my life *and times* I cannot pass over lightly the religious history of the college. The religious students had three societies which drew them together. The Society of Inquiry had perhaps ten or twelve members, of whom three went into the foreign field. The Theological Society, meeting once a month and having an annual public address, had a much larger membership, and was useful mainly in giving us some knowledge of the history of great theologies. The Praying Circle met every Sunday morning an hour before church. All the religious students belonged to this society. Its meetings were open to all, and were attended by many students who were not members. It was a most excellent and useful association. It kept church members together and in sympathy. The rivalries of college did not enter here. Every year there were seasons of special earnestness in our religious work, and there was no year without some conversions. It sometimes occurred that in vacation a student had received deep religious impressions, and he found a sympathizing brotherhood to help him forward when he returned to college. We had indeed three revivals in our college course: one in the sophomore, one in the junior, and one in the senior year. My classmate Woodford writes: "Of our senior year there was nothing marked, but I

must not omit to notice the steady gain in Christian development during our last year on the part both of the new and old converts. Who can measure the good done by the fifty or more who in these three revivals devoted themselves to the Saviour?"

But the revival in our junior year seems to me worthy of brief record here, for the manner in which it came on and for the power of God manifested in it. Its approach was silent as the fall of dew. There seemed to be a peculiar spirit of prayer in our Praying Circle. Individual students felt a deep impression that we were entering the atmosphere of a revival. Some had come from revival scenes at home. Our circle found a college room too small for the attendance, and it was arranged that the next Sunday morning we should meet in the house across the campus on the main road, as there were two rooms, and the intervening hall would easily accommodate fifty or sixty students, or more. They were crowded, to the surprise of all, and some had come in whom we had never seen there before.

As we passed out from that meeting at the toll of the bell for church, I met Professor Longfellow. He looked surprised and said: "What is up now, Hamlin?" I replied: "It is only our Sunday morning prayer meeting." "Ah!" said he with a puzzled look, and passed on. We all loved and admired

Longfellow, but we could not claim his sympathy in this movement. During the week Mrs. Professor Upham sent me a note asking me to meet the ladies' prayer meeting for a few minutes and let them understand the state of feeling in college.

Dr. Adams, pastor of the Congregational church where nearly all the students attended, had appointed an early morning prayer meeting, thinking some would come together at an early hour who would not be able to come after the labors of the day had begun.

Anxious lest the conference room should not be suitably warmed and dusted, he rose early and went to see to it. He found Phebe, the colored sister of the church, of whom I shall speak further on, kneeling on the doorstone in prayer.

"Why, Phebe," he asked, "what are you praying here for on this cold stone?"

"O Mr. Adams!" was the answer, "I know the Lord is coming; I feel it in my bones."

Dr. Adams said to me: "Who should know it first of all but Phebe, who holds closest communion with Him?"

We found by conversing with students that many were under serious impressions. It was so in the village also. Dr. Adams appointed a protracted meeting and called to his aid the Rev. Dr. Tappan,

of Augusta, and Dr. Pond, professor in Bangor Theological Seminary. The meetings were very full and very solemn. There were many conversions — more than fifty, I think. A few were so remarkable I will mention them.

H. B. Smith was one. He became a distinguished teacher, writer, and theologian. Do not fail to read Professor Stearns' life of him. Daniel R. Goodwin was another. He was undeniably the first scholar and ablest man in college. I have mentioned the singular conversion of John D. Smith. There were Allen, Harris, Pike, Parsons, Goodwin, Storer, and many others who have lived lives of distinguished usefulness. The writings of Harris, Goodwin, and H. B. Smith have left their impress upon thousands of choice receptant minds, and will live for generations.

In the village the conversion of Dr. Lincoln and Governor Dunlap occasioned a profound sensation through the state. Dr. Lincoln, who probably saved my life (see page 95), was the most distinguished infidel in the state of Maine. He was a man of excellent social character and irreproachable morals. But now he came to see himself a sinner, and to fear the righteous judgment of God against the transgressors of a holy law. He found peace in believing.

It was a memorable evening when Dr. Lincoln

came in, and with great dignity and sweetness said in substance: "You will expect that I should tell you, my friends and neighbors, what has caused the recent change in my religious views and feelings. I can say it has not been argument. I have never heard or read arguments to which I did not think I could give a satisfactory answer — satisfactory, I mean, to myself; but there was one argument, a living argument, that moved every day and often before my window, in the humble, benevolent Christian life of my neighbor, Deacon Perry."

He went farther, but this remark made such an impression I could never forget it. He joined the church and witnessed a good confession until death in a good old age. I had a delightful interview with him in 1856.

One Sunday evening as I entered the church, rather late, Dr. Tappan was at prayer, and the burly form of Governor Dunlap was right before me. Then the whole audience stood in prayer. Governor Dunlap was known as a pronounced Unitarian, a Democrat, and aristocrat. I wondered what had drawn him in; whether it was merely to find something for sarcastic criticism. Soon Dr. Tappan fell upon him in prayer. At first he prayed for the governor of the state in very appropriate language, such as any minister might use, and then proceeded

to individualize him in a most remarkable and earnest manner, praying that he might feel such a sense of his sins and his danger of eternal ruin and of his need of a Saviour that he would gladly choose to die as a beggar with Christ as his Saviour, rather than attain the highest prizes of political ambition without him, etc. It was painful and astounding to many persons present, who thought the evil one had crept into that prayer so as to raise a row with the Unitarians. We changed our minds when, the next morning, at chapel prayers, President Allen prayed for the governor of the state, who had passed a sleepless night under deep conviction of sin.

Governor Dunlap's conversion was very decided in its characteristics and bore the test of time. When the manumitted slave woman, the praying Phebe, died, he was one of her pallbearers, regarding her as one of the King's daughters. The fruits of this revival were exceedingly rich and valuable.

The steam-engine episode of my college life you will not wish me to pass over, although you can find it on page 208 of "Among the Turks."

When Professor Smyth lectured to our class upon the steam engine, hardly one of them had any clear understanding of the machine. Few had ever seen one; there was no such thing then in the state of Maine.

After the lecture I said to Professor Smyth: "I believe I could make an engine that would make any one see its working."

"I think you can make anything you undertake, Hamlin, and I wish you would try it."

I at once agreed to do so upon the encouragement he gave. Thus thoughtlessly, in two minutes, I embarked in a scheme that you will see has had an influence upon all my life. It was done rashly, on no sufficient knowledge of the machine I had engaged to make. I made haste to examine it more fully. I could find no work on the steam engine in the library, but we had the monthly publication of the Franklin Institute, Philadelphia. I read a notice of "Lardner on the Steam Engine," and I obtained it immediately from Boston. I was in for it, and I resolved "to do or die."

I soon perceived that the two months' vacation would be far too short a period for such a work, for I resolved to make it a complete condensing engine, with condenser, air pump, and all. Professor Smyth entered into the scheme very warmly and obtained two weeks of our review time, as I could do that work evenings. So with fell determination to attempt and to accomplish what seemed to myself almost absurd, I left for Portland. After some search I found a place in a clock maker's shop, Edward

Grueby's, where I could have the use of a good foot lathe and forge. I had told Professor Smyth I should want ten dollars' assistance, but I had to pay that for shop rent. My brass cylinder, for which I made the model, cost enormously, as did all my other castings. I knew nothing about boring the cylinder and it was done imperfectly by a contrivance of my own. I bestowed a vast amount of labor upon finishing and polishing the inside of that cylinder. Neal Dow took great interest in it from the beginning and helped me in boring out the refractory piece. As the work slowly proceeded it grew in formidable proportions. I began to work evenings as soon as I had completed my reviews. Mr. Grueby very kindly entrusted me with the shop, and I worked at first till nine o'clock and then till ten, till eleven, and as long as I could keep awake. I wonder how I endured it. Some of the work I had to do over twice, but I never dropped a piece till I was satisfied with it.

When six weeks of the two months' vacation had passed, Professor Smyth came up to see how I was succeeding. He was pleased with what he saw. He promised me the two weeks out that I would need for its completion. My bills amounted to $72! Neal Dow, president of the Portland Lyceum, secured two lectures, $10 each, before the lyceum.

After that I lectured at Saco, Hallowell, Augusta, Gardner, and Brunswick, with varying fortunes. The lyceum lectures brought $10 each and expenses, and two ticket lectures, one at Saco, the other at Gardner, managed by my friends, were to bring me $30 or $40. A terrific snowstorm ruined one and a fire the other, so they left me a little out of pocket. But a ticket lecture in Brunswick netted $32. I was prouder of that achievement than of the engine. My debt was paid and a little more, and the college gave me $175 for it as a model to be placed among the philosophical apparatus. It is now in the Cleaveland Cabinet. I would not like to have any mechanic look at it without remembering that it is the first steam engine ever made in the state of Maine and that I made it without competent tools or competent knowledge. It cost me three months of the hardest work of my life.

The steam-engine enterprise must have diverted me some from my regular studies, but it opened new fields of knowledge, of history, of political economy, and the balance was restored. I shall have to refer to it often.

I have passed over the time when I chose the foreign field for my life work. I think I always had a trembling apprehension that if I should become

a minister of the gospel, I should have to be a missionary to the heathen. What reason could I give to God or my own conscience why I should not be?

In the winter of 1831–32, Monson and Lyman, the martyrs of Sumatra, were at the medical college in preparation for their work. They were truly devoted men. Secretary Wisner, a very admirable man, came and urged the claims of the heathen millions upon all who professed discipleship and obedience to the first Great Missionary. I acknowledged the reasonableness of the claim and I said to my conscience and my Lord, "Here am I, send me."

When I went home I told my dear mother. She broke down and wept as I had never seen her before. Her emotion was transient. She recovered herself and said with a tremulous voice: "Cyrus, I have always expected it and I have not a word to say, although I would have been so happy if I could have had my youngest son with me." The others shed many tears, but not a word of opposition came from brother or sisters.

I early chose Africa for my prospective field. I read Mungo Park and Denham and Clapperton, and some other African explorers, and the idea of penetrating the interior took strong possession of my mind. It led me to recast my views of life pretty earnestly and solemnly. I resolved I would never

lay up any money. I would try to square my accounts every year and there should be nothing over. I also resolved that I would sacrifice all my ambitious ideas of great learning and would give myself to just those things that my work and my environment seemed to call for. I have kept this vow also. If I could choose life's sphere of labor over again, I would not change. I bless God who has guided all my path.

Our little Society of Inquiry did not do very much toward making missionaries. Parris, Dole, and Bond went to the Sandwich Islands and they have done a noble work there and their names shall never perish.

I should leave out a long slice of college life if I should not notice more fully our society life. It was something far more literary and scientific than college societies are at the present day. The two rival societies, as I have before mentioned, were the Peucinian and the Athenæan. The division of each freshman class between these two was a matter of immense importance. In point of numbers they were about equal. Each had its library, and the loyalty of each student was measured by his gifts to the library. They were both beautiful libraries of about three hundred volumes each. The librarianship was a post of honor. The fortnightly meetings were for

debate and the reading of essays. Our debates were sometimes very earnest and called forth talent and research. They constituted an important part of the literary incitement of the college course.

Each class at the close of its junior year furnished the candidates for the offices of president, secretary, and chairman of the standing committee. There was no little political excitement in distributing the honors. The principle in all the societies was to give the presidency to the highest in college rank, and the secretaryship to the next. But as it often was difficult to discriminate, the secretary usually had the annual oration, and that leveled up his honor quite to the presidency. Parties were sometimes formed, of course, but the vote of the society decided the contest, and I do not remember any asperity that remained a single day after the decision. I had far more than my share of the presidencies, and more than I could accept. I accepted three — the Peucinian, the Praying Circle, and the Theological. I positively refused three others, and I ought to have refused the Theological, because that required an annual public oration, and I had too many irons in the fire in my senior year.

You may wish to ask me if I was so popular among the students that they should heap upon me all the honors they had to bestow. I wondered at

their choice myself. I was not so popular. There was, perhaps, a particle of truth in what a graduate said of me, that I was the best loved and the best *hated* of any student of my class. The hatred has as much to do with it, perhaps, as the love. I had the reputation, not at all deserved, of being perfectly fearless and of not mingling with anybody's affairs that did not belong to me. I had very warm friends out of my class — Means, Harris, Pike, Tappan, Parsons, Goddard, Farrar, Allen, Prentiss, Dole, Blake, Drummond, etc. Between the hatred and the love I confess to have had more than my share of college honors at the hands of the students. It was their fault, not mine. I never sought one of them.

The public oration before the Peucinian Society did not belong to me. I was chosen, as I thought, in disregard of the rights of a classmate whom I loved and honored. I positively refused it; but at the next meeting I was again unanimously chosen, and I accepted it. In looking round for a subject I selected The Philosophic Errors of the Middle Ages. Accidentally reading the *Summa Theologiæ* of Saint Thomas Aquinas, I noticed some absurd topics gravely discussed. I asked Professor Longfellow what he thought of that as a subject. He said: "Capital! fresh, and never made a subject by any of our students." Professor Newman liked the

oration, and sent it to The Quarterly Register. Professor Longfellow, meeting me on the campus the next day, said: "Hamlin, that was the best oration I ever heard from lips studential." It was extravagant praise, but Longfellow loved to give full measure of commendation where there was any chance. After it was published I regretted that I had not drawn special attention to the fact that I had searched for the errors only. I had given no credit for philosophical acuteness and subtle analysis.

My classmate, Henry B. Smith, was president of the rival society, the Athenæan, but we always remained the best of friends, and used sometimes to laugh at our belligerent forces. His oration before the Athenæans was far superior to mine; but being less peculiar, did not excite the attention and admiration which it deserved.

After the celebration, the society had one great supper, in which there was every luxury our souls lusted after. These four feasts and the farewell class supper constituted all the feasting that I remember in college. One evening in the sophomore year, coming up from the Peucinian supper at eleven o'clock, or later, feeling that after such a supper I should not easily sleep, and there being moreover a wind storm with masses of flying clouds sometimes obscuring every star, I was tempted to try my

nerves as to superstition connected with graveyards and darkness. There was an old abandoned church a mile and a half from the college on the sandy plain; and alongside of it, separated from it by the road, was an old graveyard where "the forefathers of the hamlet slept"; but population had moved off to the banks of the river and there was nothing left but death and desolation. The windows had been broken out by naughty boys, and the floor was so broken up that even sheep could not find a refuge inside, for the great holes in the floor would let them down two or three feet. The pews were for the most part standing. It was regarded by the superstitious as a haunted place; it was the saddest place I had ever seen.

The freak took me of going out there in that most ghostly night and climbing up into that old pulpit, in absolute darkness, and offering a challenge to all the ghosts of the buried dead and the hobgoblins of the air to meet me and do me wrong and I would send them howling into the abyss. I accomplished it with great care, lest in the absolute darkness I should tumble into a hole and the joke would be upon me. I began my address, competing with the roaring sounds, when unmistakably I heard a groan or a grunt. "Halloo, there! who are you? what do you want?" Then two or three heavy raps on the

side of the house to my right and a peculiar scraping sound and another grunt or groan! I was in for the contest I had challenged, and I would see it through. I got out of the old house as quickly as I safely could, and stepping upon some sticks lying round I picked up by feeling a good club and went round to call the intruder to account. The first thing I stumbled on was a good old cow! and I found that a whole herd of cattle had quietly sheltered themselves from the wind under the lee of the old church, and, licking themselves as cattle will, had knocked their horns against the church! I did not disturb them. I went away satisfied that ghosts could not frighten me, and that I had no fear of a graveyard in night and darkness. Why should any one have? This affair is quite out of chronological order, and belongs to the sophomoric year.

In my senior year I was repeatedly warned that there was a party of students who had bound themselves by an oath that they would have revenge upon me before I should graduate and I had better be on my guard. I laughed at such warnings. I said, "They are all cowards, for they have been challenged to meet us in open conflict, and for three years they have never done it."

My conscious security gave me perfect peace, but no safety. I misjudged the bitterness of the opposi-

tion. One night I felt myself to be in a terrible incomprehensible nightmare; but something which was smothering me slipped off. I drew a full breath and instantly comprehended my situation. I was in the hands of my friends the enemy, and I resolved "to play the Indian" of perfect passivity. Struggling to escape would have been useless, for I was in the hands of seven persons. One had my head, two had my arms, two grasped me powerfully in the flank, and two had my legs. They rushed down two flights of stairs roughly, but I set my teeth firmly, resolved not to utter a sound. When they came on to the level I relaxed every muscle and hung like a dead man in their hands. There was one at the pump making the water fly. But some one said, "He's dead!" and they dropped me rudely on the corner of the platform; not a drop of water reached me and they fled for their lives — I up and after them. I singled out two of them and gave chase. They fled to the pines which then bordered the campus. As I was barefooted, I gave up the chase and went back to bed. I did not even change my nightshirt; but I resolved what I would do. I would make nothing of the affair, would look upon it with contempt, and keep absolutely still until they should all be thrown off their guard and let the whole affair out boastfully. I would then arrest

them for assault and battery and housebreaking. This satisfied me so completely that I fell asleep and slept an hour after my intended time.

I had taken out leave to go to Portland that day, and I had a pitcher of milk and some bread for my early breakfast. I resolved I would take that walk of twenty-four miles, unless I should fall by the way. I made my breakfast, and had a piece of bread to spare for lunch. I started out just as all the students were coming out of prayers. They surrounded me, and I stepped upon the stone block, gave the briefest statement possible concerning the attack, and expressed my contempt of the whole affair, and my only regret that, having overslept, I was starting for Portland an hour late. They gave me a very hearty cheer as I departed. It was, I confess, a hard walk. I had been wrenched; large patches were black and blue; and when they dropped me my left hip struck the sharp corner of the great plank platform of the pump.

When I reached Portland my sister Rebecca exclaimed, "Why, Cyrus, you are sick!" I said, "No; not sick, but awfully tired. Give me supper and ten hours' sleep, and you 'll find me lively as a cricket." But what helped me sleep was the following letter. The students, immediately after breakfast, had a public meeting and passed the resolutions below:—

BRUNSWICK, June 28, 1834.

Friend Hamlin, — A transcript of certain resolutions annexed, passed this day by the students assembled in the chapel, will inform you of the purpose of this communication: —

Whereas, An indignity was last night offered to Brother Hamlin, in whom we as fellow students feel interested, and whereas the expression of our sympathy should be as public as was the outrage, therefore, by this meeting of the students of Bowdoin College be it

Resolved, That pumping is subversive of law and honor, and derogatory to the character of students; that the unprovoked attack upon and personal abuse of Hamlin can be justified by none of the feelings of men, and by none of the principles of common morality or even of common decency; and that the perpetrators of this deed are regarded by us as unmanly and dishonorable, deserving neither respect nor kindness.

Resolved, That the character of Hamlin as a superior scholar, as a high-minded and public-spirited young man, and as a Christian, while it cannot be wounded by any such base means as have been employed, now, more than ever, demands our public and unqualified approbation.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions, signed by the chairman and secretary of this meeting, be forwarded to Hamlin.

(Signed) G. HORACE UPTON, *Secretary*.
DANIEL WESTON, *Chairman*.

With the above I had the two following brief notes of the same date: —

My dear Friend, — We had some struggle, but the victory is ours — is yours. I congratulate you upon the full sympathy, no less full than deserved, which you have met with. As a class-

mate, and I hope as a fellow Christian, I rejoice. The wanton aggression has been, as far as human means avail, avenged, and while you can trust in your consciousness of right and in your Saviour for grace to help, I am sure that you may go on your way rejoicing. In haste, yours truly and ever,

HENRY B. SMITH.

My dear Brother, — I fully accord with the sentiments expressed by our good friend. Henry B. Smith has acted a noble part in this affair. After some fear and trembling we determined on a general meeting; the discussion was somewhat stormy, and continued for one and a half hours, but your friends and the friends to religion proved true and valiant. After the few in the opposition had exhausted all their art and fiendish malice, the original motion for the passage of the resolution was called for, and the result glorious — seventy-five for, six against.

Full well I know that your character *needed* no such testimonies and vindication, but receive them as a renewed expression of brotherly love and affection. Yours most sincerely,

A. COLE.

With this generous endorsement of myself and withering condemnation of the other party, I could go right on as though nothing had happened. The president told me that the faculty were ready to take the most efficient action. I begged them to do nothing until I should enter a complaint, to which he acceded. I would not talk with any one about it, not even with Cole and Smith and Woodford. Sometimes a student would ask me, "Are

you going to swallow all that, Hamlin?" And I would reply, "I have swallowed it and I don't see as it hurts me at all. My digestion was never better." So everybody thought the affair had passed by forever.

It worked just as I had confidently expected. The fellows began to boast of their achievement. In a symposium of some twenty or more the whole thing was discussed and each one's part in it was talked over. One of those present, a student belonging to all parties and having about equal sympathies with all, described the whole to me. I manifested no interest in it. I told him I had always supposed it was just about so. Still I said nothing and did nothing, until another student volunteered information equally minute. I then wrote down the names of the seven who had offered the personal violence, whom I intended to arrest, and the names of seventeen who had some personal knowledge of the affair before it came off or during the transaction, to be summoned as witnesses.

I went into Chandler and Proctor's room and told them what I was going to do and that I wanted their advice about two individuals.

Their excitement astonished me. Chandler danced about his room and clapped his hands and said: "Now, Hamlin, you *are* Hamlin! It would have

been disgraceful to let such an outrage go unwhipt of justice."

When I told them that I was going right to the lawyer's office to have all the papers made out and the fellows arrested and the witnesses summoned as the students came out from prayers the next morning, they could hardly control themselves.

"Oh, won't those fellows laugh out of the other side of their mouths! They have become boastful, and they might have caught you again to finish their work and do it better next time!"

But the two cooled off and sat down and carefully considered the whole list. They knew everything. They belonged to the Athenæan Society and would not naturally be my champions. They revealed their knowledge, not directly, but by giving me advice. At one item I positively objected. But they both insisted, "He will be your strongest witness if the lawyer knows how to turn him inside out." They were good and faithful friends.

I had some difficulty at the lawyer's office. Charles Packard, Esq., was a good, generous, noble-hearted man; but he feared for me and knew that for himself he should have to bear endless insults from those fellows.

"But that is nothing," he said; "your life will not be safe."

I finally said with some impatience, "Mr. Packard, I have not come to ask advice, but the making out of the legal forms that are needful to summon those fellows before Justice D——."

He yielded and made out the papers and agreed to act as my counsel. We had a splendid constable, powerful, cool, and fearless. I was quite unexcited myself, for I was doing it from a conviction of duty, to prove that law can be made to reign in college, and I believed that one example would inaugurate a change. I went into it calmly, prayerfully, firmly, with a good conscience toward man and toward God.

In the morning there was some delay in getting a place for the trial. As soon as I engaged the Free-will Baptist meetinghouse I sent the constable up the hill. He broke up every morning recitation.

Professor Cleaveland was the most affable of men socially, but he was "monarch of all he surveyed" in his lecture room, and any student, however slow of apprehension, understood, at least, that much. A rude knock at the door clothed his brow with thunder.

"Nason, please to see what is wanted."

Nason returned, his countenance showing consternation and fear, and said, "Please, sir, the constable wants So and So and So, and I think Hamlin is arresting the hazers."

Every seat was instantly empty and the class rushed out wildly, caring no more for the great professor than for one of his trilobites.

I came up to the college level just as the whole cavalcade was issuing from the campus. My lawyer was sure I should be brickbatted and protested that I placed no value upon my life. I was received with a grand hurrah, and the arrested fellows had not recovered from their surprise enough to even hiss.

The defendants engaged Squire Alden, but he was so abusive toward Packard and myself that the audience scraped him down, and would not let him open his mouth.

Justice D—— very properly delayed the procedure till they could engage O'Brian, who was a gentleman. Two weeks were allowed them to consult their papas and prepare their defense.

The move was everywhere popular and just the thing that should have been done. Dr. Lincoln sent for me to say that he had consulted with a few friends, — the Dunlaps and others, — that they had agreed that the legal trial should be no expense to me, and that they wanted me to employ the best counsel in the state. I felt that the Lord himself was supporting me in that way.

On the eve of the momentous day the counsel on both sides met together. The three lawyers for the

defendants — William Pitt Fessenden, Deblois, of Portland, and Young, of Freeport — pleaded for a compromise. They (the defendants) belonged to rich families and their parents had better pay an indemnity than to let the case go on, as it might put a blot on these young fellows for life. The counsel on both sides sent a messenger asking that I propose an indemnity that would satisfy me to let the matter drop. I replied at once that any indemnity, great or small, would ruin the case. I would agree to anything my counsel advised, only the settlement should involve two things — a written confession and apology and payment of all expenses.

The counsel pronounced the decision magnanimous and wise. The fellows were confounded. They first sent one of their number to ask the president if they settled the matter thus, if it would prevent their getting a diploma. He replied: "Of course not." One declared he would never sign. But toward midnight, softened by large potations, he signed, and the case ended. I received the thanks of the faculty and of the most distinguished friends of the college, while some were disappointed that no suitable penalty was inflicted.

One of the defendants suffered a lifelong penalty — the young lady to whom he was engaged, but of whom he was not worthy, promptly dismissed him,

declaring she would never be the wife of a man who could do so mean a thing. I have never seen reason to regret the course I took, but I do regret that there is so little manliness in colleges that hazing has so long been endured. Faculty and students are both guilty that law does not reign over the violators of law.

A few days after this case terminated one student in a violent quarrel kicked another, who immediately started for Lawyer Packard, and told him he would have to settle that case with him. The offender immediately relented, begged his pardon, and stuffed a five-dollar bill into his vest pocket. It came to be understood that law could be instantly appealed to.

As the last term passes on the appointments for Commencement are discussed in a lively manner. I resolved to be content with any appointment I should have. I had been engaged in so many things that I could not hope for, and did not wish, the distinction of first or second part. I might have the third; I would be content with the fourth, for of the four students who were reported to stand side by side, I had done so much extra work that I was ready to take the consequences. The four were put on a perfect level. Four orations were to come on to the stage in alphabetical order. Previous years had

brought great dissatisfaction with the distinctions made, but here there could be none.

"The defendants" were not satisfied with the upshot of their revenge. Two or three days before Commencement President Allen sent for me and said he was sorry to say that he had received notice from a most reliable source of a plot to drive me off the stage and prevent me from delivering my oration. A certain number of students would coöperate, but chiefly fellows from without would be distributed through the house, who would take up and continue the hissing, caterwauls, scraping, and whatever other ways they might have of expressing their malice. They would hardly dare to throw missiles. He would like to know what course I would suggest.

I replied: "I have managed those fellows thus far and I would like to have them all the way through."

He smiled and said: "You have done so well thus far the faculty thought you would choose to do so."

I went to Colonel Estabrook, our magnificent marshal on Commencement days, and told him of the plot. I begged him to take it all as a regular part of the exercise when I should come on to the platform. I would wait as long as they would make a row, and then I would explain the matter to the audience for their decision, and I knew it would be in my favor. I came to the stage with nerves

somewhat firmly strung. I wore Longfellow's Oxford gown, for we all spoke in gowns. I had my oration in a roll in my hand, so that if great confusion should occur, I should not be driven off the track by fault of memory. I saluted the president, the two boards of government, and the audience, expecting every moment the other part of the performance would begin; but it did not. I paused a little and then concluded to begin my second oration, as the first seemed to be uncalled for. When I concluded, I received, as was confessed, the most rapturous applause of the day.

It was an unspeakable gratification to my mother, as also to myself, that no disturbance was made. I think my brother Hannibal was a little disappointed that he could not see me put those fellows down.

As the audience slowly dispersed two young ladies put a package in mother's hand. The ladies were the Misses Perkins, of my Bible class in Topsham. It was a pair of shirts of the nicest linen that could be found, and of the nicest needlework, when ladies' fingers were the only sewing machines. They seemed to never wear out. I of course used them carefully. They lasted far into missionary life on the Bosphorus.

I remember that Bible class with deep interest; they were a fine set of girls. They expressed to

students their burning indignation of my treatment. They were amazed to see me unchanged, laughing, and telling them it was a mere college trick, not worth a moment's thought; they could n't make me a martyr anyhow.

Cole and I first, and afterwards others, had a Sunday-school two seasons in the Pennell and Curtis district, out on the Freeport Road. My acquaintance with those interesting families continued until recent years. Death and change have carried them far away. I cannot but think that in the world to come even the casual friendships of this life will be of some value.

The Commencement audience disperses and then the spreads begin. There may have been twenty in our class of thirty-five. Generally two students united. My chum in the senior year was John H. C. Coffin, brother of Mrs. Professor Smyth. He was the mathematical genius of our class and of the college, and afterwards a distinguished professor of mathematics in United States service.

We fitted up our room with ornaments from the woods and the gardens. My sister Rebecca, Mrs. Farley, offered to make the graduating cake, and Coffin supplied the lemonade and fruit. The cake was fine. Miss Susan Farley had the freedom of Blant Sawyer's garden in order to make the wreath.

It attracted general attention, and though others expended three or four or five times the money, there was nothing attracted more admiration.

Some of the most distinguished men in the state came in to express their approbation of what I had done, and to congratulate my mother. She, of course, was gratified that her little boy had passed through so many experiences with honor and good health.

Farewell, Bowdoin College! Farewell, beloved classmates of 1834! No period of life is like college life — its high hopes and resolves, its undying friendships, its earnest and joyous contests, its solemn views of life's career, its deep religious impressions, its efforts to be led and to lead others in the path of life. The inspiration, too, derived from the character, attainments, and teachings of a noble, devoted, learned, unselfish faculty, and the friendship of those men through life, make the college years of priceless value. President Allen, Professors Cleaveland, Upham, Newman, Smyth, Packard, Longfellow, every name excites emotions of gratitude, admiration, and love.

CHAPTER VI.

SEMINARY LIFE AND TIMES AT BANGOR.

AFTER a vacation of a few weeks, which I very highly enjoyed, in Waterford and Portland, Ilsley and I went on board the steamer for Bangor. It must have been in October, and well advanced, for it was cold and stormy, and we found Bangor abundantly supplied with a very adhesive mud. It is now such a very beautiful and clean city one can hardly conceive of its condition then. But it had a very enterprising people. There was so much intelligence and refinement and literary cultivation that one wondered to find it all in such tumultuous surroundings. Buildings were going up on every hand, new streets were being opened in the clayey soil, and except where plank sidewalks were laid it was best to attempt as little movement as possible.

Tappan and I had made an agreement to room together. We had been good friends in college, as we are now, and our three years passed most harmoniously. He was a close student, a fine linguist, a profound and independent thinker, a perfect gentleman, an earnest Christian, but with a sort of reserve

that has kept him back while others of lighter weight have gone ahead.

The day after my arrival a gentleman of fine appearance, whose gray hair and cast of countenance would suggest the age of seventy, called and introduced himself as Mr. McGaw, a lawyer of Bangor, and inquired if I were the son of Hannibal Hamlin, of Waterford. On finding that I was, he gave me a very cordial welcome to Bangor, and wished me always to feel that I had a home in his house.

"Your father," he added, "gave me my first business as a young lawyer; he had confidence in me and brought me forward, and what success I have had I consider largely owing to that starting out in life. I have always felt that it would be a pleasure to me to do a favor to a son of Hannibal Hamlin, of Waterford."

It was almost like meeting my father, whom I never knew, and who on his deathbed had special anxiety about me.

I entered at once upon the study of Hebrew and New Testament Greek and exegesis with lively interest. The two professors Pond and Bond conducted our first year's studies. There was quite a change in the institution in many respects. It had been struggling for existence, and in great poverty

had been turning out very useful men who commanded the respect and love of the people.

Dr. Pond, a man of power, by nature, culture, and grace, had come there to stay. A new professorship of sacred rhetoric was about to be founded, and graduates of colleges, some eight or nine in my class, came in. Before then, most of the students had entered the Theological School after a three years' course in the Classical Academy. All was life and hope and joy. Bangor society received us kindly and generously, but Tappan and I soon saw the danger, and we fixed a rule: "One evening a week to society, and even then faithful study till nine o'clock." In this way we avoided the waste of time which students sometimes make in society, and which we should have made but for this rule.

I did not very much enjoy society, except where I was so well acquainted as to feel at home. I was excessively bashful, and I blushed like a girl at the slightest thing; I was so ashamed of this I blushed all the more. But I found my good genius there. Mrs. James Crosby, either from pity or from seeing something in me that should not be lost, with equal skill and wisdom gave me the friendship, the confidence, the consideration that gave me confidence in myself; and from that day to this I have counted her among my best friends.

We settled down to close study. We agreed that our theological course depended mainly upon ourselves, upon our modes and habits of study. The policy of the teaching was to call out effort, and to encourage the utmost freedom of thought and inquiry. I resolved to have no such issues as in college and to keep clear of everything that should in the least distract me in my studies. This came very easy the first year and I had nothing outside but a Bible class of young ladies in Dr. Pomeroy's church. Some of its members were very bright and not afraid to ask puzzling questions; but I was never puzzled, for I always confessed my inability frankly when I felt it. No man loses anything by that, especially a young man. The scholars in that class have nearly all passed away. A few years since I heard of two of them at the West, and it gave me a thrill of pleasure to know that they had inquired for me and had remembered the Bible class.

I began also to go out into school districts within four or five miles' walk, of a Sunday afternoon to "hold a meeting." I found some fruit in one of these places forty years afterward. But the first year was one of study and of growth and of extending a pleasant acquaintanceship with the people of Bangor, who seemed to receive us into their

families in a very friendly and natural way. I often dined at Mr. McGaw's.

We found two graduates of Bowdoin College in the class preceding ours, who were a valuable addition to seminary life. H. G. Storer, Bowdoin College, 1833, was a wit, a devout man, of a very clear analytic mind, whose ill health kept him down or he might have been a leader of thought. The logic of Edwards entranced him, almost strangled him. He once said to me, "I fear I shall become a fatalist." In conversation on the Scriptures and on Christian experience he had a peculiar richness of thought. His nervous system was unsound and he was subject to great changes from hilarity to despair. After he became a preacher he never supplied an empty pulpit, in city or country, without receiving a call to settle. His health would sometimes enable him to preach for a few months and then he would retire to recruit. His mind was clouded toward the close. He was greatly beloved by his intimate friends.

Yeaton was another Bowdoin College graduate, a close friend of Storer's. The two were very unlike. Yeaton was a Coleridgeite. He was a man of gentle, refined character and taste and of exact scholarship. Everything from his pen bore the character of finish. He succeeded more as a teacher than preacher.

Visits to these dear friends, on my return from the East, are memorable and precious.

"In what part of the world shall I live and labor?" will always be a question of interest to one who has decided to go wherever duty shall seem to call him. The world was all before me where to choose. I was more inclined to China, because Tracy and Johnson, whom I knew at Brunswick, had gone there; and Tracy had sent me a box of Chinese paper dresses, pictures of gods, and native offerings, with which I could interest Sunday-schools. But about the time of entering the seminary I had by chance taken up Mungo Park's Life and Travels in Africa. I was so much interested that I also read Bruce, Denham, and Clapperton, the Landers, and The Limits of the Negro Race (by Heeren?). I fixed upon Africa. I would go into the great interior and see what there was there. This was my ideal. I dreamed of being in Africa. This choice had one important, practical influence. I resolved never to select a wife, never to fall in love, never to expose myself to that danger by any familiar acquaintance with young ladies, however excellent, until I had penetrated Africa and come out alive. This gave me a feeling of freedom I could not otherwise have had, and I also regarded myself as no object of interest to any young lady or to any mamma

On that whole subject Africa made me delightfully free. She was my bride ; I was already married.

Freewill and the divine foreordination of all events of course perplexed us. Professor Pond held strongly to the Decrees and also to Edwards' Theory of the Will — "always as the strongest motive." His *preaching* was as though the will, the man, was self-determined. Self-determinism he rejected. I was long in doubt, until I resolved to stand by self-determinism as well as by divine sovereignty, and not attempt to explain their harmony of meeting together. I rested there and fought the battle on that line.

My first theological year passed with nothing remarkable. It was a year of growth. I felt sure that I stood in right relations to God and man in my African outlook. My mother, my sisters, and my brother approved of my general choice, but did not like the prospect of a combat with African fever.

At the close of the year three of us walked to Brunswick, suffering much from bad weather by the way. My stockings were soaked in blood when I took off my boots in Warren's room.

"O Hamlin," he said, "you have done cruel work there ; but I will bring you out all right."

He went out, bought a pint of rum, and, with

about the same amount of warm water, put my feet to soak. It had a wonderfully soothing effect; and with a little bandaging and a day's rest I went on as though nothing had happened. It was the best use of New England rum I ever knew and I found it equally efficacious on other similar occasions.

The second year, 1836, brought me into outside work enough. I gave a course of lectures on physical science in the Classical School, with experiments, and received seventy dollars for the course. I gave also one of the course of lectures before the Bangor Lyceum. My subject was Africa: its Resources and Prospects. It was well received. It was published in The Literary and Theological Review.

In the neighborhood of the seminary there was a new Ireland. About five hundred Irishmen had come in to find work, which, until winter came, was abundant. They had put up shanties unfit for our terrible winters. There was hardly a temperate man among them, and their priest was a drunkard. A fearfully cold snap came on in the winter. The thermometer fell to twenty-four below zero, and I knew at once there must be suffering in Paddytown. I found three families in one house, and one in another, without fuel or fire, and with no food but frozen potatoes. They were cowering together in straw and rags and all the covering they could muster

"What are you going to do?" I said. "Are you going to die here?"

"Yes; indade we must. Can I go out in this coat?"

"No," I said; "hold on a little and you shall have all you need."

I made swift steps to Charles A. Stackpole, a friend of mine in many sharp discussions of history, ancient and modern. He was always ready for any good work. He undertook to furnish a load of dry wood as quickly as possible. Morrill went for clothing and bedding, and Thayer went for food. In a short time there were great fires blazing in the shanties, abundance of warm, secondhand clothing and bedding, and more food than they had ever seen at one time in their poor habitations. They all became jovial and hilarious without a drop of rum. They had baskets full of cooked meats, fowls, vegetables, bread, cakes, doughnuts, pies, etc. Bangor people do nothing by halves, and the scene of joy that followed was characteristic of the Irish nation.

In a small, half-finished house right opposite we found a Mrs. Cochrane, with a poor fire, and two little girls cowering and trembling in her lap. No fire could have made her room comfortable in that weather, for the door did not reach the sill by six inches. Her husband had gone to Boston to find

work. Her daily expectation of hearing from him was never gratified. She seemed to be paralyzed by the awful cold. We made a great fire, and Mr. Stackpole obtained a piece of board from a carpenter's shop near by and finished out the door. Mr. Morrill obtained some clothing for the little girls. The mother was very grateful, and she seemed in some respects superior to any of the Irish women we had seen. She said to us that she was able and willing to do any work, in washing, in cleaning house, or taking care of the sick. She did n't want any assistance, but work. I secured for her at once the sweeping and cleaning of seminary rooms, and Mr. Stackpole obtained places for her one day in a week or one day in a fortnight in a number of families, so that her time was fully employed and well paid.

Mr. Morrill, of the junior class, had manifested a wonderful faculty in getting the Irish children together Sunday afternoons, teaching them to read and to commit to memory passages from the Bible. The Ladies' City Missionary Society very gladly employed him as a city missionary to attend expressly to the Irish. The drunken priest endeavored in vain to exclude him from their houses.

He finally succeeded in establishing a day school for them, and obtaining an excellent teacher who felt a real missionary interest in her work. Mrs.

Cochrane's two little girls went to that school. The priest went and told her not to send them again. She told him plainly that until he would have as good a school her children would continue where they were, and she did n't want to hear another word from his lips about it. He became so violent from time to time that she quit their church entirely and went to Hammond Street Church, of which she finally became a member.

Mrs. Cochrane informed Mr. Stackpole that at one house to which he sent her for work they declared that they had heard nothing about him, and he went to ascertain the fact. The lady laughed on his entering and said: "I came to the conclusion I was wrong, but the woman said Mr. Stickerpole and Mr. Rumbelin sent her. I assured her no such gentlemen were known to me, and I packed her off, and afterwards I thought the good woman meant Mr. Stackpole and Mr. Hamlin!" The eldest daughter was regarded by the teacher as the brightest girl she had in the school — a rank which she bore in every school into which she entered.

As the winter went on there was any amount of drunkenness and rows in that neighborhood. Two of those rescued men had become very sober and industrious. We lent them money to buy an outfit for sawing and splitting wood, a wood saw, saw-

horse, a few files, and an axe — about three dollars more or less. These were Sullivan and O'Gorman. (O'Brien had recovered and gone to work well-digging.) Late one evening, Sullivan and O'Gorman came panting to my room and said, "O sir, do come quick; they are tearing our house down and killing the women and childer upstairs."

I rushed up to Paddytown to see what I could do with an Irish mob. One or two hundred had surrounded the house on every side, and not a window remained whole. I rushed in among them, and they began to pass the word, "Hush! the young praste has come!" They perhaps thought it was Morrill, for he was their "young praste," and some did not hesitate to declare that he was a truer "praste" than their old drunken bruiser.

The missiles stopped, and I went up at once where a new family had finished off a room. It was a sight to see. There was a baby that seemed to be having a good time in a cradle, into the foot of which a stone had fallen which must have weighed three or four pounds. It would have inevitably killed the child had it fallen upon it. Another child of four or five was sitting upon the floor in the corner, out of the range of missiles, and was actually singing to itself and playing with some straws and sticks.

In searching into the cause of the row I found it was from a feud having its origin in "swate Ireland," and set on fire by alcohol. The assaulters were arrested by the city marshal, and they were made to pay the damages. These were heavy enough to secure the peace of the quarter for the future. What amazed me was the sacredness of my person in that excited mob as "the young praste."

Mr. Morrill's influence became so great in Paddytown as to alarm the bishop in Boston. He recalled the drunken fellow, who was generally hated, and sent a more decent and crafty man to oppose him. Mrs. Cochrane remained true to her faith to extreme old age, and at the age of eighty-seven died in peace and hope.

This middle year was made remarkable in our seminary experience by a number of things. Our much-beloved Professor Bond left us at the beginning of the year, from ill health in part, more, as we students believed, from poverty. He had a small salary, and the treasury was rarely able to pay that on time.

Professor Pond put in all his strength and his indefatigable labor to remedy this discouraging state of things. One hundred thousand dollars were subscribed, and Leonard Woods was chosen to fill the vacant professorship. His brilliant reputation for

scholarship and genius, and the financial success of the subscription, filled all with joy. He was an inspiration to every student. Our studies in theology with Dr. Pond were very absorbing, and were conducted in a way to make us think for ourselves.

The seminary received another and still greater addition in the election of Professor Shepherd, of Hallowell, as professor of sacred rhetoric. He was a man of power, and his inspiration as a teacher was very marked. In preaching he was a Boanerges, and few have surpassed him in the power of vigorous thought in vigorous English. In his lectures he would impress a point with some phrase that would never be forgotten. In advising us to hit the nail on the head he cautioned us against "driving the spike so as to split the plank." He used to say: "The spurt of the spigot is never higher than the water in the cask, *unless there is a pressure of gas.*" Still he did not aim at such expressions; they came naturally to him, and always produced a ripple in the class. His memory is blessed.

During the middle year I fell into close connection with the Bangor Lyceum. My college classmate, Chandler, a law student, a young lawyer of the city, and myself, were the committee of arrangements. It was proposed to build a theater; and in order to gain public favor the topic appointed by a

vote was, "The theater has a beneficial, intellectual, and moral influence upon society." After a number of changes in the appointments I was compelled to take the negative; a young lawyer took the affirmative. I stood alone for three nights, for it was adjourned from week to week.

The contention was sharp, and the party brought out its forces. I found splendid matter in Plato and Rousseau. The translations of Plato were by Rousseau. I found a vast amount of able philosophical and historical discussion of the question, and those whom I asked to come to my help declined, saying, "You are doing very well." The tide set against the theater all along. The party petered out. When it came to a vote there were but four or five boldly on the affirmative.

This discussion gave me some repute in the city, but in one instance more than was just. I had been to Portland to recruit, after too much watching with typhoid fever cases, and returning in the mail stage there were Senator Anderson, of Portland, and a law professor from Harvard and a Harvard law student in the coach. The conversation fell upon a certain great actor, and I made some derogatory remark upon the intellectual influence of the theater. The law student and the theologue had miles of lively argument in to Bangor. I did not think he had any

reason for exultation, and the senator and the professor complimented me on the extent and accuracy of my reading. I felt rather cheap in saying, "It is a subject which has often interested me," whereas I should have said, "I have just had a great debate upon it." I have often had more reputation than belonged to me. In 1877 I found some persons in Bangor who recalled that debate. It put back the theater project for that time.

During the year Mr. Stackpole and I became frequently associated in the temperance question. We were appointed by the Penobscot Temperance Society to correspond with physicians and obtain an expression of their views upon the use of cider. It had special reference to the farming community. Mr. Stackpole was in business, which allowed him more time for writing, and he held the pen. We were surprised and delighted with the general unanimity of their testimony to its injurious effects. It led to the including of cider in the pledge.

I was appointed to give the address at the annual meeting of the society. I felt called upon to do my best.

I fell upon a fortunate train of remark, as an exordium, that all true reforms have certain underlying principles that may be easily stated and usually condensed into mottoes. I ventured to suggest a motto

for the temperance reform : "Light, Love, and Law." (1) Moral suasion ; (2) benevolent action toward the victims ; but (3) the restraint of law. It was the first prohibitory argument I had known, and I knew it would stir up some wrath. But in the evening meeting for general discussion Dr. Pomeroy agreed to that proposition, and I found more to accept it than I had dared to hope for. I have never changed my mind since. I have the credit of doing two *first things* in Maine: I made the first steam engine ever made in the state, and I made the first *prohibitory law* address. Of the first I am quite sure, of the second not so sure. There may have been a dozen similar ones ; but Neal Dow had not then come forward into the work, and my argument fell dead. All I can say is, "So far as I know."

Mr. Stackpole liked the address greatly, and he took me out into neighboring towns to deliver it.

At one town we dined at the house of the chief man, who was conveniently away from home. His wife was a lively piece, and very enthusiastic for temperance. She had a remarkable memory withal, and gave us a splendid dinner. She contrived to pay the speaker many compliments, using sentences from the address. I invariably complimented something in the dinner. When Mr. Stackpole perceived that we were keeping up that running fire, he had

hard work to contain himself. He afterwards took hold of that man and brought him into the temperance fold, where he became a useful worker.

Not long after my third year had commenced (October, 1836), I sent in my written statement of readiness to enter the missionary work, wherever the Prudential Committee should think best, only expressing a special interest in China, as Africa had been declared out of the question. One of the secretaries, Rev. William Armstrong, had told me that I might expect a definite appointment very early in the spring, and he saw no reason to doubt that China would be my field.

On the fourth of February, if I remember rightly, I took three letters out of the Bangor post office, and read them as I walked up Hammond Street toward the seminary. One was from my brother, another from Hon. A. D. Foster; the third was in a handwriting I did not recognize. I opened it, one or two hundred steps from the seminary, on Ohio Street. It was from Dr. Armstrong, appointing me to CONSTANTINOPLE and to EDUCATION. I was profoundly affected by thus being taken up by the Spirit and instantly transferred from China to the Bosphorus. It seemed as though some physical influence had descended upon me from the clouds. I hastened to my room, and was glad I could be alone;

my chum was out. I took the map, and contemplated the route no doubt traversed by a Boston "rum and missionary" vessel to Smyrna.

"Well! well!" I said, "what does this mean? It means a good work, excellent and noble associates, Goodell, Dwight, Schauffler, Holmes, and, at Broosa, Schneider and Powers."

I had read their journals with so much interest that I felt acquainted with them. "The climate is unsurpassed; it is on the borders of civilization. There are physicians there. If Henrietta Jackson has a predisposition to pulmonary disease, she will live longer there than here; and now, as I live, I will know from her own self whether she will go with me and share my life in that great work." The story of my social life I have written separately, and all the changes through which that problem passed are there recorded. A strange Providence led the blind in a way they knew not, for all which they blessed the Lord.

When I went to Bangor I found there an old friend, Albert Titcomb, who was in Mr. Farley's shop when I went to Portland in 1827. He it was who helped me along in my spiritual life, and for whom I have always cherished a grateful affection. He has a decided gift in prayer. He still lives and prays at the age of ninety-one or two. And

there, among others, I formed a friendship with Mr. J. T. Hardy, the portrait painter. That friendship continues, although he has passed over in good old age.

Morrill's health had been failing all the year. Indeed, he was in a diseased condition when he entered. In the winter of 1836–37 he broke down repeatedly. Determined not to give up, he would rally again, but at length took to his room, and finally to his bed. He saw the approach of the messenger from afar and said: "Here am I, Lord; thy servant waiteth." I was much with him by day and night. He gave me his Bible, and wished me to send it to Miss A——, to whom he was engaged, with the assurance that his chief pain in leaving this world was that they must be separated for a season. During the last night his thirst was great. Tamarind water had been his favorite drink, but now the acid, he said, burned his throat. I sweetened it, and then it did not quench his thirst. I made every combination I could, but in vain. He gave it up, saying, "They shall thirst no more."

His last hours were not merely peaceful; they were joyful. He felt that his Lord had come and called for him.

At his funeral from Hammond Street Church, the Irish in large numbers waited outside the church, in

a cold snowy day, and followed us in a crowd to the cemetery. Professor Leonard Woods, looking upon it, said: "I would rather be followed by such a crowd of the poor than by all the titled heads of Europe."

I wrote to Miss A—— that I would keep the Bible until I could deliver it to her in person, with his last message. The stage passed her father's house in New Hampshire and kindly stopped, while I delivered the Bible and the message. She maintained the self-control of Christian faith, but tears flowed abundantly. Her countenance bore the impress of grief. Forty years after I found a few Irish who remembered Mr. Morrill.

Our graduating exercises filled Hammond Street Church to the last seat. The class song, a farewell hymn, was composed for us by Mrs. Sigourney. I think we sent her a book and ten dollars, with our warmest thanks, and not as any adequate compensation.

PARTING HYMN PREPARED FOR THE OCCASION BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

Farewell! We go! we go!
Brethren, tell us whither?
Murmuring long and low
In her heathen woe
Asia calls us hither.[1]

[1] Of the graduating class, one is expected to be stationed in Asia, one in Africa, one in Constantinople, and the remainder as pastors of churches in our own country.

Sad Afric loads the gale
With her prayerful weeping
For the mission sail,
Till the stars prevail,
Still her lone watch keeping.

Doth the proud Moslem sigh?
Haste! show his blinded nation
Hope that cannot die —
Heaven our home on high
Jesus our salvation.

We go! Farewell! farewell!
Brethren, tell us whither?
Hark! yon village bell,
With its tuneful swell,
Sweetly warns us thither.

So from their pastures far,
Flocks are onward pressing,
For a shepherd's care,
For a teacher's prayer,
For a pastor's blessing.

Farewell! With joyful feet
We 'll bear salvation's story.
Brethren, may we meet
At the judgment seat,
With our crowns of glory!

Our Commencement, that is, *termination,* over, chum and I sold off our things. My shovel and tongs passed through various hands, with my initials

on them, and more than forty years after they were sent to one of my daughters by Rev. S. H. Hayes. We made our brief farewell calls in the city, and were surprised to find how many friends we had.

I called Mrs. Cochrane to wash up and thoroughly clean our room. I gave her a pistareen (twenty cents).

She took it, turned it over, looking at it, and then said: "They tell me, Mr. Hamlin, you are going to those Merhammedans the minister spoke about yesterday."

"Yes, Mrs. Cochrane; I am going right off."

"Well, I want you to take this piece of money, and perhaps you can buy 'em a book that will do their souls good."

I took it, and it increased the contributions of a number of monthly concerts. A stranger passing out in the crowd said: "That poor Irishwoman's pistareen put one five-dollar bill into the contribution box."

In the moonlight evening, Thayer and I took a very late walk to the Mount Hope Cemetery, to see the lot that had been purchased for the seminary. He and I had chosen our last sleeping places on heathen soil, hence the somewhat sentimental yet Christian visit to the consecrated resting place of those whom God should call from our beloved seminary.

After our return, when absolute silence reigned in the hall, and I was reviewing my three Bangor years, I heard a solitary step mounting the stairways, and it came to Number 10. The messenger brought me a beautiful farewell note from Mrs. Crosby. I preserved it carefully, but am now unable to find it or I would insert it. With the banknote enclosed I purchased as memorials Milton's poetical works in two volumes, which have done such good service in our family.

In the morning, with feelings of gratitude to God and love to all those faithful friends, farewell to Bangor, welcome Constantinople!

CHAPTER VII.

A YEAR'S DELAY.

I HAD to leave Bangor with a debt of $72, which the American Board must pay, or give me time to raise the money. But I hastened to the Missionary Rooms on Cornhill, expecting then to receive orders to be married, ordained, and sent off in the course of three weeks. The secretaries were somber.

"We have no cheerful news to tell you, Mr. Hamlin," they said. "The vessel that was up for Smyrna will not sail for that port, and the merchants can give us no encouragement for any other. The financial condition of the country is such that we are in great trouble about the support of existing missions, and we can send no reinforcements until there shall be a change."

"How long do you think I may have to wait, Dr. Anderson?"

"I hope not more than four or five months. There must be a change for the better before long."

"What shall I do, then? I do not wish to be married and hung out to dry with nothing to do and nowhere to go."

"That's a very right view to take of that question. For the present, there are annual meetings of county conferences in New Hampshire we would like to have you attend as agent of the Board. After that, if you are invited to supply any vacant pulpit for a few weeks, accept the call. It will be a good preparation for missionary work."

The time before the first meeting was sufficient to allow of a visit to Dorset. We adjourned our marriage until the financial atmosphere should clear. We felt that God's good providence and grace had so plainly guided us that we could peacefully wait for the clouds to blow over. We were very happy in our choice.

I met Beach at Dr. Jackson's house, and it is probable we had a good time. Dr. and Mrs. Jackson were saints of the Most High, ripening for glory. Dr. Jackson formed the first education society in this country, and had been connected with all the religious and educational movements in Vermont. Mrs. Jackson watched the signs of the times, and kept in her field of view all the great political and religious movements of the world. A descendant of John Rogers, she had the martyr's consecrated spirit in that beautiful and peaceful valley. We had long and animated discussions of the past, present, and future; but the days fled

swiftly, and I had to go to the meetings in New Hampshire. The family were glad to have the stay of the beloved daughter prolonged, but were grieved at its cause.

My meetings at the county conference were extremely interesting and profitable to myself. Orford, Acworth, Nelson, Milford — all have pleasant, sacred memories. In Milford I saw one lovely dying saint, the wife of the pastor. From her chamber she pointed out the place of her burial, that in future years perhaps I might visit it, should I be passing by. Fifty-four years afterwards I went to the place, but her remains had been removed. I recently (1892) met a man from Acworth, who said my visit there was still remembered by a very few.

I passed a night at Hanover, with the distinguished surgeon, Dr. Muzzey, with whom I became acquainted in Brunswick over my steam engine, and who tried to make a surgeon of me. He was a devout Christian man.

One of the old professors of Dartmouth took me in his chaise and carried me to Orford. He told me characteristic stories of Dr. Jackson and Dr. Goodell, whom he had known in their early youth. They both had the wit in them that was always there unto the end. Memory still lingers about those places where I first appeared as an agent of

the Board. I cannot find that one of the ministers is living, although some were quite young. The Home Missionary Agent was of my age, and if we did not fight the beasts at Ephesus, we fought the mosquitoes at Nelson all night long, and made less eloquent speeches the next day.

I returned from the service to Portland to see what I should do. The first thing was to pay my debt at Bangor. Dr. Chickering, of Portland, had a number of places in view. I wanted one that would give me fifty dollars a month and board, and then I would pay my debt and call upon the Board for less outfit. I preached in the Payson church two of the three written sermons that I had not preached there, and then I went up to the dear home in Waterford. A letter followed me there asking me to supply the pulpit till they could find the right man to settle. I think the pay was $15 a week; I would engage only for a short trial. I supplied the first Sunday by preaching myself in the morning, and then getting an exchange for the afternoon. Monday morning, I had nothing for the pulpit, but I had on my hands the Payson church and congregation, two services, morning and afternoon, and a large Bible class in the vestry in the evening, a week-day meeting in the evening, funerals to attend, and the sick to visit.

The good people pitied my youth, and bore with

me. They knew I did the best I could, and their charity supplied the rest. I remained there seven months. The committee of supply proposed to me to let my name go before the church for a call. It greatly surprised me, and I of course refused; but the great reward was that some six or eight young people were gathered into the church, who have honored their profession by earnest Christian lives. It was a noble church. "Payson Christians" they were, and Mrs. Payson and her family were still its strength and ornament. I wonder that I supported as I did those labors so far beyond my strength and experience.

My college friend, George L. Prentiss, was spending the winter in Portland, and we had an evening every week with Shakespeare, which we enjoyed very much. When he left for Europe, I wrote him a note, advising him that if in the future he should be considering the subject of marriage, not to pass by Lizzie Payson, for she, although so young, had such and such characteristics. He claims that I delineated her character by inspiration. On his return from Europe he followed my advice.

My seven months were bounded by the settlement of Dr. Condit; and I left for Worcester, to fill an interregnum in the Union Church, of which my cousin, benefactor, and friend, Hon. A. D. Foster, was one of the founders, in connection with Ichabod

Washburn. I look back upon those seven months as having been a very useful part of my missionary training. The associate Congregational ministers, Dr. Dwight and Dr. Chickering, sustained and strengthened me most generously. It was largely through their coöperation that my brief ministry, overweighted with heavy duties, was not a failure.

I ought not to pass over the "Armenian Circle," a missionary society of young ladies which did for years earnest missionary work. I always received a warm welcome in that church while any of that "generation that knew Joseph" survived. The number is now, after almost fifty-four years, very small, but it is delightful to meet the few.

In one of my visits, an aged lady desired to see me. I did not recall her name, but when she spoke of the funeral of her child I remembered it, and told her it was the first funeral at which I had officiated, and that the circumstances were very touching. The next day her husband, a sea captain, had to leave for a long voyage. He returned a praying man. He told his wife that "that young fellow's prayer at the funeral of my little boy changed my mind about religion, and I have found that the only religion that is good for anything is a praying religion." The Spirit of God can speak to the soul of the veteran seaman through the prayer of a youth. Another seaman,

Captain Baker, was brought to Christ by my youthful ministry.

On reaching Worcester Saturday, I was delighted to find the pulpit engaged for the two following Sabbaths so that I could rest. The Baptists, however, were seeking a supply, and I preached for them. I got through with the service of the day painfully. The reaction was greater than I had anticipated. My noble cousins, Mr. and Mrs. Foster, kindly suggested that the air and scenery of the Green Mountains were just what I needed to bring me up to time. I had thirteen days before me. I should take his horse and chaise Monday morning, promising to return them Saturday week, with sermons ready for the day following. I was quite overwhelmed by so much kindness and consideration, and I agreed fully as to the tonic effect of the Dorset air. The journey was every way a delightful one, and the week in Dorset was a section of paradise regained.

The Union Church in Worcester was chiefly composed of young mechanics and their families. Messrs. Foster and Washburn foreknew the destined growth of the place and the need of this new church. For some years they bore the financial burden, but it grew rapidly into independent existence. My sermons were kindly received, and one of the committee earnestly proposed that, as I had waited almost a

year and there was no probability of any great financial improvement, I should accept a call to settlement. I replied firmly: "Not until the Board sends me notice of my unsolicited release will I allow any such proposal to be made."

In recently visiting Worcester (1891) I found four members of that church still living, each past the age of eighty, each one older than myself. One of them, Mr. Albert Curtiss, known in Worcester County for his generous gifts, subscribed $500 to the Pera church fund for which I was then working. We five might meet together and, looking back on the fifty years, say: "Of the 250 members, we only survive." The church has been a large, prosperous, influential church.

I boarded at Mr. Foster's. It was a model family. He was a true Christian gentleman, and the Christian was always predominant. He was universally loved and honored and admired. Mrs. Foster lived to advanced age; I believe to eighty-three. She was a refined, lovely lady, and grew more lovely to the end. Among my valued keepsakes is a heavy afghan which she made with her own hands, at the age of eighty. Their son and two daughters have been among the choicest friends of my old age.

In the early part of August, I felt that the Board ought to make some decision about my future. A

year and six months had passed since I received my appointment. Four of those appointed at nearly the same time had received calls and were settled pastors. I wanted some limit, but I suggested that it was time to break the ice and make a move. I knew too that this was Dr. Anderson's opinion. A reply came that was startling. A vessel would sail September 12 for Smyrna. If I could be legally married, and get to Boston by September 6, I might be ordained, and have time to complete my outfit, which at that date was a very important matter. September 3 was fixed upon as our wedding day, the earliest date at which the demands of the laws of Maine and Vermont could be complied with. The ladies of the Portland church sent me a wedding suit from Messrs. Steven & Downes, who had my measure.

The wedding is so well described by Mrs. Lawrence, in Light on the Dark River, pages 104 to 107, that I will pass over it entirely. Of the adults present at the solemnities, only one survives (1893), at the age of 102, Mrs. Deacon Gray, of Dorset.

I reached Boston to hear that no vessel would go to Smyrna at present, but there would be one in a month or two. We waited till December 3, just three months.

I attended the meeting of the Board in Portland, the last of September, and was ordained October 3,

right after the meeting. I saw Mary Lyon at that meeting, and had considerable interesting discussion about education. My young wife was very cordially and affectionately received by Portland friends. Then we went to Waterford, for the dear mother must bid farewell to her youngest and most tenderly cared for son. It was a great gratification to her and sister Susan to see the wife I had chosen. They thought her very lovely, gentle, considerate, firm, and my dear mother said she could rejoice to yield her place to such an one.

"No, mother," I said, "your place can never be taken by another. It is a brand-new place that is taken, and it only edges on yours."

Our parting finally took place in Portland. Will not such partings be recalled when we reach the shore "where farewells are a word unknown"? Not one of the ministers is living (1893) who had part in my ordination.

Just fifty years after my ordination, October 3, 1838, I was present at the centennial celebration of the Payson Church. Rev. J. W. Chickering, D.D., then the only survivor, was there present, and again we stood in the same pulpit — no, not the same. The pastor, Rev. Mr. Daniels, who gave the centennial history of the church, found no records of the church during my short ministry, and my name nowhere appears.

Evidently one book of records had been lost. There is evidence, however, outside of church records, to prove that I was actually there. The printed sermon, charge, and right hand of fellowship at my ordination contain references to prove it, and there are perhaps twenty living witnesses at this present date (1893).

At length our passage was engaged in the barque Eunomus, Captain Edward Drew; first mate Hatch, a genuine old salt, and second mate Freeman, a young and ambitious sailor, whose widow and daughter reside in Wakefield in easy circumstances. One daughter is a successful teacher in Hampton Normal School, Virginia.

I received my "instructions" from Dr. Anderson before a crowded audience in Park Street Church, December 2, and we embarked the following day.

If I should mention all the interesting events of these last days, they could not have much interest for my readers. My brother came from Waterford; the dear Fosters from Worcester; my beloved college friend, Rev. James Means, arrived at the wharf two minutes late, but the Eunomus moved so slowly that he hurled at me a keepsake which fell upon the deck, and we shook hands through the air. Our Jackson friends at Andover chose to take the tender farewell there. Dr. Samuel Jackson had great admiration

and love for his sister Henrietta, but he never opposed her choice. He wrote a very noble Christian letter to the family, so soon as he knew what proposal I had made to her. Mrs. Jackson was a lady whom no one could know without loving and respecting and remembering.

It was a bitter cold day when we sailed. There was a large assembly at the wharf (India Wharf), and a very long prayer was made by Dr. Fay, of Charlestown. We came near martyrdom before reaching the right place. Mr. Foster's white handkerchief was the last object we could distinguish. The wind was almost a gale, and the shore receded very fast. In the cabin there was a smoky stove. We soon got smoked out and thawed out, and we tumbled into our bunks to begin the trying experience of seasickness. On the third day I threw it off and have not been troubled with it since. My intense anxiety for the dear wife may have helped me. For two weeks, I think, she only rose to have the bed well shaken up, and that always caused a violent retching. The voyage was a very stormy one. Once we had to "heave to." The sea was in its sublimest mood and the phosphorescence of the waves revealed their towering splendor in magnificence indescribable. The seventeenth day of the voyage was the first day I could walk the deck with-

out having my feet washed by the waves. On the twenty-first and twenty-second of December, when we were approaching and passing through the Straits of Gibraltar, the sea was calm and beautiful.

With indescribable emotions we looked upon the white walls of Ceuta of the African coast. There we were, Europe on the left, Africa on the right. "O Dark Continent," I apostrophized, "I thought to give my life to thee, but it is not in man that walketh to direct his steps."

My dear, pale, emaciated wife could sit upon the deck, could begin to take some food, and was coming back to life. Her only nourishment had been a few spoonfuls of gruel each day, and the cook wanted to know what else she ate. "Nothing at all." "Then," he asked, "why don't she die?" A whole week of calm or very light breezes did much to restore her, and to put the seamen out of humor.

How like a paradise Sicily looked as we passed her verdant shores a few miles distant! After that we had some very rough weather, and I was surprised to find the Mediterranean worse than the Atlantic in a storm. Instead of the majestic sweep of the Atlantic billows, the Mediterranean was short, choppy, and violent. On the eleventh we entered the harbor of Milo in a violent storm. The harbor is so completely landlocked that in a few minutes

our gallant barque was gently anchored as in a placid lake.

We were kept here by the storm till Monday, the fifteenth, when we got under way, but were driven back at night. Captain Drew and I made an interesting excursion upon the island. I saw, with deepest interest, the Greeks in their own country, their costumes, industries, and modes of living. Their civilization seemed to me to be of the Middle Ages. They were friendly and polite.

A young sailor, who could talk some English, came on board to inquire for his captain, Alexandros, who had gone to Boston to get his insurance on his lost vessel. He owed the sailor, and promised to pay him out of that. I had been on board that Greek vessel in the port of Boston some years before, and the Greek sailor and I agreed that we had talked or tried to talk with each other there. The Greeks lost their vessels so often and conveniently to themselves that the European insurance offices came to an understanding not to insure Greek vessels. This was a terrible blow to Greek commerce, and it brought them to their senses.

On the seventeenth of January, 1839, we reached Smyrna and stepped on Asiatic soil, forty-five days from Boston. We felt grateful for all the experience we had had of the guiding and protecting Hand, from

the day we left the Green Mountain home, four and a half months agone, to that hour. We saw, moreover, one of the Seven Churches, and perhaps the birthplace of Homer. We could look up to the place of the martyrdom of Polycarp. We had reached the lands of the Bible and of ancient history.

Our reception by the missionaries, Temple, Adger, and Riggs, was most cordial. After ten days' refreshing intercourse, we left in the steamer Stamboul, of which we had read in America. It was, I believe, the first steamer that opened regular communication between Smyrna and the great capital. Other lines soon followed. The Dardanelles were the gates of Constantinople. While northerly winds prevailed no sailing vessel could pass through, and often commerce had to wait weeks for a wind. Steam made Constantinople a commercial city and brought the civilization, the arts, and the vices of the West and the East together in the Ottoman capital. Our passage Saturday afternoon up the Gulf of Smyrna was pleasant. We passed in the evening close to Lesbos, now Mytelene, but could only see its bold shores. Sunday it rained all day long. We only knew when we passed Tenedos and the shores made immortal by the Iliad. We anchored at night in the Golden Horn, too late to land, and our rain changed to snow.

In the morning I rose early to see all the roofs covered with snow, the air chilly and uncomfortable. No breakfast before landing, and no landing till the health officers had made a diligent scrutiny as to our having had any possible contact with anything from Egypt, where the plague was then slaying its thousands. And this then is Constantinople! Cold, discomfort, hunger, and doubt could only partially veil the glories of the scene. We bless God that we are here.

CHAPTER VIII.

LANDING AT CONSTANTINOPLE AND COMMENCEMENT OF MISSIONARY WORK.

SO soon as "pratique" was given — leave to land — the steamer was assailed by hundreds of caiques, every man vociferating for a passenger. We saw amid the insane, vociferating multitude a gentleman standing erect in a Maltese boat nearly as broad as long, and making towards us. I said to wife: "That is Mr. Homes!" I knew him from the portrait we saw in his father's house in Boston. Mr. Homes, of the firm Homes & Homer, hardware merchants, was known to all missionaries of the American Board. Every missionary and his wife must spend one night at his house before sailing, and he gave a razor to the man, and an elegant pair of shears to the lady. We were right glad to greet him. He apologized for his boat by saying that "Dr. Goodell enjoined him to take no other, lest we should be upset."

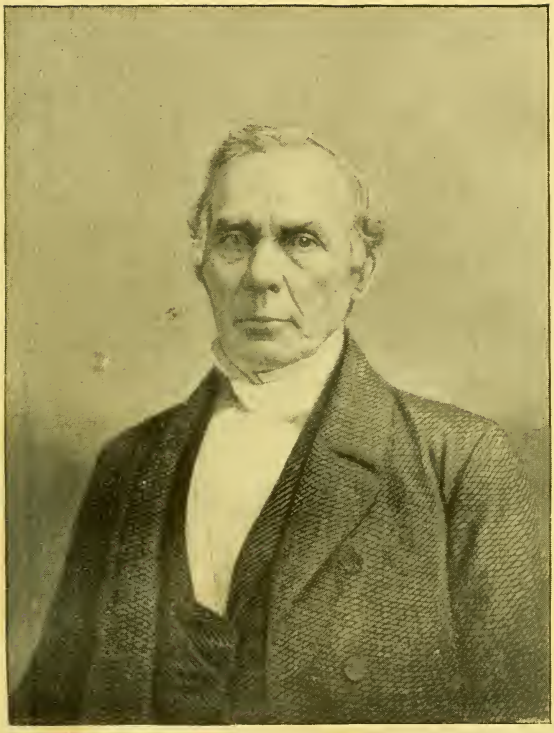
The snow was melting, the eaves were pouring upon our heads, the streets were flowing with slush and filled with crowds of strangely dressed people;

but, with Mr. Homes to guide us and clear the way, we reached father Goodell's, and we had a reception as warm and cordial as though we were absent children just arrived at home. They had been waiting for us more than a year. A room with a lovely outlook was ready for us. In the evening Dr. and Mrs. Schauffler came in. We had a praise meeting and a social meeting, and the next day we settled down to study with Avedis Der Sahakian as teacher.

Threats and plots of persecution were rife, but all things were otherwise undisturbed. The government was making great efforts to reduce Mehmet Aali of Egypt to submission, but his victorious son Ibrahim was subduing Syria.

Two or three days of bad weather kept us all from an afternoon airing. The Goodells, old and young, were longing for a game of blindman's buff before dinner, which was at six P.M., but they were afraid it would shock our feelings of propriety. As for us, we were longing for anything like indoor gymnastics. Dr. Goodell incidentally remarked upon the necessity of keeping our health during this rainy weather. We might perhaps for the children's sake even be reduced to blindman's buff, if we could find nothing else.

"That would be splendid," I replied. "I go for blindman's buff such a day as this."



Rev. William Goodell, d.d.

He fairly shouted for joy. "Children, down to the lower hall; the Hamlins will play buff with us!"

We were a merry party and enjoyed the game much. When dinner came we were in a glow.

One after another members of the "Avederanagan Miapanootiune" (the Evangelical Union) called to see and welcome us. The Union, I believe, had then twenty-two members. It was profoundly secret, for if known, every member would go to prison or exile instanter. In point of fact it was an active *church.* It had regular meetings. It had a secretary. The members in their individual capacity held correspondence with enlightened men, and with perhaps priests and vartabeds throughout the empire. The letters which they received were brought, read at their meetings and deposited with the secretary. The leader of these "Unionists" was Hohannes Der Sahakian, brother of our teacher. He could speak English, although with some difficulty. We were profoundly interested in what he told us of the signs of waking up in the sleepy old church all over the empire.

The celebrated Dr. Robinson had just been here, and he went home and told the secretaries at the rooms that the missionaries in Constantinople were doing nothing worth all the expense! It takes a great man to be a great fool!

We had been quietly studying but a few days, when to our surprise our teacher, Avedis, burst into our room out of breath, his face aflame and dripping with perspiration, and throwing a heavy bundle upon the floor exclaimed: "This is of God! Mr. Hamlin."

As soon as he recovered breath, he told us that his brother was in prison at the patriarchate and would be sent into exile, but most providentially he had a chance to send by a faithful messenger this word: "Take all my papers quickly to Mr. Hamlin. Our house will be searched."

In our grief and consternation I put all the letters, journals, and records into this bag, and while I was putting some indifferent papers into his desk, behold the "Jamgoch" were at the door! I seized this bag and ran down through our long, narrow garden which extends to a narrow lane. I threw the bag over, climbed over myself and went straight to the boat wharf, and jumping into a Turkish boat rowed straight to the foot of the hill nearest to Dr. Goodell's back gate. While I was climbing up this steep hill I saw the Jamgoch in a boat pursuing me.

"Now put them where they can't be found, Mr. Hamlin," cried the teacher. "In five minutes they will be here. If they get all these papers and letters, five hundred men will be sent into exile, and you will

all be sent out of the country. You know they talk of that already."

He was so excited that he was out of his wits, till Mr. Goodell fastened the back gate and would allow nobody to enter the front gate without knowing his business. The Jamgoch did not appear, and probably the teacher was deceived by his excited imagination.

I went into a brick vault beneath the garden, designed for storing valuables in case of fire. It would have been almost useless, for it was half full of all ruined or useless or broken articles of every kind. Spiders and spiderwebs surpassed anything I had ever seen. I burrowed into that mass, found an empty cask into which I thrust the bag, and then filled in broken crockery and rusty tins till I knew neither rat nor mouse would penetrate it. Then restoring a covering of chaos, I bade the frightened spiders come back to their domains. The sack remained there almost two years, until the storm blew over.

We were now without a teacher, and no Armenians dared to come to our houses. We immediately took modern Greek and French. The latter we could both read easily. My wife found her old French teacher in Dr. Schauffler. We had both studied ancient Greek. Now while we found these

studies delightful, we also found that speaking a language is very different from reading or translating it off the printed page. As we could not pursue the Armenian, it was the best use we could make of our time, and we found the Greek and French not only useful all our lives, but often absolutely necessary. Keep to work; if cut off from one thing, take the next.

Dr. Goodell had a very excellent helper in his Bible translation—a Greek gentleman, Mr. Panyotes. He came to me one day in some excitement, and said: "I have found a good teacher for you whom the Patriarch cannot touch. He is a Russian Armenian, Mesrobe by name, and I like him very much. I have met no such Armenian before. He is not only enlightened, but he is a good Christian man."

Of course we had no hesitation in taking him right into our service. He was a very modest man, and did not unfold himself at once, but every day we felt more and more that we had in him a prize of great value. The mystery of his character and attainments was explained when we found that he had studied six years in Bishops College, Calcutta, and had lived in some of the best English families there. He was a patriot like Paul "for his brethren his kinsmen according to the flesh," and his joy was great when he found I was devoted to education. He

thought he saw the future he had long desired and prayed for. He had come all the way from Calcutta hoping to do something for his people, and for that object a rich uncle had sent him from Russia to Calcutta. He was a linguist, a poet, a student of history, and a student of the Bible. His name was Mesrobe Taliatine.

One day he went out to walk about noon, intending to be in at one o'clock to lunch. We never saw him again. Some two or three hours afterwards, a Persian Armenian,[1] who had occasionally called upon him, came bringing a hastily written note very nearly as follows: —

Dear, dear Mr. Hamlin, — My soul is exceedingly sorrowful. I am on board the Turkish steamer for Trebizond. I am destined to Siberia, by order of the Russian ambassador. Give the bearer my clothes, burn my manuscripts. I give my books to the mission library. Let all the brethren and sisters pray for me, for I am very sorrowful. MESROBE TALIATINE.

Astonishment, indignation, and distress seized us. Dr. Schauffler hastened to the Russian palace to protest to the Ambassador Boutineff that we knew Mesrobe to be a good man, and that all the American missionaries were ready to go bail for him.

Boutineff haughtily replied: "I might as well tell you now, Mr. Schauffler, that the Emperor of Russia,

[1] A professed friend, but a spy and a Russian detective.

who is my master, will never allow Protestantism to set its foot in Turkey."

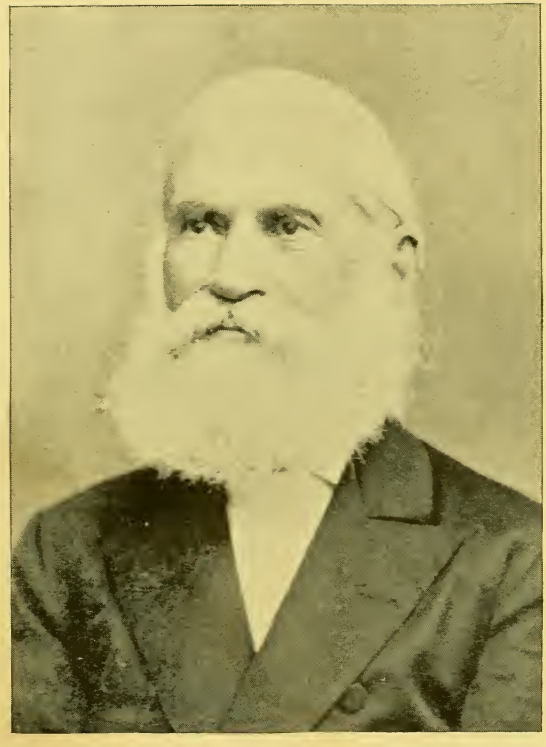
Dr. Schauffler saw the whole thing at a glance, and, bowing low to the ambassador, with equal dignity replied: "Your Excellency, the kingdom of Christ, who is my Master, will never ask the Emperor of all the Russias where it may set its foot;" and so retired.

A fact was thus suddenly revealed to us which we were slow to learn — Russia's hostility to our missions. I might be excused for learning it in these circumstances, but I was often laughed at as a crank on Russia. Time has grandly vindicated me.

Mr. Mesrobe Taliatine made his escape in a most providential and interesting manner, as is narrated in Among the Turks, pp. 32–36. He became the editor of an evangelical newspaper in Armenian, published in Singapore, having reached Calcutta instead of Siberia. Russia's measures have often been a boomerang to smite her in the face.

We now returned again to Greek and French, and such stolen intercourse with Armenian as could be secured. A few young men came to us secretly, both to learn English and help us in Armenian. They were also interested in Bible truth as having authority over the church and over all consciences.

During all the months of May and June, 1839, the



Rev. Wm. G. Schauffler, d.d., ll.d.

lion-hearted Sultan Mahmoud was dying, but still he was urging with his last breath the preparations of war for subduing his rebellious subject Mahmed Aali of Egypt.

We were busily occupied in getting to housekeeping. A home of our own! The first experience of *home* remains a unique memory for life. We found the dry-goods stores very unsatisfactory. Carpets and calicoes had flaring colors and big figures. An English lady (Mrs. Redhouse) who knew the languages and could talk Turkish, Greek, and French, was going to housekeeping at the same time. She found at Ruboli's store a beautiful carpet pattern, and immediately informed us. Wife also found after much search some calico for sofa covering and curtains harmonizing with the carpet. Mr. Ruboli sent a man to make and fit the carpet and put it down. He worked with dispatch and precision, and we found it was his trade, his only trade. When it was completed with perfect neatness he charged me thirty piastres ($1.25), and I paid him willingly, but I gave him no backshish. I found afterwards that I should have given him fifteen piastres, and then five piastres as a backshish, and he would have been profoundly grateful. I had begun to learn the ways of the East.

I had another experience, more funny and more

profitable. I priced an article of one hundred piastres. I said, "No; I will give you seventy." The trader rejected it with undisguised scorn and put the article back. I turned away and heard his partner demand, "How much did he offer?" "Only forty piastres." "Never mind; call him back; better sell for that than not at all." So he called me back, and I coolly paid him forty piastres for the article for which I had offered him seventy. We found shopping most unpleasant because the price asked was no indication of its real market value.

When at length we entered our house it was to us a palace. It needed no costly fittings to make it so. It was our own happy home. We had founded a kingdom, and each one acknowledged a king and a queen.

I insert here the story of Marcus Brown, because its beginning belongs here:—

It was a hot July day when, accidentally passing the great Turkish customhouse in Galata, Constantinople, I found a crowd obstructing the street. Penetrating it, I found a poor mortal against the wall, apparently dying in the pains of cholera. His condition was indescribably revolting. I said: "Do you speak English?" "Yes; —— your eyes!" he replied, turning upon me a look of anguish, or fierce hatred, I hardly knew which. He knew the inhuman crowd

was waiting to see him die. "Are you American or English?" "American," with the same or far worse profanity.

I tried to get a couple of porters (*hamals*), usually ready for any such service, to take him and his sack of clothes to a sailor's boarding house near by. No one would touch him. I offered large pay in vain, when two noble colored sailors, Jamaica negroes, offered to take him without pay. The boarding house rejected us. We went to the English marine hospital, to be rejected in like manner. The two Jamaicans poured out the most awful malediction upon the English consul, to whom I appealed in vain, and the sick man joined them, until I ordered them to stop, in quick, sharp tones they were accustomed to hear on deck, and not an oath was uttered after that.

I then had him carried to the boathouse of Nicola, a good, kind Italian boatman, who had nursed Captain Holt, of Andover, through a long and dangerous illness. He assented to my leaving him in his bunk until I could run and call our doctor, Stamatiades The common sailors are generous fellows, faithful to each other unto death.

I could not find our doctor, but in the search I most providentially met with Dr. Riach, a Scotch physician of experience in India and Persia. I seized upon him and took him to the boathouse.

"Small chance for this poor fellow," said Dr. Riach; "but administer this prescription; it is all I would do for him to-night."

The druggist first refused to make up the prescription, because "it would kill any man." But I compelled him to make it up quickly, and when I had administered it I found Dr. Stamatiades, who took the case in hand with great kindness and attention.

One evening he sent me word to come and bury Brown in the morning; he would not live through the night, and the heat made immediate burial a necessity. I went, but the case had turned toward life, and Brown slowly recovered.

The Rev. Mr. Hebard was staying with us, an invalid missionary from Beirût. He visited Brown daily, or, if not able to, then Dr. Goodell or myself took his place. Brown seemed to be truly penitent for his sinful and abandoned life. He was about twenty-five, had learned to read in his boyhood, but had nearly lost all his learning in his vile, degraded life. Brother Hebard helped him recover what he had lost, and in two or three weeks he could read a chapter in the New Testament with some few hitches.

When at length, after waiting for weeks, the consul found a passage for him home, he bade me good-by with a sailor's heart, and said, "I have

hitherto done all the evil I could in life, and now I am going to try to do good." So Marcus Brown departed and I did not hope to hear from him again.

About a year after, Mr. Calhoun, a returned missionary, wrote me: "Your sailor holds out a true Christian. I was in Father Taylor's prayer meeting, and when opportunity for prayer was given a sailor burst out with, 'O God, I thank thee for the American missionaries. When I was dying, a poor blasphemous dog, in a street of Constantinople, thou didst send thy servants Hamlin, Hebard, and Goodell, to save me, soul and body;' and so on through a unique and earnest prayer which called forth hearty amens."

Mr. Calhoun failed to find him in the crowd after meeting, and perhaps another year passed when I had a very characteristic letter from Brown, not always correctly spelled, but full of life and earnestness. It began, "Dear, dear Mr. Hamlin: Thank God I still survive the ded." He told of his shipwreck when he "found his feet standing on the rock Christ Jesus," "and now I am blowin' the gospel trumpet on the Erie Canal." I went over and read the letter to Father Goodell. He clapped his hands and said, "Let me begin the reply to that letter," and taking a sheet of paper he wrote:—

Dear Mr. Brown, — Blow away, brother, blow. Yours, in "blowin'" the same gospel trumpet,

WILLIAM GOODELL.

I know not if he ever received the letter. Twenty-eight years passed away from that contest with death on that hot July day, and in all the excitements, anxieties, and cares of missionary life, the rescued sailor was forgotten. In 1867 I was dining at the Hotel Newton, Rue St. Augustine, Paris, at the time of the great Exposition, with William and Arthur Whitin, of Whitinsville, Mass. Near the close of the dinner, at which were seated men and women of different nations and languages, the gentleman sitting at my right turned to me and said: —

"I see you are from Constantinople, sir. May I ask if while there you chanced to meet with one Cyrus Hamlin?"

"I am the person you ask for, sir."

After expressing his surprise and pleasure, he said: "I am just from Honolulu, and I have long wished I could ask you about a sailor, Brown, who has been a sort of sailors' missionary in the islands, and has done a great deal of good among the seamen of all nations. He has told me how he was dying, a 'blasphemous dog' (his own language), in Constantinople, and how you rescued him, and so on and on. Now I want to know how much of this is a sailor's yarn,

or is it all true? for he seems to be a man of great simplicity and sincerity."

"Why, the sailor Brown!" I replied. "I had forgotten him. It is all true, and I bless God that I hear from him again."

The reader will see in this brief story that we can rarely know what good may result from a simple act of kindness or humanity. Once in a while the good done may become known, but not often. Constantinople, Boston, Erie Canal, Honolulu, and Paris, with twenty-eight years between do not often come together to reveal what is done. But no good deed is lost. "God will multiply your seed sown, and increase your fruits of righteousness."

But skies were lowering. Reports were rife that the missionaries were all to be driven out of the empire. The hostility of Catholics, Armenians, Greeks was expressed in every possible way. We had some real friends among them who said to us: "Lie low, don't move, don't appear much abroad, keep out of sight, and the storm will blow over." We knew our position to be critical. Even Dr. Goodell's wonted cheerfulness was clouded with anxiety. A distinguished banker had assured him that the Patriarch had been promised the expulsion of all the missionaries. Of course Boutineff's hand was in it.

We gave ourselves unto prayer, morning, noon, and night. Nothing brings us to "Our Father who art in heaven," like the failures of earthly supports and the gathering forces of irresistible foes.

I was in Dr. Goodell's study with Schauffler when one of the children came and said: "Mr. J. P. Brown wants to see you." "Let him come right in," said Dr. Goodell. Mr. Brown's salutation alarmed Dr. Goodell, and he said: "What is the matter, Mr. Brown?" Whereupon he took out Commodore Porter's reply to a dispatch from the Sublime Porte that the government could no longer be answerable for the safety of the American missionaries, and they must at once retire from the country. The astounding reply of the commodore was that he had no official duties in regard to missionaries, but he would inform the gentlemen concerned, who would act for themselves.

Mr. Brown said it was his official duty to go straight to the Sublime Porte, but his mother (the commodore's sister) made him promise to let Dr. Goodell see the dispatch.

Here was the blow that had been threatened Messrs. Goodell and Schauffler immediately took horses for a ride of ten or twelve miles to San Stefano to remonstrate. The commodore was a warm friend to all the missionaries, and especially to

Goodell and Schauffler, but all the change he would make was that he must communicate with his government, and he would expect the usual protection until he should hear from Washington. He was very positive and firm in any position he took, and he was sure our government would decide that, having only a commercial treaty with the Porte, it could not claim any protection for the missionaries. He laughed at the confidence of Drs. Goodell and Schauffler to the contrary. We immediately prepared our appeal to our government on the basis of the most favored nation clause in the treaty and claimed the same rights which the Roman Catholic missionaries enjoyed.

In the meantime the missionaries throughout the land gave themselves unto prayer. They had come into that condition by the command of Him who had said: "All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth. Go ye therefore," etc.

Now our position had become defined we felt more at ease. We resolved to go only when arrested by officers of government and compelled to go, and we should then claim time for preparation. We could then have no protection from the English embassy, for Lord Ponsonby, unlike his successor Sir Stratford Canning, although a Protestant, had a supercilious contempt for all missionaries. When we appealed to him in behalf

of some exiled Armenians, he replied to us in a style which no gentleman and no true diplomat would ever use.

While we were in this waiting mood, encouraging ourselves in the Lord, events were about to occur which alarmed all Europe. Hearing very contradictory accounts of the health of the sultan, I resolved to go and see him — that is, to go and see him enter the mosque at Friday prayers. It was to be at a mosque at the water's side on the Asiatic shore. I gained a position close to the stairs directly behind the last soldier of the line drawn up to the stairs. The approach of the magnificent boats was a pageant that only the Bosphorus offers to the eye. Two pashas were sitting by his side, and they lifted him as he rose and sustained him up the steps. The sweat stood in drops on his face. His eagle eye seemed to soar above the approach of death, but it was plain to every beholder that this was the last pageant of prayer for the dying caliph, and so it proved.

He had with great difficulty raised an army to meet the victorious rebel Ibrahim Pasha in Mesopotamia. His fleet had been restored since the destruction at Navarino, and a few days before his death it had left the Bosphorus with such thunders of artillery as I had never heard. At the time I was passing very uncomfortably near the line of battle ships

in a caïque, but was entranced by the power and grandeur of the spectacle. The sultan had been laid away in the tomb but a few days, when the astounding news arrived that his army had been beaten and dispersed at Nedjib, and his entire fleet had been betrayed into the hands of the enemy. The world at the capital looked for the Russians daily, but Russia was caught napping; she was not ready. The young Abdul Medjid ascended the throne peaceably; England took the lead in settling the question.[1]

The personnel of the government was so completely changed and the political condition so absorbing, that we felt we were safe in our obscurity and could go on with our work unnoticed. Where were our persecutors? The breath of the Lord had swept them away. Our anxiety for the response from Washington was alleviated greatly. Just for the present it had lost its interest. Daniel Webster was then, I believe, Secretary of State; the answer at all events was Websterian and surprised Commodore Porter as much as it delighted us.

Our early housekeeping had shadows to tone down its light and joy. The loss of our teacher Mesrobe was one, although the joy at his escape was such a compensation that we could only give thanks at every remembrance of him. Our very nice servant

[1] See Among the Turks, p. 39.

girl Maria, to whom my dear wife had become personally attached, died of confluent smallpox. We had to vacate the house for a week to have it thoroughly disinfected. Dr. Goodell found us a place with an Italian woman who was very kind to us. It was fun to talk with her, as neither knew the other's language. But she knew a little French and a little Greek, and was jubilant when she got the idea.

Our house had been most thoroughly disinfected with chlorine gas, and when we returned we found every iron and steel article covered with a beautiful coat of chloride of iron. Table knives wrapped up in oiled paper and then in linen and packed close and hard in a box were covered with a rust so fine that it seemed a pity to disturb it. The polish was easily restored, but the beautiful Maria could no longer use them. Henrietta had become quite able to communicate with her in Greek, and felt her loss daily, although she obtained another who was quite her equal.

Another shadow was the expectation of the plague. Dr. Schauffler left me a bottle of plague matter reduced homeopathically to a high potentiality, and he gave me many useful suggestions as to how to avoid the contagion. I threw the bottle into the Bosphorus, for I had no faith in homeopathy. Quarantine has been a complete protection of the

capital against the destroyer. For the first few years of our residence, an occasional vessel from Egypt would come in with cases on board, but would be immediately quarantined and carefully guarded.

Our firstborn, Henrietta Ann Loraine, came on to the stage of action December 5, 1839.

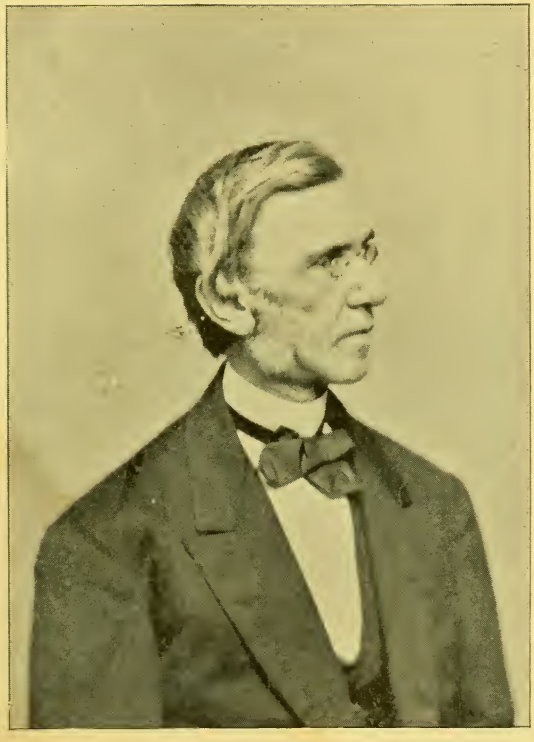
The monthly nurse was Mrs. Elkins, the wife of an English engineer. She was a good Wesleyan woman, who had been in the country two years. Having no children of her own, and her husband being most of the time away, she was glad of such an occupation. She would not attend the English chapel, and did not come to the American chapel because "they preached American, and she would not understand a word." Great was her surprise to find how well we spoke the English language. She was a very nice woman, but her insular and English notions afforded us a great deal of amusement. It is somewhat problematical whether she was ever fully convinced that we, in common with all Americans, were not of the aboriginal class. Henrietta second was a great laugher from her babyhood, and she still laughs some, on occasion; but she is sobering down, and by the time she is threescore and ten will be a fine dignified old lady. Dr. Stamatiades said she was born the most perfect child he ever saw in his life, and we believed him implicitly.

When but a few days old — memory is too treacherous to be confident of the exact number — I placed the face of the child within a few inches of a bouquet of very bright little flowers pictured on the sofa cushion. She smiled at once. Speaking of it to Mrs. Goodell at her house, she thought it time to take me to task. She said: "Now, Mr. Hamlin, don't make yourself silly over that child. It is a sweet and beautiful child, and that is enough; but it is not one of the seven wonders of the world. No child at that age ever *smiled* at anything!"

"No, Mrs. Goodell; she is not one of the seven wonders of the world; she is our one and only wonder; but you shall come over to my house, and I will prove to you that I have not exaggerated in the least."

When she came in I repeated the experiment, and she confessed it was true.

After this signal triumph I let Henrietta second fight her own way to favor. She was on her feet betimes and began to learn her letters early. She brought her book one day to read her A B C's; but she was flighty, and after other things, and I gave her her book and said: "Here, you little stupid thing, run away." She went right to her mother and read so well that she praised her; and the child, looking up very earnestly in her mother's face, said: "I am not a little 'tupid t'ing, am I?"



Rev. Henry A. Homes, ll.d.

I had no thought that she would attach any meaning to the word. She knew and talked Greek better than English. The only precocious thing about her was her jolly laughter and her apprehension of the ludicrous. Neighbors used to come in to make her laugh for the fun of it till we had to object.

One day she took my stovepipe hat and used it very improperly, and then laughed and danced up and down with glee, as much as to say, "Haven't I played a huge joke on my papa?" You can't punish a child till you stop laughing yourself.

Henrietta second had considerable will, but she always caved in at last, and on the whole we considered her quite a model child. The rest came along about equal to her, only they were not the *first.* She was very much a child after her dear mother's own heart.

I have presented in these pages the likenesses of the four missionaries residing at Constantinople in 1839. They were to be my beloved and honored associates for many laborious, anxious, yet happy years. They are too well known to the Christian public to need any remark here. Mr. Homes was designated to the Mohammedans. He became a profound Oriental scholar. He rendered important and highly valued aid to other departments of the mission; but there was no access to the mind of

Islam, and after some years he retired. He became the distinguished and honored librarian of the New York state library in Albany.

CHAPTER IX.

BEBEK SEMINARY.

DURING the winter of 1839–40 we were much concerned about our mission work and life. Persecution was so severe and the fear of exile or anathema so great that few Armenians dared to call upon us. Our third teacher, Melkon, was wasting away in consumption. I had come to organize a seminary or high school, and if I could only find a suitable place, not amid an Armenian population to watch us, we might have a few scholars, and be at least in the way of gaining a colloquial use of the language.

The station did not believe we could hire a house without concealing our object, which we would not do, or that we could keep a single student against the power of the Patriarch. But Mr. Hebard was with us again, in still failing health, and he helped to forward the plan with great zeal. "Fear thou not. Be of good courage. They that be for you are more than they that be with them." Courage is always contagious, and finally the station authorized me, by vote, to seek a suitable house.

I have no record of how many quarters of Pera, Galata, St. Demetri, Scutari, Chalcedon, and both sides of the Bosphorus I visited. "Telals" a plenty to find exactly the thing that would suit us. Our Greek friends, Mr. Panyotes and Dr. Stamatiades, helped me more than all the rest. Generally if we found a place that really suited us, the moment a school was mentioned, or that we should have a few boarders who would study English and other things with us, the jig was up. At length Dr. Stamatiades came and said he thought he had heard of the right place, and off we went to see it in Scutari by the sea. He pointed it out from our caïque. I said at once: "There is the place for a college." This building was at least one hundred and fifty feet long, two stories, in the lower no windows, but square holes, say one foot square. When we entered we were amazed at the length and absence of width. Nobody but a Turk would ever erect such a building. A Greek friend with us said in expressive Greek to the doctor as we looked back upon it: "The outside a bishop, the inside a poor lousy monk!"

After long search, we found a house in Bebek, that had been occupied by an Englishman, a Mr. Perkins, who had married a Greek lady. The father-in-law did not like the match, and hired two Montenegrins to assassinate him. Mr. Perkins partially avoided

the assassin's vigorous plunge meant for the heart, but received a dangerous wound. On recovering, he changed his residence to Smyrna.[1] The affair cast an evil omen upon the house, and the owner was ready to let the house for a school or any other purpose whatever. I made the contract at once, but the owner would not give possession till November. I hired five enormous rooms at a small price for three months in the great old Madriarki palace in Arnaout Keuy. This great building has since been cut up into three dwellings, and a part taken down. Some of the neighbors became greatly interested in little Henrietta, and she had more attention than we liked.

The rooms were of such immense size and height, and opened into each other through such immense doors, and the Bosphorus breezes were so fresh, that we had little occasion for outdoor exercise. Fixing two wheels and a pole to a box, I had a nice carriage for our little queen, and I could run more than one hundred feet in a straight line without turning.

Brother Hebard was with us for a few weeks, enjoying this huge old building from which dancing

[1] The assassins were not paid, because their work was not done. A few months later one of them appeared in Mr. Perkins' office and told him just how it was. "Now you pay me and your life is henceforth safe. If not, you will have a fatal blow the next time." Mr. Perkins unlocked his safe, paid him £20, recognizing the man perfectly well, and after that he felt safe, as indeed he was.

and revelry had forever departed. The beloved and saintly Mrs. Powers (Harriet Goulding) was also our guest with her husband. Both of these missionaries were of priceless worth. Mr. Hebard and Mrs. Powers were earnestly seeking health, but were to find it only by passing over Jordan. Mr. Hebard died in Malta and Mrs. Powers in America after very long sufferings. Their memories are blessed.

Mr. Hebard had great influence with the station, as I have said above, in urging us to *take the risk* of opening the seminary, even if the prospect of success should be a cloudy one. I was never indisposed to take a risk, if the thing were desirable, and the chances amounted to some degree of probability. I thought the station too cautious and conservative, but they had experienced the powers of persecution to break up schools, and I had not. The time at length came when the house in Bebek was delivered to me, and the owner, already in advanced pulmonary consumption, retired to another house to die.

November 4, 1840, I moved into the house, having had a few days to get it ready. I think two scholars, Avedis and Toros, came the same day to the school-room, already prepared for twelve, the number we proposed to take the first year, if we could get them. And so Bebek Seminary began its career.

Avedis was a youth of thoughtful mind, not ready

to receive a thing as true because he had heard it or read it, but would turn it over in his mind until he could become satisfied. For example, that God created the universe out of nothing was a great stumbling-block to him. He believed matter was eternal, and yet he could be made to see the absurdity of that. He was for some years a native pastor, too much disposed to profitless speculations. He finally became a business man. He died in early life.

Toros was a heedless youth, good-natured, of fair capacity, but in the whole cast of his character wholly unsuited to be a missionary helper in any department. He became a dragoman to the great English engineer, Mr. John Hague, was employed in large government works, and thence he entered the naval arsenal of construction as dragoman-in-chief. He became a successful man of good station and influence, always a friend to education and to Bebek Seminary. He bestowed great care upon the education of his daughters. He also died in middle life, leaving a competence to his well-educated family.

Our limited number was soon full. It was composed of youth of various ages between fourteen and twenty. They were generally from poor families or were rejected from richer families on account of their strong determination to obtain an education. Board and instruction were free, but every student

was required to provide himself a bed, bedding, clothing, books, and stationery. Some of them had to be helped in various ways to meet even these expenses, or they would have been compelled to leave.

I had been in the country a year and nine months, but, owing to the persecution, had been much of the time without a teacher and cut off from intercourse with the people. Now I had come into circumstances favorable to the acquisition of the colloquial Armenian. As I found a great many Turkish words mixed in, I resolved not to use them, but so far as possible to speak a pure Armenian. Bebek Seminary had no small influence in the introduction of a purer style of speaking and writing the modern Armenian. It was then a rough uncultivated language; the Catholic Armenians spurned it and chose the Turkish.

Our mission saw clearly that, as the language of the Armenian race, we must adopt it and make the best of it. The idea of translating the Bible into such a language was ridiculed. There was a very imperfect translation of the New Testament, and it was referred to with contempt. But it was far better than scores of languages into which the Scriptures have gone with renovating power. The history of missions proves, by many examples, that no language is so degraded that the simple truths of

COLONEL TOROS.

(Chief translator in the Imperial Naval Arsenal. The first student to enter Bebek Seminary. See Appendix.)

salvation cannot be expressed in it; and when the Bible and Bible teaching enter, the language takes on new meaning, grows with spiritual and moral forces, until it is capable of expressing all the truths of our salvation. The modern Armenian is now wholly transformed; it has become a beautiful and cultivated language. The books and translations presented fifty years ago are considered obsolete unless they have been carefully reëdited. The Bible has gone through repeated revisions to keep it up with the growth of the language.

My first year with the seminary was no sinecure. I had to be text-book to the students in many things. I fitted up a little workshop in a stable, established there my turning lathe, got together what philosophic apparatus there was, and began to add some simple articles to them. I could find nothing foreign, and had to make everything myself. At length I found a store in Khourchoon Khan Galata which was a treasure to me. It was kept, and for aught I know is still kept, by a Catholic Armenian, a Mr. Barone, a gentleman of personal dignity and intelligence. His store was known as "the English store." He kept carpenter's hardware of every kind, files, drills, vises, steel rods of all sizes and shapes, copper and brass piping, wire of all kinds, and various tools for wood and metals, etc. He was sometimes amused at the

things I inquired for, and would say, "That article has been in my store for ten years, and has never been inquired for till now."

The Moslem Orientals attribute all mechanical skill and invention to Satan, which enables them to glory in their stupidity. Mr. Barone would sometimes introduce me as the most "Satanic man" in the empire! He meant simply the most skillful.

When at length England broke down the custom-house policy of innumerable charges, by which a five per cent tariff was nominally adhered to and a fifty per cent duty collected, English goods poured in in vast abundance, the quality generally wretched, but the prices low, and then this store in Koorchoon Khan completely changed its character. It began to have cheap goods, cheap and shabby. Mr. Barone lamented it, but could not help it, for these cheap goods were found in many other stores. He still kept some good articles for customers who knew the difference. But he said the *esheks* (donkeys) generally know nothing but the price.

I soon became satisfied that the seminary, in a quiet village of mixed population with no predominant Armenian element, was still a place of power. I began soon to have visitors, ostensibly to see the marvels of electricity or other physical experiments, but really to make inquiries about the evangelical

faith. I could not help learning the Armenian, for I was talking all the time with students or with visitors. But the Patriarch became alarmed about the Bible school. The bankers put him up to destroy it, to shut it up, to take away every Armenian student from it.

One of the students told me that the Armenian priest was trying to get a list of the students, twelve in number. I knew it was for no good purpose, and they agreed not to help him in the least. I fear they provoked him by answers which he knew to be as wide as possible from the fact, as, "My father is Carabet Agha, banker of Bagdad, or fig merchant of Aidin!" Emissaries came with flattering lips and tried the same game, always to their confusion; for I gave them to understand that their hypocrisy was not deep enough to cover their designs. But I knew that the design was not a difficult thing for the Patriarch to accomplish, and I was looking for some move against the seminary through the Turkish government.

One afternoon, just as study hour closed, an hour before sunset, a strange, decrepit, shabby-looking being, all bent double with rheumatism, called and wanted to see me privately. The moment we entered my study he said: "Baron Nishan, the Patriarch's secretary, sends his compliments to you and wishes you to know that his holiness has the

names of your students and their parents or guardians. To-morrow morning they will be called to the patriarchate, and thrown into prison until the students all leave the school and appear before him. Nishan tells you this, that you may think what to do, and he entrusts himself to your honor."

He said this rapidly, turned upon his heel, and disappeared. I immediately resolved what to do. I rang the bell, and the students came wandering in. I told them of the coming storm, and that they must each one take a hasty bundle of clothes, and make for home, so as to get in before the gates were shut. In the morning they must go with their parents, carry my compliments to the Patriarch, and say that I had come to assist his people, not to contend against him, and that I had closed the seminary and dismissed every student, etc.

One of the students delivered the message at the head of this most unexpected assembly of parents and scholars. He probably graced it with all the Oriental oratory he could command. The Patriarch seemed for the moment confounded.

One of the students, full of fun, came back the same day to make a brief call and describe the scene. They all stood before his holiness, who stroked his beard, and at length said : " Mr. Hamlin is a good and wise man to do this thing. It relieves

me of the unpleasant duty forced upon me by the *serafs* of using force. But we shall soon have a school much better for us than that foreign thing, and you shall all be satisfied. Now come and kiss my hand, and go home with my paternal benediction."

So they all departed.

"I came," said the student, "to tell you how nicely it all went off; and I want to tell you another thing. There is a great storm rising against the Patriarch and the serafs. A great petition of the *esnafs* is getting up against them. The Patriarch and the serafs too will soon have a *headache* that won't let them think of Bebek for a year to come. We all believe you will call us back."

"I have heard about that movement," I replied, "and the English all approve of it. At all events there is a vacation now, and there is time enough to think of the next move."

But who was the man who came to warn me? No one knew him. Those who saw him thought him a miserable, decrepit beggar. I reflected that his message was given in perfectly clear, good Armenian and in a cultivated voice. I came to the conclusion that it was probably *Nishan himself*, who had thus disguised himself and played the actor to perfection! I knew he always felt friendly to me and would defend me against slanders.

The storm burst in even greater power than any one anticipated. The Armenian community paid heavy taxes to the patriarchate, and they were determined to have delegates in the Council. They gained their end. It would take a dozen pages to give anything like an adequate account of that movement. The esnafs triumphed, and the power of the serafs was broken.

After a vacation of some three weeks, that storm broke upon the patriarchate with such force that we called back the students, and we had fourteen instead of twelve. No one thought or cared for us. We had had a very suitable vacation, and then went on our way rejoicing. We made no flourish of trumpets, were quiet as possible, and many rejoiced in the failure of the Patriarch's plan, who had not been friendly to us. They rejoiced also that I had turned the Patriarch's flank so neatly, and just used him for a vacation. It seemed to me that I was divinely led to do instantaneously the right thing, when there was no time for reflection.

The people of the village, Greeks and Armenians, did not like to have a heretic among them. Perkins had been driven away, and they would drive me away. The gamins threw stones at us from concealed places, stoned the roof of our house from the hill back of it, and broke tiles so as to make

the roof leak. That I could easily repair. For the stoning in the street I went to the village guard-house and complained. It would then stop for two or three weeks. It was a long time before any one was hit, and I suspected they were afraid to actually hit one. When at length Henrietta was hit, though not much hurt, I demanded redress and the police did frighten the rascals into order for a long time.

One day a simple-hearted old Greek woman from the *déré* (the gorge) came and wanted the pay for her two hens. She had lost them. It was Lent; her neighbors all told her that I ate meat in Lent; who else would take them? I was greatly amused. I gave her a good lecture, kindly, and she came no more.

As I found the boys ridiculed my stovepipe hat and smooth face, I put on the Turkish fez and a moustache and beard.

One other thing I did which all the village liked and wondered at. It was a sin perhaps, but under the circumstances it was not a mortal sin. I was going down to "the trees," and on my way there thought I would go up to the Hekim Bashis garden. I crossed over to enter the narrow street going down by the bath. I heard somebody screaming, and just as I entered the street I came upon a stout, strong Turk most cruelly whipping a Greek boy of perhaps

ten years. The boy was screaming, "Don't kill me! don't kill me!" I had a stout cane in my hand, and quick as thought I dealt the Turk a blow that made him stagger back to the wall. He dropped both boy and stick, and seemed surprised at what had happened to his head, which he clutched with both hands. I saw to my dismay some four or five Turks in the street coming down upon me. I could not escape if I would. I knew they would seize me, for I, a ghiaour, had struck a believer. I faced them boldly and said: "I will have every one of you arrested. I will go right to the Kolook and get a *zaptié*. You saw him beating that boy and knew that it was against the law, and you did not even say a word."

This confused them and alarmed them. It changed the current of their thoughts at once, and they said: "Don't do that, *chelebee*. We will be surety for that man that he shall never beat a boy again."

So I concluded to let them off that time on the promise they would never do so again! I went on my way rejoicing, but with a double feeling of right and wrong.

I do not justify myself in such things. I have always been of quick temper, and it has frequently betrayed me into acts like this. But I do not remember any bad consequences following them.

A Greek neighbor, a drunkard, had dragged his sick wife out of bed and out-of-doors into the street in her night dress. Women screamed, but nobody dared to touch him. Henrietta rushed to my study crying out, "Father, that old fisherman down in the valley is beating his wife to death on the street!" I rushed down upon him, twitched him on to the ground before he knew what had happened, pounded him, kicked him, and made him cry out, "*Aman! aman!*" It was because every fiber of my frame was full of infinite wrath that he was paralyzed, and infinite justice was on my side too. It is not best to analyze too closely what I did. When I knew my breath and strength would finally give out, I shook my fist at him and said: "The next time, you brute, I'll give you into the hands of the Turkish police!"

The neighbors were glad that I took the law into my own hands. There was a ludicrous side to the whole scene. That old fisherman could have "chawed me up" in a minute. He seemed utterly powerless. He did n't know what had happened to him. He made no sign of resistance. They have a great fear of Diabolos, and perhaps he thought Diabolos had got him. No violence of that kind occurred in that neighborhood right under our windows after that, and the old brute never offered me

any threat or insult. In case of sickness most of those poor families came to me, and they could not afford to be otherwise than civil. I never refused to answer a call at any hour of the day or night.

The seminary was opened November, 1840. The following May "the French College" was opened in the same village with great éclat, and the design was undoubtedly to overthrow us and cut short our power. Nothing of that kind followed, though some doubtless were diverted from us by it. It had many teachers, French and Italian priests, and it made a great display, but its curriculum of study was a farce. It gathered French and Italian students and but few Greek and Armenian. I do not think it accomplished a single object for which it was established. It finally, after some thirty years, faded into "innocuous desuetude," and the place that once knew it now knows it no more for ever.

I shall have occasion to speak later of the Abbé Boré, who was sent by the general of the Jesuits to regenerate the college, and was recalled to Rome for his ill success. Another was appointed to do the work, but after a few years of frantic effort he wisely closed the college "for repairs." The buildings were afterward changed into residences and occupied by Protestant families. I think most of them have since been burned. The next generation

will never hear of its existence unless some one should read this record. The Jesuits do not always accomplish their purposes.

Near the close of the first seminary year, the station voted to enlarge the school and to seek a larger building. We removed in November, 1841, to the Demirgi Bashi's house in the same village. The grounds were large, commanding a very lovely view of the Bosphorus. Instead of fourteen students, we could now have twenty.

The Armenian Patriarch still manifested in various ways his design to have us return to our own country and leave the education of Armenian youth to him. He would sometimes succeed in compelling a student to leave the school, who often would return after a few months. He was always unsuccessful in his plots. He was put up to it by the serafs, and I suspect had little heart in it himself. Behind it all was Russia.

Hohannes Agha, the owner of the house, had been the chief iron merchant of the government, supplying all the public works for the navy or army whatever of iron they wanted. It was a place of honor, profit, and influence, but not of safety. Enemies who coveted the place compassed his ruin by false accusations. He was seized, thrown into prison, and his wealth confiscated. Although he

was released as innocent, his property was but partially restored, and his reason was touched. He would never meet a Turk in the street, if anything more than a laborer. He would turn right back to avoid him. But he was social and pleasant in intercourse, and would rarely broach any of the strange ideas that possessed him. He was fond of Old Testament history, and always had something to advance or to ask about the patriarchs or prophets or the Mosaic law or the judgments upon Israel, and if those old curses still held good upon the race. I always treated him with kindness and he held me in high esteem. He died a few years later, but I did not see him in his last illness. He seemed to have a knowledge of God, to wish to know and do his will. If that were so, his aberrations of mind will not appear in judgment.

When he first called upon me he brought with him his youngest daughter, a beautiful, bright, black-eyed maiden of ten or twelve. Wife was interested in her at once. I was glad to find she knew how to read, not so common then (1841) among Armenian girls as now. I gave her a modern Armenian New Testament, and she read clearly and distinctly a few verses, and stopped to say, "This is not like ours. This is *asharapar*" (modern Armenian). As she expressed an interest in it, I gave her the book upon

her promise that she would read it. She often came after that with her father, and had many questions to ask, which showed a remarkable degree of interest in the truth.

One evening she came in, at children's bedtime, and saw through an open door little Henrietta kneeling in prayer by her mother's side. She expressed surprise that such a little thing should pray. She asked the mother about the prayer, and if such a child could know God. It led her to much thought and to many inquiries about prayer. In after life she often dated the beginning of spiritual life in her own soul from that little event. In after years she became known through all the Protestant Armenian community as Zanazan Hanum, wife of the first Armenian Protestant pastor, Rev. Absoghome Utidjian, who died not many months after their marriage. After a widowhood of some years she became the wife of Rev. Hohannes Der Sahakyan. Her life was one of devoted service, and she died in the full assurance of faith, and has left a precious memory to the church. She may justly wear the most honorable title of a true Christian lady. She was a lady by nature, by grace a Christian.

While in this house, we took a family journey to Brousa, wife and two children, Henrietta three years eight months, Susan Elizabeth one year four months.

We were both run down, and we hoped two weeks' vacation, from August 25 to September 10, would recruit us in that city, so splendidly situated at the base of Mount Olympus, and in the families of our beloved associates, the Schneiders and Ladds, at whose urgent invitation we went. Their names are fragrant in all that mission. While there, I made my first of four ascents to the summit of Mount Olympus. I quote the following mostly from a letter written to my brother Hannibal on my return:—

"I ascended the Asiatic Mount Olympus back of Brousa, took a tent, stayed overnight near the summit, and saw in a thick morning fog full ten rods of the sublime scenery. . . . In returning to our tent we became lost in the fog, and my guide seemed greatly alarmed, continually repeating, '*Duman! duman!*' (Fog! fog!) At last we struck a mountain brook, and the guide exclaimed: 'This water goes right by our tent.' These mountain horses are a marvel. They went down in the bed of the stream where no horse ought to go. At one place I cried out to the guide: 'Stop; I am going to dismount!' 'Shut your eyes and hold on to the crupper,' was his reply, 'and let the horse take care of himself.' We went safely down; but deliver me from such riding in future! . . .

"Oh, how vividly did my native home rush upon

my mind, with all its familiar objects and scenes, when, on gaining one of the preliminary summits in our ascent we found ourselves on a level plateau with cragged summits around us! Here were mullein stalks, granite rocks, pine bushes, hemlocks, burdocks, birch trees, fine red thistles, genuine yellow weed, and green grass and running streams and a cold New England wind. I said to myself: 'I have surely reached a New England spring and my native home. Here is Deer Hill, and there is our own pasture with its pine bushes and swamp and that great pine root we used to climb to find the colt, which at about ten years of age suddenly changed to the old mare, and was always getting lost among the bushes.'

"This New England wind, everything, indeed, breathes of home, sweet, half-forgotten home, just as it was in '27, when I left it, dearer to me than all other scenes on earth. The matchless beauty of the Bosphorus becomes tame, almost nauseous, compared with this taste of home and its free, bracing air. How wonderful is nature! or rather how wonderful the laws which an all-wise designing Mind has imposed upon nature, ourselves included!

"We were actually in the climate of Maine, on the same geological formation which we have been accustomed to from our infancy; and there also are

the products, the very weeds and grasses of our old home. It refreshed, it also subdued, my very soul. It awakened the most tender recollections of our beloved, our ever-beloved mother, and of her faithful maternal care and anxiety, and of you all, my brother and sisters, whom I never expect to behold in the flesh. May he who watched over us in childhood be our God and Father even unto death, and gather us all safely into his heavenly kingdom!"

I remember well that in that ascent I found immense bowlders of granite, gneiss, trap, etc., but not a sign of marble till near the very summit; but the whole top is pure marble. It carried up its marble cap when the other strata divided, and they lie along its sides. I carried home a splendid specimen of geode and some fine, intricately celled tufa from old Brousa, built on a vast basement of tufa like a giant's head, its back against the mountain, its forehead fronting the plain. After a most delightful visit, we returned to pack up and transfer the seminary to Cheleby Yorgaki's house.[1]

Our dear little Susie was cutting eyeteeth, and she was also touched with the malaria of the Brousa plain. She was very ill while we had all the labor of moving, and seemed to grow worse and worse during all the month of November. We went into the

[1] See Among the Turks, page 95 ff.

great house which we were to occupy for nearly twenty-eight years, with heavy hearts and great fatigue. I despaired of Susie's life, but her dear mother kept calm, self-possessed, and hopeful.

It seemed to us that a mistake or blunder was the means of saving her precious life. I was to give her a drop of laudanum. My laudanum was very thick, the alcohol having largely evaporated. I probably gave her the opium of three drops or more. She sank into a heavy sleep and slept all night long; the diarrhœa ceased, the child awoke with life in her countenance. The doctor said that a mistake is sometimes a good thing.

No labor was fatigue when Susie, the dear little mimic of everything she saw, was herself again. Her natural capacity for mimicry was altogether beyond Henrietta's, and often raised shouts of laughter. Her mother said she feared Susie would some day become an actress. Did this talent come by heredity? It was not in any of her ancestry, so far as we could ascertain.

The two years that we passed in the Demirgi Bashi's house, November, 1841, to November, 1843, were memorable for a number of events, Susie's birth, May 6, 1842, and her sickness and recovery in 1843. But above all, the last year is memorable as "the year of a thousand visits."

Many came in the forenoon to attend our forenoon service, some to the afternoon Bible class. There might be ten to fifteen on the Sabbath, and occasionally as many on a week day. It was only by a general estimate that we considered it a thousand.

There were special reasons why the attendance should be large. Persecution was rife. Other places were watched, this was not. Many came from curiosity to see noted experiments in physics and chemistry. Turks, Jews, Greeks came, and this gave absolute liberty for those whose minds were not at rest, or whose curiosity was awakened on religious subjects, to come as seekers after God and truth.

I remember that I was one day hard at work upon my foot lathe, completing some philosophical apparatus, when a man opened the door and said abruptly: "Come and preach to us the gospel, *bodvellee*." I washed my hands, slipped on my coat, and found seventeen persons in the reception room, men and women. The man who called me was Jelagian Muggerditch, a young man of respectability and influence in the esnaf of jewelers. In such a case the missionary can do little but restate in clearest, simplest terms the great subject, sin, condemnation, and redemption through repentance and faith in Christ. They will listen with profound attention, and will perhaps interpose some questions about the

Virgin Mary and the saints and the Church. It is a very good kind of preaching. It gives one an opportunity to explain points that have been misapprehended, and to ask questions in turn and to clear up doubts. Some of the inquirers of that year I hold in memory and in affectionate regard. In these forty-five intervening years most of them have passed away from earth or out of my knowledge. Two cases I must mention: —

One was Asdik Agha, eldest son of the Demirgi Bashi, owner of our house. He was short of stature, with back and shoulders high almost to deformity. He had a very intelligent countenance and the sparkle of his eye showed when he was interested. The deep interest of his young sister, Zanazan, of whom he was very proud, doubtless led him to inquire into this new faith. He had been told we were disciples of Voltaire! He seemed not only surprised but absorbed in his investigations. He became an ardent and able advocate of the truth, and was chosen the first deacon of the first Armenian Protestant church in 1846. After a time, when he had become successful in business, it was whispered that his transactions were not perfectly honest. He was labored with faithfully by the church; he made most humble and penitent confession; afterward he was suspended for flagrant deception, and finally

excommunicated. He became notorious for his skillful and successful rascalities. I had a conversation with him in the height of his success. He broke down and wept, and said: "It is all true. I hope some day to get out of the clutches of Satan, but you see I have great things now in hand that I must carry through."

His death was tragic. He knew that two Montenegrins had been hired by parties he had cheated to assassinate him. Returning home one evening, he was overtaken by such a thunderstorm as Constantinople rarely sees. He stepped into a coffee shop not far from his house to escape the pouring rain. There, to his horror, sat the two assassins. At first he thought his time had come, as on leaving the coffee shop they would follow him. But his skill did not forsake him. Throwing off his coat and fez, he called the barber (all *cafegis* are barbers) to shave him, in a little corner room which had no door out and rather a small window. Here he told the barber his fate. The barber helped him out through the window, and about five minutes later came out and said: "Where is Asdik Agha? He has n't paid me!"

Everybody was surprised; the assassins immediately left, but Asdik had already reached his home in the fearful rage of the elements, breathless, with

staring eyes and a convulsed frame. He threw himself upon a lounge and never spoke, stricken by paralysis. He lived a day or two in apparent terror, let us hope in penitence. The night after his funeral, the lightning struck the tree at the head of his grave "and split it into match wood." Turks, Christians, Jews said: "The judgment of God!"

The other case had a far different ending. One day four Armenians called, all strangers, saying, "Mr. Hovesep Milesian invited us to call." There was evident restraint. After coffee and chibouks were served, and all the common phases of Oriental etiquette had been duly performed, one of them, Bedros Gamalielian, introduced the subject which, as I afterwards learned, was the object of their call. He remarked, after some hesitation:—

"We Catholics differ, I think, from you in matters of faith."

"In some things we differ and in some we agree."

"But in the foundation question, of the holy communion, you do not believe the words, the very words of our blessed Lord: 'This is my body, this is my blood.'"

"Oh, yes, we do," I said. "We receive the whole Bible, every word of it, and our only desire is to understand it aright. Let us now look into Bible language a little."

Then taking a Bible, and beginning at Pharaoh's dream, the seven kine and seven years and so on, I went through with the use of *is* and *are* in the Bible, where the meaning plainly is and must be "represents." When I came to apply it to "this is my body," he felt its force.

The others felt that they had lost the game, and retired, but Bedros wanted a Bible, and he came and sat down on the carpet right in front of me to go over with it all again. At length the dinner bell rang (6 P.M.) and I said to him: "We must stop here. Come again."

He rose, and said: "When can I come again? I must pursue this matter."

I replied: "To-morrow, if you like;" and so he departed.

The very next day he returned, and had other questions to ask about the new birth, faith, confession, absolution, and things of that kind.

At the close of the interview, he said as he rose to depart: "Well, if all this is true, all Papacy is wrong. I can't deny that you have the truth."

I replied: "Take the Bible, study it, pray for the Holy Spirit to help you, and follow the truth as you there find it."

He became an earnest Christian. He was a very earnest Catholic, and the circumstance that led to

this visit and to this discussion and to his conversion was the following:—Speaking with great severity against the American missionaries in a coffee shop, a friend of ours, Mr. Melesian, asked him if he actually knew the truth of his accusations. No; but he had heard so. "But go and see them and ascertain for yourself." "God forbid that I should enter their houses!" He then advised him to visit the school and see me, which he agreed to do. With his three friends he formed a plan to involve me in a dispute about the Holy Sacrament, which they had heard would excite a Protestant to blaspheme it, and they would have something to report that would raise great excitement against us. The plot failed so completely that the reaction in his mind could not be resisted.

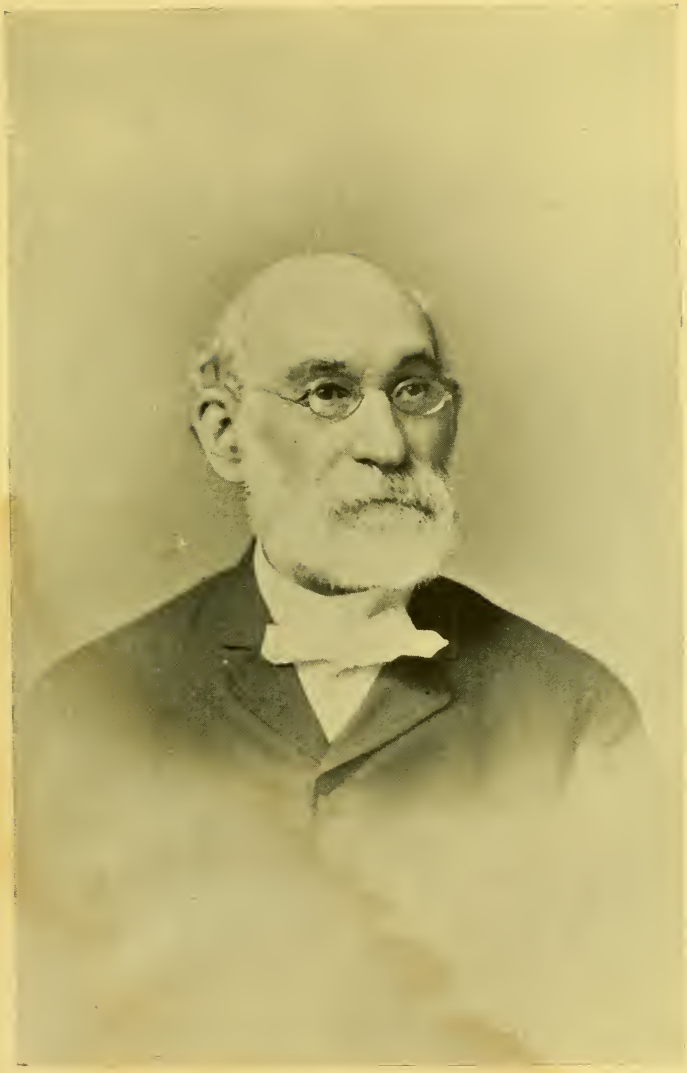
He was of course cast out and persecuted. His own family, who were displeased at his becoming a Catholic, were still more displeased at his becoming a Protestant, and they expelled him from their presence with great indignities. He had a brother, Hovsep, a great wit, a great song singer, and as such always called to the carousals of the rich. He had become dissolute and vile, and he was filled with hatred at his brother's wonderful change. Bedros often said to the missionaries: "Pray for my poor brother Hovsep." His conversion, humble Christian life,

and happy death attracted a great deal of attention. He is referred to by Dr. Dwight in his Christianity Revived in the East (pp. 245, 246). Bedros lived to see every member of his family in the evangelical church. His joy was unspeakable. He was the instrument of turning many to righteousness. His end was peace and joyful hope.

The following is an extract from a letter to my brother Hannibal, written from this Demirgi Bashi's house in reply to a question about my daily work: —

"As to what I am doing, I will say briefly, I am talking, that is, *preaching*, nearly all the time. I have a great deal of outside work to do. I have many visitors who come for religious inquiry or discussion. I had a funny interview a few days ago. A certain Toros Effendi, a blatant infidel, came with certain of his followers. He had boasted that he knew as much science and philosophy as that badville. I resolved to test him on science.

"After a very polite introduction, I proposed to ask him certain questions, to which he assented. I began upon the actinism of light, about which he knew nothing. He knew as little of the precession of the equinoxes, etc. He floundered and tried to escape to other subjects, but I held him fast to the one in hand, until he would confess that he knew nothing about it. I finally intimated to him that



Rev. G. W. Wood, D.D.

although he could not profess to be a philosopher, he might safely profess to be an ignoramus. I was merciless, because I had heard of his boasts and of his large following. His attendants were confounded and ashamed, and one of them said: 'That man will deceive us no more.' They have widely reported his complete discomfiture. If I meet him again, I shall discuss sin and salvation."

Before I left that house, the Rev. G. W. Wood joined me as associate teacher. He lifted a great burden off my shoulders. So much visiting and teaching overtaxed me. He was an able, faithful, honored, beloved coadjutor for eight years.

When shall I get free from the memories of that house?

Another signal event presses forward for notice. During the early part of 1843, four Turkish youths of high families, students in a college at Seraglio Point, called the Sultan's College, because all its students were fitting for palace service, used to call at the seminary to see the physical apparatus and experiments. They were peculiarly fine young Turks, ranging by guess from eighteen to twenty-one. They were on their last year, and then they would become *servants* in the palace, subject to the personal commands of his majesty, doing any service, however menial or however responsible, his majesty

might appoint. The place was regarded as a sure stepping-stone to high office for any young man of wit and talent. They interested me exceedingly. I could see in them the condition of the Turkish mind, its strength and weakness, sagacity and childishness — or childhoodness. They were most interested in the question of long life. They thought the Franks who had thought out so many things must have thought out this problem also, greater than any other, and prepared some long-life medicine which taken daily would be efficacious.

"But you believe in the 'preserved tablet,'" I said; "how can you seek any such thing?"

"Ah, but that also is in the 'preserved tablet,' and so we seek it."

Human freedom will often unconsciously vindicate itself. Electricity, galvanism, pneumatics interested them amazingly. They could never be satisfied with the experiments and talking about them. When they had no Armenian dragoman with them, I called a student or assistant teacher.

One day in August, during our vacation, two of these gentlemen called and said they wanted to make some return for my kindness. The father of one of them was chief keeper of the crown treasures or the Sultan's jewels. These are rarely shown, even to ambassadors; but his father, as a return for

all my kindness, had obtained permission to open the treasures. I have no doubt that other and far higher persons than myself, and persons of official station, were the real objects of this favor, and these young men had seized upon the opportunity to rope me in. It was perfectly Oriental to represent it as entirely designed for me, to whom originally it probably had no reference whatever.

I was delighted with the opportunity. I had seen that wonderful treasure vault once, and I was glad that I could behold that jeweled splendor once more.

With Asdik Agha as a dragoman, I went to the appointed place on the Marmora side of Seraglio Point, and met two of the young men waiting for us on the quay. They motioned us to a good landing place, and we entered immediately an immense magazine. We could see vault after vault stretching away into darkness. The work was evidently Byzantine, and was doubtless constructed to contain stores against a siege. Heavy buildings and large trees were standing on the soil overhead. Crossing this vast magazine, vault beyond vault, we came to a solid door in the wall which admitted us into a tunnel evidently ascending, a very dim light at the farther end.

My dragoman Asdik evidently did not like it. There were other ways enough to reach the college

without going through this dark, damp, chilly subterranean hole. But we emerged safely into light, and we never understood the design. Was it anything more than to show us what secrets may be buried beneath the gardens, palaces, and old churches (now mosques and armories) of Seraglio Point? If so, they did not point out anything, and only answered to our inquiries: "*Eski Genevise*" (old, old Genoese).

We emerged into a small court surrounded by high walls, and thence directly into a college dormitory where six students had their beds. I soon perceived that this was also their study hall. It was furnished with neatness but great simplicity. Each one had a good iron bedstead with two neat chests to shove underneath. At the head, and reaching some six feet above the bed, was a cupboard. There was also a square stool, or Persian writing desk, with reeds, ink, paper, etc., and there was also one chair.

This was the Imperial College. Our academy students would not be contented with such quarters. There was a small hall where their teachers met them for examinations and lectures. There was no such thing as fixed lessons and recitations. Our four friends received us very pleasantly, and after some conversation we were invited to their dining hall for lunch. It was evidently the refectory of an old Greek convent. The great wide arched

chimney at one end, with many cooking places, proves its former use. We had an excellent simple lunch, served on a platform elevated four or five steps from the marble pavement of the old refectory. After lunch, a servant came and served coffee and chibouks.

I said to my chief host: "Your amber mouthpiece is rich with diamonds, and this *zarf* is splendid. Your father is a very rich man."

"Yes," he replied; "I gave a hundred pounds for this set, but then I gave ten pounds to the poor. That is according to our law. All luxuries must be *tithed* for the poor, and then the blessing of Allah is upon them."

"This is an admirable law," I said; "but do the sultan and the pashas keep it?"

"Ah, that is quite another thing!"

I could put him in a tight place as to their piety, but I did not pursue it. One of the young men had left, then another left, and finally our host said: "I will go and see if my father is waiting."

Time passed, and someone called the remaining young man. Asdik became uneasy and said: "I will go out and ask what this means."

I was left alone. I could not comprehend my position or the reason of it. I thought best to wait and not sneak off. At length the host came, bringing on a silver platter three bags of sweetmeat

done up in different-colored muslins, and said: "These are from my father, with his regrets that public duties have kept him to-day, and he will appoint another time. This is for your house (wife) and these are for your chickens." And so, with many protestations, he led us out by another way above ground.

I said to Asdik: "What does all this mean?"

He was mystified and angry. "There is a quarrel among them, I think, but they were bound to treat you as their guest with more honor, and not run off and leave you all alone. That was disgraceful after all they have said about your kindness."

We never saw one of them again, nor did we get any clew to their history.

If we had gone round Seraglio Point to the chief landing-place, the mystery would have been revealed. There we should have seen the headless body of the Armenian martyr Hovakim, whose case is recorded in Dwight's Christianity Revived in the East (p. 194) and Goodell's Forty Years in the Turkish Empire (pp. 291, 292). The excitement about it was universal. The Christian population of every sect saw in it the revival of the old Turkish despotism. The *softas* and *ulema* generally bore the head aloft and stalked along with a proud defiant air, as much as to say, "Now you will have to know your places."

Russia alone was glad. She had been patronizing and putting forward this old party in order to make trouble and to snub England.

But England had a representative of too great a personality to be snubbed. Sir Stratford Canning was a man of great intelligence and grasp of intellect, a statesman, a diplomat, and a man of mighty passions.

What he undertook he was not likely to leave unfinished. He had very able associates in the embassy. He saw and drew forth the genius of Sir Austen Henry Layard and the Rawlinsons. He took up this subject of the execution of a man for being a Christian, with fell determination. He succeeded, notwithstanding that the Russian ambassador stood aloof, in forcing the sultan to give his pledge that no Christian apostate should in future be executed. This promise personally given by the sultan will not be openly violated. Moslems who become Christians may be assassinated or executed under false accusation, but Christian Europe will never bear a repetition of that martyrdom. It took hold of the hearts of millions. The Turks now well understood that any repetition of that scene would involve the expulsion of the government from Constantinople.

This measure was carried through by Sir Stratford Canning, under circumstances which to most

men would have worn the aspect of the impossible. The most friendly and liberal Moslems declared it to be wholly beyond the pale of discussion, as it was a sacred law, a religious law, a law of the Koran, and to reverse it would cause a universal revolt. All the foreign embassies finally withdrew from the contest. With Sir Stratford Canning there was no such thing as withdrawal. Eternal right was on his side. His government would have to support him, and he would commit his government and settle the question before there was time to receive instructions. Had the telegraph been in use his position would have been untenable.

He examined the Koran and denied that any such law existed. A fierce theological debate ensued, and the ambassador had the best of the argument. His personal influence too with the young sultan was very great. The law must be revoked or a most solemn official pledge given that it shall never be enforced. Otherwise Christendom, England joining in, would demand a revolution. So it was accomplished, to the joy and astonishment of the world. The Great Elche managed his own government with matchless skill, but as they received the honor they submitted to his imperious leadership.[1]

But the disposition of Islam is not changed.

[1] See Lord Stratford de Redcliffe's Memoirs, vol. i, p. 201 ff.

Death for apostasy is inherent in the faith. Polygamy, concubinage, slavery, divorce, death penalty -- all go together in the social and civil life of Islam.

An incident about this time gave me unnecessary notoriety among the *caïquejies* (boatmen) of the village. I was coming from the city with a Turkish boat in rough weather, and when close to Beshiktash the blade of one oar struck something and broke short off about three feet from the end.

An acquaintance among the Beshiktash boatmen lent him an oar. I made him recover the broken piece. He was so afflicted at the loss that I told him to bring the broken parts to the seminary, and I would mend them. He pronounced it impossible, but I so encased the parts in tin that it excited general admiration, and I think it was a good piece of work. It lasted as long as its mate, to the wonder of the boatmen.

Not long after, another boatman brought me his broken oar, saying no man on earth could mend it but me! I told him I should mend no oars except those broken in my service. I finally took it and mended it, and no more were brought me. It made all the boatmen, however, regard me as a friend, and I always liked to do a kindness to that sort of men.

CHAPTER X.

BEBEK SEMINARY.

WE had now removed (November, 1843) into the great house of Cheleby Yorgaki, once the distinguished merchant of the imperial palace. Dr. Wood had come nobly into the work, and had acquired the language so as to take some of the classes and greatly relieve me. He was to be my able and faithful coadjutor for seven years, when the failing health of Mrs. Wood compelled his return to the United States. He was the Assistant Secretary of the Board for New York and the West, and after some years of highly valued service he returned to the Armenian field in Turkey. We are both now waiting in our old age for another appointment.

We found it necessary to reduce the visiting to some order, and Friday became a general reception day. Our numbers increased to forty, the limit that our resources forced upon us. Our services on the Sabbath still attracted attendants from abroad, and thus the seminary was a place eminently favorable to reach certain minds with gospel truth.

Bebek Seminary.

One Sunday four solid-looking Armenians from Yozgat came to the services. Afterwards they wanted to see me, and had many questions to ask. Years after when Yozgat had an organized Protestant community and church, one of these same men called, and seemed rather surprised that I did not remember him. The work at Yozgat grew out of that visit, he said.

"We then came to you because this new way was so reviled that we suspected it might not be so bad. We saw and felt that you preached the truth. We carried the Bible and books back with us to Yozgat, and everything has followed from that. That was the beginning. A few of us joined together and said, We have the truth and we are going to stand by it. We had persecutions and discussions before any missionary visited us."

The whole missionary work at Constantinople has reached the interior in this way. Its work through the press in translations, authorship, and in editing newspapers, has been for the whole country.

Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Bliss joined the mission and went to Trebizond. Mrs. Bliss was one of my *parishioners* while I was preaching in the Payson church, (1837–38). They were youthful, devoted, cheerful. Through many hard experiences they have borne themselves nobly, heroically, patiently. Harassed

by malarial fevers, they have done the work of healthy, vigorous persons.

The great house I had just entered needed many repairs and changes. I worked very hard, both in the seminary and in the workshop. My letters to my mother show that I did not spare myself. I was *tough*, always tough. However weary, give me a few hours' sleep, and I would be up and at it fresh as ever. As this was a natural physical trait, there was nothing in it to boast of, nothing meritorious, but something to be thankful for.

We had prayers at 5.30 A.M. Students read round in English a long but useful service. I threw in brief remarks as we went along. I offered prayer in Armenian. This exercise occupied from twenty to thirty minutes. Then came the morning recitations till seven; at seven, breakfast. The school reassembled at nine till twelve. Then lunch and recess till two, then study hours to five. Dinner at 5.30 for the school, a little later for ourselves; then an hour with the children; and study again from 7.30 to 9.

What times we used to have after Nettie and Susie were well on their feet, and as one after another joined! The hour was boisterous. The children were always delighted to have me play bear or elephant, or oil merchant, and many other things. With a fur-lined wrapper wrong side out, I would

personate a bear so that the children would rush to their mother for protection. Dear Susie, whose imagination was always too strong for her, would promise to remember all the time that it was nothing but her dear papa; but in my highest bear rage she would rush to her mother with a scream.

The furniture would get knocked round some, but the mamma was always tolerant of this sport. The children always thought it too short, but it did them good, and certainly it did their papa good. Blind man's buff was resorted to in our large hall when we had suitable company to enlarge the circle. No shadows of a great grief had then come over us. Life was gay. After this brief refreshment, I was in the study hall till nine always, hearing one or two classes whose next recitation would be at eleven the next day. Three days a week I had a lecture at two P.M., with experiments. It demanded no little time and labor to prepare for these lectures. They were always attended with interest. My course in chemistry was probably the only one at that time given in the great capital, outside of the medical college. Some of the students took hold of the study with extraordinary interest.

At nine o'clock I returned to my family — the children all locked in sleep, and sometimes the wearied mother, who was quite as busy in her duties

as I in mine. But when Bebek began to have English and American families, evening calls had to be arranged for; and it was understood that, any evening at nine, we should have a cup of tea at which we should rejoice always to welcome our friends. The practice continued for many years, and when I came to this country, it was a great social loss to me. I tried to reëstablish it here, but in vain. Circumstances had all changed. It was for years the happiest hour of the day. At ten we retired. I spent an hour at my correspondence, and at eleven or half-past I was ready for sleep.

My health was good, with the exception of a sick headache about once a month, which was awful. Then always blue pill followed by castor oil! Ugh! For twenty years I have hardly had an attack of that kind. Wife has taken that part of life all to herself.

As I have said, the great house into which we had entered needed many repairs, and the money was short. I labored a great deal with my hands in all sorts of things. I do not think it was the best use of time. I often felt it, and felt unhappy about it, but there seemed to be a necessity to which I yielded with all my might. I was to remain in this great house, with the exception of the unhappy Clark episode, till 1860. Then I went into the Robert College enterprise, the seminary having been removed to

Marsovan. The abandoned house became the cradle of Robert College, 1863–71.

How shall I consider this portion of my life, containing all my deepest experiences and hardest labors? I cannot go on chronologically in the form of a diary. It would be wearisome to myself and to you. You want to know what I have done, suffered, and enjoyed, and what I have attempted to do, with failures and successes. I shall therefore freely delineate certain lines of labor in education, and in many side issues into which I was drawn by force of circumstances.

In this new building there was space, with certain repairs and changes, to have by our estimate forty-two students boarders, with separate rooms for the family. It was a noble building — its framework of massive oak, its rooms large and airy, and its spacious halls capable of excellent uses by division walls. The number filled up faster than we intended or wished, but the course of study was reduced to system; the attainment of the English language was made prominent; there was a thorough course in mathematics, physics, chemistry, natural and moral philosophy. (Ethics and psychology were not in so common use as now). Bible study was a daily exercise. History and geography were seized hold of with earnestness.

An able and accomplished professor of the Arme-

nian language and literature was always employed. One's native language, his mother tongue, must be his chief instrument of thought and expression. Our course gave a great impulse to the cultivation of the Armenian language. We found it clay and iron, and we left it gold. I only claim that the seminary at Bebek had a part and an honorable part in the renaissance of the language. The entire influence of the mission went in that direction.

Our students were generally poor. They were not from the poorest families, but from those who had adopted openly evangelical principles to the great injury of their worldly affairs. Some were young men of eighteen to twenty, who had themselves renounced the follies and idolatries of their church, and were cast out by their own relatives. They were polite and deferential. These qualities are natural to the Oriental. But they all needed training, discipline, instruction, and the development of a good conscience before God and before man. Very few of them had personal religion. They had thrown off many errors, they had not "put on Christ." There were a few admirable young Christians of eighteen or twenty to twenty-one in the community, but they were all married. That love of early marriage was almost unbroken, and it deprived us of the best students we should have had.

From the first we took what came. Indeed, there was no alternative. But some of those hopeless cases were converted, and they have led noble Christian lives, so that our work has not been in vain in the Lord. Some of the most useful and devoted pastors have come into service in this way; but many proved unfit for direct missionary work, and some became enemies to the cross. All this was to be expected.

The first student who entered was a motherless youth whose father was going into the interior, whence he never returned. The boy, Toros, was not lacking in intelligence, but he developed no characteristics that promised usefulness in missionary work. As a direct missionary investment he was a failure. Such losses have to be encountered in every Christian work. And yet he was by no means wholly a loss. I found a place for him as a dragoman to Mr. John Hague, a distinguished English engineer in the Sultan's employ. Mrs. Hague, an earnest Christian woman, did much to shape his course. He finally became chief dragoman in the naval arsenal, had the title, rations, pay, and uniform of a colonel, married into a respectable Armenian family, was always an earnest advocate of education, and was a respectable and useful man. I am glad to give his photograph as the first student that entered the Bebek Seminary.

Besides the work of teaching, lecturing, and preaching, I had considerable work to do with the pen. Not long after the seminary was opened, the Jesuits, with less of sagacity than they usually display, began to attack us with the pen. They published a series of tracts accusing the Protestants and their religion of everything base and criminal. For months we took no notice of them, but I became convinced that they were making a bad impression, and the station approved of my proposal to write a book, "Papists and Protestants." One object was to exhibit Romanism as viewed by distinguished Romanists, and to make small use of Protestant testimony. I had Sarpi's History of the Council of Trent, Pascal's Provincial Letters, the writings of Michelet, and many others, including a history of the Jesuit expulsions from Europe and the real questions of the Reformation. The place which the Scriptures held in our evangelical system of faith was clearly stated and the chief doctrines of salvation. The history of the introduction of the doctrine of Transubstantiation was ventilated, and many other errors of the Romish Church. The Jesuits did not reply to it. They saw their error in provoking public discussion.

The book was printed at the press of M. de Castro. Being a Jew and a foreigner, he cared

nothing for the Jesuits. They attempted to incite the Turkish government to forbid its publication, but a word from Sir Stratford Canning set the matter right. Non-Protestant Armenians read the book with avidity to find arguments against the papal missionaries. "Henderson of Park," the Glasgow millionaire and Christian philanthropist, had it published in Armeno-Turkish, and it was read with equal interest in that language.

An Armenian banker whom I met incidentally on board a steamboat said that our missionary publications had armed them against the Catholic missionaries, who had begun to make a great impression. He was not a Protestant, but he would say that we had saved the nation from Rome. I have heard this confession very often made. I wrote also a number of tracts, the longest on "The Mediatorship of Christ." I wrote besides a pretty severe criticism on a book by Archbishop Matteos, "Catholicos of Etchmiadzin." The translated title would be: "The good man and the good Christian." It was a weak, windy thing, full of contradictions, anachronisms, misstatements, heresies, libels, and I did not spare him. His own people did not reverence him greatly, and they laughed at the predicaments I thrust him into. I showed him up as a heretic to his own church. It broke entirely the hurtful influence of his book.

I gave much time to the translation of text-books for Armenian schools. Baron Ghazaros was my right-hand man. As there was no work on mental philosophy, I proposed the translation of Upham. I considered it the best to begin with. President Porter, of Yale, when I asked him what work he would advise for a beginning, replied at once: "Upham." I had carried Baron Ghazaros, one of my favorite scholars, through the book as a study. When we began the translation, he read a portion into Armenian for me, that any doubtful point might be made plain. Then he wrote out the translation and read it to me carefully, sentence by sentence, I holding the original and insisting upon clear statements. We kept a list of such terms as were doubtful or had not yet a philosophical meaning. All proposed changes were noted, and so the work went through its first stage. Then a clear copy was made and the whole carefully examined a second time. The labor was great, but an excellent text-book on a science new to the Armenian mind and one of unspeakable value was obtained. In later years Baron Ghazaros revised it, and added Upham on the Will. It is published as his translation.

Another text-book was Wayland's Moral Philosophy. A third was an arithmetic, mental and written, accommodated to Turkish coins and weights and

measures. This was published in Armenian and Armeno-Turkish. Murekelam, a persecuted Protestant, cut the plates for illustrations on boxwood. I paid him well, but could have made better myself; the cuts were rude things.

But the arithmetic went beyond missionary schools. I presented a copy of the Armeno-Turkish to Ahmet Vefyk Effendi when he was minister of public instruction. He seemed greatly interested, and said it was just what the Turkish schools needed, and he would get hold of the Armenian character, and transfer the book to the Turkish character. He afterward told me he had ten thousand copies struck off in the government press and sent to the *mudirs* of a province, with orders to put them in the schools and collect the price (5 ps. I think), and return it so that another ten thousand could be sent out.

All the missionary translations are made in this way. The assistant translator, chosen for his mastership of a clear idiomatic style, gives the form; the missionary watches over the exact meaning. When the two differ, the point is noted, and laid aside for a future and thorough consideration.

I look back upon what I did through the press as of some permanent value in the intellectual and spiritual changes then taking place.

On entering the great house of Cheleby Yorgaki,

1843, the number of students increased, and an evil which had all along troubled me became intolerable. It was the proper clothing of the students. A few of them could clothe themselves and were no trouble. The greater part were dependent upon charity. The principle established by the mission was to charge $100 a year for board and tuition, for ten months, to those who were able to pay. We had a few of this class who came a few terms, to get hold of the English language. They were an incidental part of our work, but they were channels for the truth to enter many households.

At least three fourths of the students were shabbily dressed. They were either from poor families, or they were outcasts from well-to-do families by persecution. The great anathema burst upon the evangelicals in 1846, but the preceding six or seven years were years of a great deal of active persecution. In many instances young men of eighteen to twenty-one abandoned everything in order to get an education in our seminary. They were at least patriotic, and they fervently desired to do something for the emancipation of their people.

There was no regular system in the clothing department, for every one must look out for himself. Some were quite successful, others were quite contented and studious in rags. An excellent English

traveler left ten pounds (fifty dollars) to relieve the most necessitous. Never was a gift so blest. It seemed to reclothe the whole school, for by leveling up the worst cases the whole became respectable.

At another time a poor fellow had a very unwise gift of twenty-five dollars. He immediately blossomed out as the *dude* of the seminary. Some laughed at him; others, I suppose, envied him. As the sources of supply were various and accidental, partly in money, partly in clothing, more or less useful, I could not equalize the thing so as to make all contented. I did favor the industrious and earnest students, openly and upon principle, but this was regarded as favoritism rather than the just reward of labor performed.

I had done something on a small scale to give students and other necessitous persons, made so by persecution and boycotting, industrial employment, and with success. I finally came to the resolution to establish, if I could get the needed money, a workshop for the students, in which every one should be able to earn enough to clothe himself decently, and I would allow no more aid to be given through me, and I would announce the fact as widely as possible. The mission could not be called on for the money to organize the workshop, but I obtained contributions to the amount of forty pounds from the

English mechanics and engineers who were in government employ at Macri Keuy.

I had very pleasant relations with that body of men; and the government scheme which brought them to Constantinople was so grand and so futile, so impossible, and yet so desirable, so lavish of money and engineering talent, and yet so barren of results, that it is worth sketching. It may be taken as a good example of the many frantic efforts made by the Turkish government to introduce the industries and manufacturing establishments of Europe.

The plan was to have a great woolen mill established at Nicomedia, a cotton mill at Macri Keuy, west of Constantinople, where also were to be great machine shops for manufacturing everything that is made of wood and of metal, but first of all for making steam engines, iron steamers, iron bridges, etc. One great English head engineer and a corps of master workmen for every department were brought out pell-mell from England.

Had success been possible in this mad scheme, the chief engineer, Mr. John Hague, of Southampton, was the genius to secure it. He was a man of varied attainments, wide experience, of great inventive skill, wonderful in resource, exact in scientific knowledge, in chemistry and mineralogy as well as in mechanical engineering. He had made and lost for-

tunes in great undertakings, but like many men of genius he cared comparatively little for money. He would have had nothing but for the excellent wife who took care for him and who had administrative talent of a high order. He was a man of humble piety, of genuine modesty, of no pretension, and of sterling integrity. I must not stop to sketch other members of this remarkable body of English workmen.

But I must not pass over the Dadians or Baroutchi Bashis. This later designation, which simply means the heads of the powder makers, gives us their introduction into nearly all other government enterprises. They were brothers — bold, skillful, daring, energetic men, whose distinction consisted in knowing how to handle men. Every man has his price was one of their principles, and they found few men whom they could not bend to their purpose. They knew how to make themselves necessary to the Turkish government. If anything were to be done in haste, they were the men who could command the means for accomplishing the work.

The elder brother, Hohannes, was a man of dignified bearing, of pleasing address. Boghos, the younger, was a rollicking, jovial fellow, but of unfathomable craft. They had already acquired vast wealth, although they had salaries ridiculously small.

Not many months after my arrival in Turkey, I dined at the house of Boghos with our minister, Commodore Porter. The manners of our host were free but gross; his display of luxury surprised me.

These were the two men under whom Mr. Hague was to carry forward the gigantic enterprise. He saw at once that his post would be untenable. He told me that the place chosen for the cotton mill, print works, and great machine shops, would insure the failure of the enterprise. He could not conceive it possible that the leading object of these two Armenian chiefs, and of all the pashas and Turks connected with them, was to plunder the government of millions. Mr. Hague made himself obnoxious to the Dadians by his attempts to shield the government from outrageous robbery. Finally, after three or four years, they got rid of him, although he had an excellent contract, and the government had to sweat for breaking it. I may mention further on my last interview with the Hagues in Southampton.

About two hundred of these mechanics, some of them with their wives, were domiciled at Macri Keuy and neighborhood, wherever they could find a place. I used to go down to Macri Keuy about once a month to preach to those who would assemble at Mr. Hague's house. Intemperance was making havoc of some of the men because they had great wages,

cheap *raki*, and nothing to do. Their departments were not yet ready for them. It was said that during the first two years thirteen died of delirium tremens. I preached teetotalism to them in vain. They would not sign away their liberty. In despair I resolved to try the naked Word of God. I collected and wrote out all the passages of Scripture I could find in the Old and New Testaments bearing on temperance and intemperance. This took effect. We formed a society, and it saved at least some from a drunkard's grave.

I was in England in 1856, some eight years or more after the last of these workmen had returned. At the close of a public meeting in Bristol, a gentleman came forward and saluted me very warmly, and said: "I was the engraver of those copper cylinders that you examined with so much interest at Macri Keuy. You had a hard field among us Englishmen, but I want to have you know that your teachings led me to a Christian life. I am now a member of a Wesleyan church."

It was at the same time and place that I met the daughter of Captain Crathorn, and received her testimony already noticed.

One of my Sunday visits to Macri Keuy has left the memory of some hours of great distress to myself and family. It was a hot day, and I deter-

mined to start for home as late as possible, to avoid the excessive heat. I had a two-hour ride on the horse, and then a boat row on the Bosphorus of one and one half hours from the Golden Horn. I looked at my watch when I thought it must be time to start, but it said three o'clock. I made myself easy for two hours more, but it had been well had I started then. It was already half an hour past the time. When I found the mistake, I started in great consternation. I had a most miserable horse, that preferred any amount of beating I could give him to moving out of his own gait.

I arrived at the boating place where my caique was to wait long after dark. The caiqueji had concluded that I was staying all night, and, a northern breeze springing up which would make his passage up the Bosphorus laborious, he wisely hastened for home. When I arrived it was blowing a gale. I could neither find him, nor would any other boatman put out under such circumstances. I crossed to Tophana with great difficulty. Nothing could be found there, and I made for home, on foot, five or six miles over cobblestone pavements in the dark. But I had to have a lantern, or the first guardhouse would arrest me and keep me till morning. Luckily I obtained a lantern and a piece of candle in a coffee shop at Tophana, but one glass was entirely gone

and another in part. The light was blown out before I had gone a hundred steps. When I came to a guardhouse, I marched straight up to it and lighted my lantern. I did so at every guardhouse—Dolma-Bagtchi, Beshektash, Koroucheshmé, Arnaoutkeuy, and Bebek. The plan succeeded perfectly. I had a lantern; they could not deny that; but all the good it did me was to keep me from arrest. In that raging wind I could not keep it from speedy extinction. Well, I reached home about midnight. Henrietta and Susie were on the sofa where they had cried themselves to sleep. I found afterwards that their dear mother had wept with them. Students had been out all the evening, all along the Bosphorus, and could get no news of me or of my caïqueji. He had put in somewhere to wait for the morning. The inference was that I was lost.

How many such anxieties did we pass through into light and boundless joy and gratitude to God!

Of all those vast works which cost the government about five million pounds, only the woolen mill at Nicomedia and the print works at Macri Keuy survived. The vast machine shops brought forth the engines for an iron steamer, and a few other things were made and then the works were closed. Had they been located at the naval arsenal, where Mr. Hague insisted

they should be, much of the vast expenditure would have gone into work. *Revenons à nos moutons.*

When I placed before these English workmen my plan for an industrial annex to the seminary, which should enable and compel the students to clothe themselves, they were interested in the plan. The sum I asked — forty pounds — they thought very reasonable, and they made it up among themselves. I think Mr. Hague gave five pounds, and others gave one or two pounds, ten shillings, five shillings, and so on. Having this sum, I ordered what tools I needed, and I proceeded to fix up a workshop in the basement of our great house, where there was an admirable opportunity for such a shop. The students all knew for what I was preparing, and were very ready to fall in with the plan.

Our first work was upon sheet iron stoves and stovepipe, articles coming into use, and during the three months of November, December, and January, in very brisk demand. The use of stovepipe was enormous, owing to the fact that at that date (1844), there were no chimneys to the houses, except to the kitchens, which were always as far in the rear as possible. I worked with the boys an hour every morning, another at noon, and often another at night. The enterprise was a gratifying success from the beginning. Besides stovepipes

and sheetiron stoves, there were ash pans, bakers, fire shovels, and various other household things in tin and iron, which the boys with a little instruction could easily make. Some of them became in a short time more skillful than their teacher, for I had no special knowledge or skill in these crafts.

Some gratifying results followed from this industrial enterprise. The students were all completely and neatly clothed, and as the result of their own labor; and as there was nothing but that labor to look to in the future, they expended their money carefully and to the best advantage.

There was more of order and of devotion to study than ever before. I became fully convinced that two or three hours' work every day, leaving Saturday afternoon free for recreation, was promotive of studious habits, of good morals, and manly character. This industry went on very successfully for a few years, but it was an innovation, and like all innovations, whether good or bad, had to meet with opposition. It was objected by some that it would secularize the minds of the students, and that the getting hold of these industries would divert them to a worldly life. I was on the contrary fully convinced that a certain degree of industrial education is desirable in all schools of learning. The opportunity for training in certain industries should, if

possible, be given. Extend a good laboratory but a little, and you may have a small foundry, blacksmithing, and carpentry. Is there not true knowledge gained, as well as skill, in these simple and useful processes? When I have succeeded in doing some entirely new thing, I have been as much delighted with the knowledge I had gained as with the success of the work.

I had one very skillful student, whose remarkable course I will here give. It will answer a number of questions that have occasionally been asked me as to capacity and the elevation and purity of Christian character among evangelical Christians of the Orient.

His name was Zenope. The circumstances of his early life were not favorable to the character which he formed. His mother died a year or two before he came to the seminary. His father, of repute as a teacher and a really interesting man, was a victim to intemperance. He brought Zenope to the school to save him. His address to the boy and to me on taking leave was tearful and pathetic. He went to some place in the interior and died there. The son could never refer to him without tears. Zenope was a quiet, studious, and amiable youth, making regular progress but giving no signs of anything remarkable. I think he had been about two years in the seminary

before he began to take hold of divine truth as a matter of deep personal interest. He then seemed to be taught of the Spirit. He began the systematic study of the Bible. He gave an hour to it every morning. He made diligent use of my Cruden's Concordance. He was intent upon comparing Scripture with Scripture, and seeing every proof text in its own setting. He became a disciple — a disciple of Christ as his Lord and Master, to whom he consecrated his life and all his powers as a reasonable service.

It was the study of chemistry that brought out the first signs of genius. He was excited by seeing what wondrous powers lay hidden quiescent in nature. The experiments interested him intensely. He studied them. He tried them over again and always discovered something new. Whatever money he earned he spent in chemicals. He had his own way of silvering and gilding, by which he earned something for further use. He came to me one day, and asked if I could tell him a mixture for Ramazan torpedoes (pebbles covered with an explosive mixture). Every Turkish boy in the month of Ramazan has his pocket full. He hurls them along the cobblestone pavement, and they go cracking along at every impact. I asked him what he wanted to do. He replied: "The poor carpenter Carabet wants to

return to his village on the Euphrates. He has not money enough for his expenses. If I knew that mixture, I could find beautiful pebbles, and now, as Ramazan is near, he could sell them easily."

I told him there must be phosphorus, chlorate of potassa, etc., but I would advise him not to play with explosives; if he did, he must do it only in the fire-proof laboratory. The next day I saw his fingers bound up; he had suffered from an explosion. About three days after, I saw the poor carpenter with a *zembil* of torpedoes, as many as he could carry. I tried one; it was excellent. In a short time he sold enough to carry him to the Euphrates.

I felt sure that God meant Zenope to be a manufacturing chemist. The Jesuits had an establishment at St. Benoit on Galata, which furnished a very large amount of drugs to the empire. If the Protestant Armenians could get hold of that industry, it would bring them great relief. I wrote to Sir Austen Henry Layard, then in England, and always a friend to our educational efforts, telling him of Zenope, and asking him, if possible, to find him a place. In due time he wrote me that he had found a most excellent chance for him with a large manufacturer of drugs, a very good and wealthy Wesleyan Methodist, who at once took an interest in the case and said: "If the young man is as Dr. Hamlin represents him, he shall

have every chance I can give him. If he proves worthy, we 'll see if we can't have a plant in Constantinople that shall surpass the Jesuits." "Your student may think himself fortunate," added Mr. Layard, "for a thousand pounds would not open such a career to the son of an Englishman."

I thought, with deep and joyful emotion, that surely here is a career of usefulness, influence, wealth, and honor opened to this youth, singularly adapted to his genius and character. I had not hinted to him my project until it was complete. I called him to my study, and laid it all before him. I was confounded, disappointed, and struck with admiration at the result. He was affected even to tears.

He said: "You are my father, but I cannot accept it. When I knew Christ as my Saviour, I made a covenant with him that if he would help me through, I would devote my life as a teacher to my poor countrymen, the Armenians."

I reasoned with him that a covenant could be broken in the letter and kept in the spirit, and I thought he would do far more for his country in this career than in any other.

He thanked me warmly but said: "My life is fixed; I cannot change."

I exhorted him to think it all over, to pray over it,

to ask divine guidance, and I would drop the subject for the present and see him again.

There was an absorbed and anxious look to his countenance in that intermediate time. I saw there was a struggle within. But when I called him for another talk, I found him unshaken. He recognized the splendor of the opportunity, but he had sworn unto the Lord, and he would not go back. I have met with no rarer instance of Christian firmness and self-denial. He went to Aintab as a teacher on a very small salary. He lived but six or seven years. His name and influence still live in all that region. He prepared the way for Aintab College. "When He maketh up his jewels" Zenope will not be left out. He surely was neither corrupted nor secularized by the industries of the seminary. I have an atmospheric pressure coffeepot made by him, which I keep sacred, as also my Cruden, well worn by him. Thou wilt hail my coming, Zenope, should I reach the banks of the River of Life.

I have already mentioned the fact that most of our students were poor. They were, however, intelligent youth; the breath of a new era had breathed upon them, and they were determined at all costs to obtain the education that would prepare them for it. Some made great sacrifices to attain that end, but for courage and invincible perseverance I have known

of no one to exceed Stepan and Simon. The two were from the same region, and at the age of fifteen or so their parents sent them to the convent of Moosh, to be *pokravores* of the abbot, and finally priests, or vartabeds. *Pokravore* means little fellow, inferior, underling. Every head of a convent is in duty bound to have theological students in training for the ministry. This good system has so degenerated that these students now become pokravores, and are chiefly servants of the abbot.

Stepan and Simon were quiet boys, accustomed to strict obedience, but they were not satisfied with their teaching. Plenty of chanting to do in the chapel, which they liked, and of waiting upon the abbot, or vartabed, which they did not like. If they did not suit him he called them *eshek* (jackass). They had been about two years in the convent, and they sometimes said to one another: "What sort of priests are we going to be?" At that time they heard, from a merchant who had visited the great capital, that a school had been established by some learned and pious foreigners for teaching the *theology of the Bible.*

"Halloo!" they said; "here is what we want; let us go and find it." And off they went, some commending their pious resolve and some denouncing. They must travel some two or three hundred miles on foot, begging their way, and sleeping wherever

they could find a refuge. The people of the East, Christians and Mohammedans, are hospitable; the boys would not suffer, except in a rain storm among the mountains, which may God avert! Arrived at Trebizond, there was the Black Sea to cross, say five hundred miles. A great crowd of Armenians are always going by the great English and Austrian steamers, the only ones then known, and the Lord gave them grace in the eyes of their countrymen, who took up a contribution and paid their fare.

Landing at Constantinople, they went, in their honest simplicity, direct to the Armenian Patriarch, and, kneeling before him and kissing the hem of his garment, told him briefly from whence they came and for what purpose.

"My beloved sons," he replied, "you have accomplished a wonderful journey, and it shall be remembered in the great day for the pardon of your sins; but that school I examined and found nothing good in it but the name, so I closed it, and sent the hypocritical heretics home to their own country. But you shall not lose your reward. I am just sending a very learned and pious vartabed to your convent; you will return with him, and he will teach you all things. You will have three days to rest, and my servants will care for you, and the vartabed will pay all your expenses back."

Bitterly disappointed, but full of admiration and gratitude at this most gracious reception, they enjoyed such refined hospitalities as they had never seen before, and in three days set out on their return.

The evening before reaching the convent, the vartabed coolly said to them, "His holiness told you a great lie about that school. The day before we left I spent the afternoon with Mr. Hamlin at Bebek, and we discussed many subjects. But the Patriarch made me responsible for bringing you back, and I could not tell you a word."

For two or three months they were satisfied with their new vartabed, and then everything fell back into the old currents, and they became more discontented than ever.

One day Simon came in and said: "I have found what we shall do. There is an Armenian convent at Jerusalem, or near it, where they are holy and learned and studious. Up! let us go to Jerusalem."

"Jerusalem!" said Stepan. "Is it not four hundred hours distant? Could we get there in two months? Where can we get money? What savage regions shall we pass through? No; our ill-starred journey to Stamboul is more than enough for me."

Both remained firm in their decision, as Armenians are just as apt to do as Americans.

With a sublimity of faith, or ignorance, Simon started off alone. Pilgrims had gone that way, and he would go. He had a list of the chief stations and the Armenian churches, and besides, Koords and Moslems and Yezidees are kind to the poor, and he had nothing to fear. In this he was right. His utter poverty was a better protection than a hundred armed men. But he must trudge through Mesopotamia, Asia Minor, cross the Taurus Mountains, and down through Syria to Jerusalem; and he must encounter storm, malaria, epidemics, and possibly wild beasts. But in his invincible purpose to search out the school where he could study the theology of the Bible, he saw no "lion in the way." Let us leave for the present this poor, humble, ignorant, solitary boy of eighteen, in the heroic pursuit of his ideal, the theology of the Bible, across the wilds of Asia.

Stepan remained sad and solitary in the convent of Moosh. He found no companion to take the place of Simon. As the weeks passed away he became more discontented, and wished heartily that he had gone with Simon. Winter was over, and no news from Simon; he had no doubt died from malaria, cholera, plague, wild beasts, or wilder men, and Stepan resolved to start the second time for Constantinople and to go directly to Bebek, without

listening to any more "lies" of his holiness, the Patriarch. This he accomplished, with much exposure and fatigue, and as before, so now, he found friends to help him along. He came this time direct to Bebek, a sorry-looking, wayworn youth. He introduced himself and stated his purpose, in simple, direct terms, with that natural ease which belongs to all Oriental youth. I always admired it, but it is not easy to explain it. He was, of course, received as a student on trial.

But what of poor Simon on his long, absurd, impossible journey to Jerusalem? He lived to attain his object, very much worn out by the fatigues of the way. He was kindly received, and the convent was proud of being sought from such a distant place and at such cost. But when the brotherhood came to understand that nothing but "the theology of the Bible" would satisfy him, they expelled him as a heretic. He fled to Bishop Gobat, Anglican bishop to the Jews, and told his story.

The good bishop said to him: "Well, well! you have taken a roundabout way, but you are evidently to go to Bebek. I will help you so far as to pay your passage and give you a line of introduction to Mr. Hamlin."

One stormy day — the whole scene lives in my memory — I was watching some athletic sports of

the students under cover along the side of our court, when the gate opened, and a poor fellow, dripping with the rain, in the costume of the distant interior, entered with a porter bearing his bed (a rug) and clothing. I was accustomed to receiving very poor students, but this one looked too forlorn; when suddenly Stepan darted from under cover and clasped him in his arms. Neither had a thought of ever seeing the other. All in the pouring rain, they kissed each other upon both shoulders, and then sought refuge to know each other's history. Through what toils, journeyings, sufferings, dangers, with what courage, perseverance, patience, and trust had they sought that one object! They have been and are faithful pastors of churches.

The skill and industry of the boys became too interesting and attracted too much attention. The Turks considered me specially Satanic, because, as has been stated, all skill and invention, according to their theology, or demonology, come from Satan. Then, too, my Christian brethren feared that I was secularizing the missionary work. It was not liked at the Missionary House. My brother Hannibal, then residing in Boston, heard so many unfriendly criticisms, that he wrote to me, begging me to make a defense of my course which should be published.

I wrote to him a full explanation of my plan, but

refused to have anything published, because I felt sure it would vindicate itself in good results. If it should not, no defense would be of any use. Every new course must be tested, opposed, subjected to many ordeals, that that which cannot be shaken may abide. I appealed to the future against the present.

He sent my letter to our common friend, Rev. Dr. E. A. Lawrence, and the following is an extract from his reply : —

> It is a noble defense of your noble brother's course. And being written in the freedom he could not well use to any but a brother, it discloses the true Christian heroism of his missionary life. The results of his plans will cut pretty severely some who may have laughed or half grieved at what they esteemed his folly. Men who can do one thing at a time, though they may do it well, should be careful not to hinder in his work another who can do *two* equally well. No man at this age, in my view, is laboring more successfully to lay deep foundations in the missionary field than your dear brother. I admire his freshness and faith, and I love his Christlike spirit of self-forgetfulness and humility. The facts ought to be known, and what ought to be done must be done. . . .

So I had it on both sides, honest and severe criticism, and warm, brotherly defense; but I adhered to my purpose to say nothing, unless some formidable public attack should be made. I was

doing, in a poor feeble way, and in only a few cases, what our Saviour did for the lame, the halt, the blind. I had the lamé and the blind, and I resolved to help them in the best way I could and to the extent of my ability, fearing naught.

I knew that some of my associates were not pleased with that workshop. I was too busy, perhaps, to have any time to guard myself against misrepresentations. I knew that Dr. Van Lennep manifested a spirit of very determined opposition to all industrial work in the seminary, as just so much abstracted from learning and piety; but I did not suppose he could have the influence which facts proved that he actually did have. Dr. Anderson expressed fears to Dr. Dwight with regard to the Bebek workshop, and perhaps Dr. Dwight had expressed them to Dr. Anderson. I maintained that Dr. Anderson, being so far away, was not in a position to judge. If I were to live my life over again, I would be more cautious about underestimating "the opposition." I have too often let it go on until a conflict was inevitable.

But, knowing all this, I was surprised at receiving a note from Dr. Dwight, communicating a vote of the station that I close the seminary workshop, sell off the material and the tools, and pay the result into the treasury. I did not attend the station

meetings one half the time. I was six miles distant, and my going sacrificed the best part of a day. Besides, my work was simpler, clearer, and demanded the most constant attention. A seminary is a ship among rocks and shoals and reefs, and the captain must keep his hand on the helm. I always had a feeling of uneasiness when absent a single day.

I considered the vote unjustifiable, but the majority rules, and I resolved upon immediate compliance. The students were astounded and perplexed enough when they saw me dismantling the shop. They sympathized with my little daughter Carrie, one of whose bright sayings was that she "loved the missionaries, but hated the station." I told them to be patient. It would be two or three weeks before I could settle all accounts and have a careful inventory made out for the sale. In the meantime what had been voted down might be voted up.

I then wrote a note to the station, saying that I was surprised at their decision, but that I had immediately begun my preparations for the sale. There would be no difficulty there. I should undoubtedly get from twenty to thirty per cent. advance upon cost, for I had imported tools and materials to great advantage, and what I had could not be found in the market. But as for paying the results into the treasury, I must conscientiously decline. The Board

had never been called upon for a penny, and I must consult such of the donors as I could find, before deciding what to do with the money. But one thing, I said, must now be taken in hand by the station. I have forty-two students. Five or six of them can provide their own clothing without aid. The rest are all more or less dependent, half of them, I should say, absolutely so. I never could administer to their wants satisfactorily. "You know well," I said, "that it was a ragged school, and you sometimes have directed my attention to that fact, as though I did not see it every day. That noble English 'Friend' who left me ten pounds enabled me to level up the worst cases, and never did fifty dollars produce so much respectability. But that wore out in time to rags again, and, worst of all, some of the students felt injured because this one had more, that one less. I cannot attend to this clothing affair without injuring my moral position. Do not expect of me the impossible. I give that department entirely into your hands."

I believe the note was read, and absolute silence followed, until Dr. Goodell, who could never fail of seeing a humorous side, if there were one, burst into a laugh, and moved that Brother Hamlin take his own way to keep out rags.

So the thing passed away. Just how much of

the influence had come from Dr. Anderson I never knew. He was an extremely cautious man, and extremely influential.

My next rebuff was from a very dear and honored friend in Glasgow, Scotland, Mr. Arthur Stoddard. He was a most excellent, earnest, honest man, a man of cultivated mind and of great and successful enterprise, a brother of the Ooroomiah missionary and of all the Stoddards of that day from the old Northampton cradle. They were a noble race.

Mr. Stoddard wrote me what I thought a sharp letter about my secular occupations. Let the shoemaker stick to his last, and let the missionary stick to his spiritual work, etc.

I immediately took my pen, with some warmth, to reply, and I told Mr. Stoddard at the outset that he could not see from Glasgow to Constantinople, and that the only apology for his letter was his absolute ignorance of my work. So soon as I had despatched the letter and it was beyond recall, I said: "What a fool I have been! Why could I not have waited a few days, and then have written him a perfectly kind letter of explanation of my course? Now he will give me in reply a scorching, and so it will go."

I received an immediate reply, confessing that he had misjudged the case entirely — he had full sympathy with my objects and modes of work — and as

words were cheap, he enclosed a check for a hundred pounds (five hundred dollars) to aid me in my "truly Christian enterprise." It proved the true nobility of his nature. We were friends to life's last hour, and among his last earthly deeds was the sending me a check for a thousand dollars, to lighten the burden of age. I had made some encouraging efforts to extend the industries so successful in the seminary to others in want, but the persecution of 1846 opened a large field for labor in this direction.

The Patriarch of the Armenian Church was clothed with supreme spiritual power over all his flock, by virtue of the Imperial Constitution, given by Mehmet the Conqueror, soon after the taking of Constantinople in 1453. Having under him a large Christian population, firmly adherent to their faith, Mehmet wisely resolved to govern them mainly through their spiritual chiefs. He first established the Greek patriarchate, and allowed their bishops to present a candidate for the office whom he approved, and invested with the robes of office with his own hand. At a later date the Armenian patriarchate was established in the same way. This office, while it did not change the ecclesiastical grade of the incumbent, conferred great civil power over his flock. For any spiritual offense he could fine, imprison, or send into exile. In the latter case, the decree of exile had to

bear the seal of the Turkish government, but was very rarely questioned. As spiritual offense was anything opposed to the will of the clergy, the power conferred was immense and dangerous.

It was impossible, therefore, for any Armenian to leave his church. Nor was it possible for any church to be formed, by missionary or other foreign influence, out of the Armenian Church. The attempt to do it would be a crime against the constituted religious organization of the empire. The Catholic Armenian church had been formed in consequence of political commotions, which I cannot here stop to narrate.[1] The result of those commotions should have taught the Armenian Patriarch the fatal reactive power of a general anathema.

But the truth was spreading. Many anti-evangelical ceremonies of the church were being abandoned, as the worship of the pictures of the Virgin Mary and of the saints, auricular confession, absolution, masses for the dead, and many other similar ceremonies.

Moreover, the people had begun to be restive under the rule of the bankers and the ecclesiastical primates. A very excited contest had arisen, in which the people had gained certain rights, which had been seized by this ruling party. This demo-

[1] See Smith and Dwight's Researches, vol. i, ch. 1.

cratic spirit of freedom was extravagantly attributed to the influence of the missionaries, who had nothing directly to do with it. But, above all, Russia pressed the Catholicos[1] of Etchmiadzin to stop the progress of this heresy, and clear the empire of it. The decisive influence came from St. Petersburg through Etchmiadzin.

It was finally decided to utter, with all pomp and ceremony, the great anathema, subjecting all who would not yield absolute obedience to the demands of the church to all the penalties, civil and spiritual, which the great anathema then involved. These were numerous and sweeping. It released all Armenian debtors from obligation to pay to them their debts. It forbade all Armenians to have any intercourse with the anathematized. It took away from every one his guild paper, and closed his shop or store or place of business, whatever it might be. It ejected every man from his house, if owned by an Armenian, and from the Armenian quarter where he was residing. This involved families and individuals in utter financial ruin.

A persecution fund was readily obtained, and their immediate wants were supplied. If, through foreign interference, the trader or the dry-goods dealer or the furrier was able to open a shop, he was boycotted

[1] Catholicos is an ecclesiastial title in the Armenian church. It is the highest title in that church.

so completely that trade, and industrial employments even, became impossible.

The Protestant Church was thus launched upon a stormy sea. The design of the czar to crush Protestantism and utterly destroy it by the great anathema was the occasion of its establishment as one of the legal and protected religions of the empire. His serenity could not have been promoted by knowing the fact that this subversion of his favorite plan of excluding Protestantism from Turkey had been caused by that Englishman whom, above all others, he feared and hated — Sir Stratford Canning. Canning had once been appointed English embassador to St. Petersburg and Nicholas refused to receive him, giving no reason but his imperial will. England immediately gave the Russian embassador in London his passports, and diplomatic intercourse for a time was reduced to consular agencies. Canning opposed and thwarted the plans of Nicholas in Turkey with supreme skill and power.

Popular persecution continued for years after formal freedom had been secured. The lowest classes often exhibited the intensest hatred to the new sect. Its members stood the many wrongs and persecutions with wonderful firmness and Christian fortitude and patience, and they increased in numbers. Churches sprang up wherever there was

faithful missionary labor. In some places there was great suffering, in others comparative freedom from violence and wrong. But, all along, the truth has gained against the united opposition of the great majority of the people, and now (in 1893) there are about one hundred and fifty Protestant churches in all the empire, including Egypt and European Turkey. The work has proved to have the divine leaven that diffuses itself — it is the grain of mustard seed becoming a tree.

I look back with great interest to the first Protestant burial from the membership of the much-hated and persecuted church. The deceased was a Mr. Oscan, by far the oldest member at the formation. I had always admired his venerable and dignified person. His tall form, his fine countenance, and his white beard and hair, would attract every eye in any assembly. I suppose him to have been eighty or past, when he made his public confession of the faith he had long cherished. He was then in failing health. He had lost property and position among his people, but he poured forth his expressions of joy and gratitude that he had lived to see the first evangelical church among the Armenians, and he looked forward to the spread of the gospel through the empire. This was his death song. In a few

weeks he began to fail, and he departed in peace and hope.

The event was waited for by the persecutors. The roughs boasted that his body should never be buried; they would seize it when carried out to burial, tie a rope to the feet, and drag it through the streets of the city. It was an occasion of great anxiety and alarm. We apprehended that a mob of thousands might assemble. All the male members of the church and many evangelicals, not members, to the number of between one and two hundred, assembled both to honor the dead and guard his remains. Our minister resident, Mr. Carr, sent the dragoman to the chief of police and governor of that side of the Bosphorus, to inform him of the threats of the mob to seize the body and drag it through the streets. He listened with Mussulman gravity and simply replied: "*Inshallah bouile bir shay etmei jeckler*" (If it please God, they will do no such thing).

This was quite satisfactory, and he sent sixteen *cavasses* to guard the procession. Our minister and his aids were out on horseback with considerable display. The procession moved silently through the Grand Rue of Pera, attracting great attention. The brethren bore the casket, the pastor walked in front carrying a large Bible, the missionaries were with the rear of the column, mixed in with the

brethren. The street was lined with a curious crowd on both sides, and one could hear various remarks in various languages, such as: "This is the new sect of Armenians." "No crosses, no candles, no chants." "Sixteen cavasses! By Gemini! the government is going to protect them anyhow!" "*Ils sont de braves hommes,*" said a Frenchman, meaning: "They are a very decent-looking set," etc.

The point of anxiety was reached when we passed the Taxim into the open, and there would be nearly half a mile of exposure to the mob. There was no mob there. Evidently the police had dispersed them or prevented their assembling. They were really collected in the gorge on our left, out of sight.

As we approached the grave, we saw a multitude surrounding it, but there were three or four bodies of the Turkish troops going through with their daily drill. They were on every side of the grave. Dr. Dwight remarked: "This noise of fife and drums will prevent our funeral service from being heard, but we had better have noise and safety than the assault of a mob." The body was placed by the grave, and the pastor, the Rev. Absalom Hachadourian, stood upon the bank of earth to begin his service, and instantly the music ceased. The multitude believed that this new sect was infidel; that they were disciples of Voltaire. As they had rejected

the ceremonies of their old religion, it was said they had no religion.

The pastor saw his opportunity not only with the multitude but with those Turkish soldiers, and he broke forth in Turkish with a powerful voice: "We evangelical Armenians believe in the immortality of the soul and in the resurrection of the dead — they that have done good unto the resurrection of life, and they that have done evil unto the resurrection of condemnation." Continuing, he uttered a brief confession of faith, read some passages from the Bible with brief remarks, the soldiers evidently giving profound attention. A prayer was offered, the casket placed in the grave, the grave rapidly filled up, the earth smoothed over and sprinkled with water, the pastor lifted up his hands and pronounced the benediction, and instantly the military music burst forth on every side. It was as profoundly impressive as though the angel of the Lord had come down on guard. Were the troops accidentally there? Or was it so planned as to *seem* accidental and yet most effectively overawe the mob? "If it please God, they will do no such thing."

We formed the procession again, and were returning to the city full of gratitude and admiration, when suddenly there burst up from that gorge, as from the bottomless pit, a howling mob of roughs to the num-

ber of many hundreds, — some considered them a thousand, — hurling stones and brickbats with such insane fury that they all went over our heads. The sixteen cavasses formed in line, with naked scimeters, and prevented the mob from rushing on us. They skirted along for some distance, and the stones fell thick among us. "Keep far apart, brethren," said Dr. Dwight; "give open spaces for the stones; don't run, take long steps; in three or four minutes we 'll reach the Taxim."

Dr. Dwight was hit a glancing blow on the left shoulder; one brother was knocked down, but they picked him up and marched him right along, and some few others, four or five perhaps, were hit, but no one was seriously injured. When I think of the stones I saw hurtling through the air, our escape seems wonderful. I think that nine tenths of the stones went over us, and nine tenths of the other tenth fell in the open spaces. We reached the Taxim, where we entered again the Grand Rue of Pera. Our sixteen cavasses formed in our rear and stopped the mob. The brethren quietly dispersed to their homes, and our venerated and beloved brother Oscan slept in peace.

There was one way of relief to the persecuted and boycotted evangelical Armenians. At that date

Rev. H. G. O. Dwight, D.D.

foreigners enjoyed peculiar privileges in establishing business of their own outside the guilds, and they could employ whomsoever they pleased, being answerable to the government for their employés. The success of our workshop enabled me to give various employments to the most necessitous of men with families, who had not been able to obtain any work. I established one man in the manufacture of camphene as a burning fluid, in which he was very successful. Others were employed in setting up the stoves and using the stove pipe manufactured by our students. This was a very profitable employment during the months of November, December, and January. The impression of honesty as belonging peculiarly to these evangelicals was made apparent by the following incident: —

One of these Protestant artisans, who had set up a number of stoves in the great *konak* of a Turkish effendi, near Bebek, came to me and said the steward of the effendi would pay him only half his bill. I examined the bill, and found it in every respect correct, the prices being in all cases such as had been established among us, and were to be adhered to. I advised him to return, and tell the *kapogee* (doorkeeper) that he had business with the effendi, and not to call the steward.

He did so, and stated his case to the effendi, who

called the steward and told him to pay the bill in full, and in future, if he had any business with these Protestants, not to question the correctness of their accounts. "For," said he, "these Protestants do not overcharge and cheat like other men, but they are just, and speak the truth!"

The steward accordingly paid the bill; and generally our men found the Turks remarkably ready to trust their word; often saying, "We know you are honest, and therefore we do not question your accounts." They often added: "You do not worship pictures like the rest."

Here was a point of sympathy between the Protestants and the Turks which often secured to them protection and other important favors.

The experience of the years 1843–48 convinced me that something more should and could be done to get the unemployed Protestants into active labor for their own support. Nothing demoralizes a Christian man sooner than idleness. It is true, in the case of these Protestants, it was enforced idleness. They were willing to work; but all work was organized, and they were outside of the organization. The case of Hovesep the cutler will illustrate the state of things at that time.

He was an industrious and skillful man, who had a mother and two sisters to support, and he said to

them : "Let us die rather than become beggars and live on charity."

He became partially insane. He fancied he was changed to stone, and would not speak or even wink for hours. I went to him and I said: "Baron Hovesep, I have work for you at Bebek. Will you come to-morrow morning? I will give you twelve piastres a day." He was internally glad, but then, he was stone, and it would be highly improper for stone to speak. At length with slow and stony accents he replied : "No money for passage." So I paid him a day's wages in advance, doubting if he would come.

He came, however, and in a few days became cheerful and well. His mental balance was fully restored. I furnished him employment for two or three months, and found him a faithful, intelligent Christian man, whose face it was always pleasant to see in the street or elsewhere. A few months passed; he had expended all his gains, had found no work, and was becoming mentally unhinged again.

I sent for him and showed him an American rat trap of simple construction, and said to him : "If there are thirteen hundred thousand inhabitants in Constantinople, there are thirteen hundred millions of rats. Go to ! make rat traps, and live."

He rejected the idea as impracticable; but he consented to work with me that Saturday afternoon,

as I had no seminary duties, and with some difficulty we made a first-rate rat trap.

"Now," I said, "Baron Hovesep, go call Hohannes the carpenter, who is out of work like yourself. Let him make the woodwork and put them together, and you prepare the other parts."

"Yes," said he, somewhat scornfully; "you and I, Reverend, have made one trap in a whole afternoon. If I could make one alone in a day, it would bring me only eight piastres (thirty-two cents); then I shall lose time in selling, and I must pay for the material. I could make, perhaps, four piastres a day clear. We are four persons, four cents a day to each one! No; we had better die, and done with it."

I showed him where his reasoning was wrong. I would advance him the capital for one hundred traps; then he should begin upon one piece, make that right off for the one hundred traps, as fast as possible, and so with every piece.

He and Hohannes reluctantly made the trial, and were surprised at the result. I hired an excellent place for them in Galata. They gave the traps to Jewish boys to sell, and they could not supply the demand. They took two other unemployed men, and finally eight persons found self-supporting work in the rat-trap factory. There was no part of the city or suburbs where I would not meet those Jewish boys

crying up those "Boston rat traps." The industry answered an excellent purpose. It cured Hovesep and saved a worthy family from great distress. It helped others also, and tided them all over to better days.

Then the problem opened full and clear to my own mind. A large portion of the poor and persecuted community could be saved from poverty and forced idleness only by securing to them industries beyond the reach of their enemies. How the problem was solved will appear as we proceed. Various other industries were established, with more or less success, as bookbinding, printing, and an association for making a certain kind of prints for women's headdresses (*faciolas*), but they were not sufficient to meet the case.

In discussing with one of the native brethren the condition of the community, we found twelve heads of families who had failed in every effort to get employment that would secure a living. There were some others without families, but these were first to be considered. We discussed every industry we could think of, but nothing could be started without capital, and we had nothing but naked labor. Never before did I see how absolutely necessary are labor and capital to each other, and what a blessing the man of capital may be to the unemployed.

CHAPTER XI.

THE SEMINARY AND A NEW ENTERPRISE.

ONE industry had often attracted my attention, that of changing wheat into bread. We had a population of one million three hundred thousand, a splendid wheat market. The Danube, South Russia, and the Sea of Azof poured in the finest wheat of the world. But here in this capital all the grinding was done by horse power. It was popularly said that there were ten thousand horse mills and bakeries in the city and neighborbood. Could I get hold of the industry? The method must be simple. With the help of Ure's Dictionary of the Arts I could master it with little trouble. A Yankee's faith in himself often gets him into trouble, but it does n't leave him there. I learned by sheer accident one very interesting fact: that Mehmet the Conqueror, when he took Constantinople, finding the great city a desolation, very wisely published some Chapters of Privileges, to induce people to settle at the capital. These privileges are called "capitulations" — a very misleading term, taken from *capita*. One of these privileges was that "every foreign colony settling at

his capital should have the right to its own mill and bakery free from interference from the guilds."

Now, here was an open door, if I only had the capital! To every Armenian under anathema who would work and do his best I would offer employment. The rest might starve.

One evening, as we were going up the Bosphorus together, I mentioned this matter to my friend Mr. Charles Ede, an English banker. He said the plan was excellent but impossible, for the guild of bakers and millers was the strongest guild in the capital, and ten thousand dollars would not open their gate. I told him of the "Privilege" of 1453. He had little confidence in that, but said at once: "Get your firman, and I will advance all the money you want, if you will secure me upon the plant. A steam mill and bakery may be a gold mine."

I found him fully in earnest, and, to my surprise and joy, all my insuperable difficulties had disappeared. The memory of that hour on that steamer's deck is imperishable.

Then I had to lay the matter before the station, and act with their approval. But not one of the missionaries, except Schauffler and Everett, had the slightest confidence in it. It was even atrociously absurd, as they viewed it. "Do you know milling, bread-making, steam-enginery, etc.?" they asked.

I had to reply : " I do not."

" Do any of the Armenians whom you will employ know anything of these employments ? "

" Not one, so far as I know."

" Well, then, this thing is absurd. You will probably sacrifice your health in a desperate and fruitless effort. You will become involved in debt, and injure your own and the reputation of the mission."

I urged the condition of the Protestant community. More than five years had passed since the great anathema. The firman of freedom had been issued and repeated, and in many things there was great improvement, but not more than two had succeeded in trade. The Protestant Armenians were boycotted. We had the thing without the word, and we had to help them out from the persecution fund every few months, or they would go under. I urged : " We missionaries live in safety and comfort, they in poverty, contempt, and danger. I am going to do more than I have yet done to help them. As to financial embarrassments, Mr. Ede assumes all the risks, and as to my reputation, let me fail in *trying* to do something rather than to *sit still* and *do nothing*. But I shall not fail." So also said Dr. Schauffler and Mr Everett.

Finally someone, probably Dr. Dwight, offered

this motion: "While we do not have confidence in the measure, we leave Brother Hamlin to act upon his own responsibility." And then the singular precaution was taken to make no record of either vote! They probably wished to avoid all complications at the Rooms. The records of the station may be searched, and I doubt whether any intimation of my industrial measures for the relief of the disabled Protestants will be found. The Rooms disapproved of them, and so did most of the missionaries. Mr. Everett, Dr. Schauffler, and Dr. E. E. Bliss and Mr. Powers are always to be excepted. I cared for nothing more, and informed Mr. Ede that I should call upon him soon.

"Your draft will be honored at any time," was his ready reply; "but let me see your firman first." For that I went to Hon. George P. Marsh, our minister resident. He liked the plan very much and said: "These men must live by their own labor, or your work can never expand. And to give them opportunity to labor is surely a Christian work." But he doubted the possibility of getting a firman. He would look into it.

In a short time he became convinced that the government could not refuse it, and I gave him the form of the demand.

He presented it to the minister of foreign affairs,

who at once promised it. But the thing "got out," and all bakerdom and millerdom, Riza Pasha leading on, rose up against it. The Turkish minister became evasive, but it was never a negative. "*Enfin je vous l'arrangerai.*" On the strength of the promise I began the building preparations and ordered, through Mr. Ede, a small steam engine of six horse power, to drive one small pair of buhr millstones. I petitioned the Prudential Committee to give me credit with Mr. McLauthlin, of Boston, for the millstones, bolt, duster, etc., about six hundred dollars, promising payment within a year at six per cent. The Prudential Committee was never asked to go into the milling business before, and Dr. Anderson thought Brother Hamlin needed to be held in with bit and bridle. But with some hesitancy the Prudential Committee vetoed the petition. One of the members, however, John Tappan, Esq., of Boston, offered to pay the bill on his own responsibility, and only begged the agent of the Board to see to the order and say nothing to me about it. I supposed the mill came through the Board, and thanked them warmly. It was long afterwards that I knew the facts, and thanked more warmly John Tappan, who saved me from months of most injurious delay. I paid him principal and interest, and he declared to me that no payment of that amount in all his business

PASTOR MARDIROS.

(Preacher, Professor, assisting Mr. Wheeler; then pastor of Vlanga Church, Constantinople. Graduate of Bebek Seminary. See Appendix.)

life ever caused him such intense gratification, so many had smiled at his simplicity.

I employed the Armenians so far as I could, and my "boys" in the building. We were going on very well, when one day two government engineers came and measured and mapped down the works. I knew what it meant, but concluded I would have a better opportunity to object at the next move. I told the workmen — three only besides the students — to keep the gate shut, and before it should be opened the workmen could escape in the rear. They could be arrested and fined for working upon a building before a permit was given. Next day the officer came with orders to arrest every man and to bring them all to police headquarters, but to arrest first of all and to secure Demetri Calfa, a Greek, who was the head workman. The thing became a broad farce. Demetri was eating his bread and olives at lunch time and stepped thoughtlessly into the street just in time to confront the stupid constable, who said: "*Sabakh haier olsoon*?" (Good morning). "Can you tell me where I can find Demetri Calfa?" "*Evvet effendim*" (Yes, my lord). "You will find him in the wineshop. Go down and turn that sharp corner to your right and the wineshop is before you."

The befooled constable went off, and Demetri came and told me, and then made himself safe, as

did one of the others. About a dozen students were hard at work. The third man, a natural wag, but a strong laborer, went up into the attic, against my protest. The constable came puffing in, evidently feeling that he had been made game of.

"Where is Demetri Calfa?"

"He is not here, sir."

"Who is the *calfa* (head workman) of these works?"

"I am, sir. They are my works."

"Are you an architect?"

"I am an American, the *nazir* of this school, and architect enough for these works."

Straightening himself up, he cried: "*Paidose, paidose!* I make *paidose* [interdict] upon these works. Here, every one of you, come with me to the Porte."

"Go to work, boys," I said; and turning to him I told him they were all my scholars, and that he could not touch them; they belonged to no esnaf or guild.

The wag in the attic, in the meantime, had leaned out of the window to hear what was going on below. The constable happened to look up and see him.

"Come down here, you jackass (*eshek*). Now I have caught an *isnafgi*."

"Oh, no!" said the wag; "I am one of Mr. Hamlin's scholars."

"You a scholar! Let me hear you read."

"Very well, sir, I will read."

And finding a Turkish Testament up there where the man slept, he put on a pair of huge spectacles, and bowing back and forth just like a Turkish softa, he began to read, with sonorous voice, the New Testament.

"*Yeteshir, yeteshir* (it 's enough, it 's enough)," said the constable, while the boys were ready to burst.

I then put my hand on his shoulder and said: "My friend, you have broken the treaty quite long enough. I reign on this side the wall and you on the other;" and so we went out and I shut the gate.

"Are you bigger than our sultan, that you put me out?"

"Oh, no, effendim. It is you that are bigger than your sultan. He keeps his treaties, but you break them. You can't come into the premises of an American without being accompanied by an officer from his embassy. You have come here in violation of our rights by treaty."

So I left him and went into the house. And then, lest he should get back among the boys, I returned and found him sitting on a stone in the corner of the street talking to himself. "Interdict, interdict! What sort of an interdict is this? The calfa is an

American and a *hodja;* and all the workmen are his scholars. Such an interdict never saw I! What account shall I give?"

"Look here, my friend; you go back and tell them who sent you just what you have seen and heard; and tell them, moreover, that if they get into this establishment again, in violation of our treaty, they will do it by force. When they come with an officer from Mr. Marsh, our minister, I shall receive them with all due respect."

Giving him a backshish to hasten his departure, he went his way, and I went to Mr. Marsh.

"We have them now," said Mr. Marsh, "for the minister of foreign affairs must go back on all his promises and stop the works and put a government seal upon them, or give me the firman. I shall see him to-morrow."

The interview was amusing. When Mr. Marsh entered the Foreign Office the minister sprang from his seat, shook hands with him, and said: "I am glad to see you, Mr. Marsh. I wanted to tell you that the firman of which we have spoken is made out, and will be sent to your office this afternoon." Which was done; and we had no more interference from that quarter.

In the meantime the steam engine arrived without the boiler, which came in another vessel. I antici-

pated trouble at the customhouse. By treaty the government could charge only five per cent ad valorem. But they played a very high tune on ad valorem. I have had articles placed at six or eight times their value, and, after great loss of time and temper, have paid ten or fifteen or twenty per cent on a five per cent tariff. But that was a small part of the expense. There were no wharves, and the lighters to land the goods were a government monopoly. There was one heavy charge there, another for landing them on the wharf, another for porterage into the customhouse, another for opening, and another for porterage out of the customhouse, when the profane merchant might receive them. And all this, in different ways, was gone through with at the entrance of every port or *pashalic* to which the goods were carried afterwards. Under a five per cent tariff, the merchant often paid fifty per cent on the cost of his goods. Turkish industries flourished, for they were really and powerfully protected. When at length this policy of the government was completely overthrown, by England chiefly, the industries of Turkey perished and her rapid impoverishment began.

At the customhouse I refused to say anything about the machinery. The collector had repeatedly doubled or trebled my statement after I had shown

the bill and invoice, and I told him I should never show him another bill. The examiners reported the machinery to the collector as a "big garden pump," and he put it down at eighty liras, about $350. When the boiler arrived, they came up near to its value, but I wondered how they came to guess so low. The whole was twenty per cent below cost. I laid it up against him. The next was a case of Colt's pistols, which they reported, I believe, as a sort of fancy pistol, and he said $3.50 each.

After I had paid, and had the customhouse mark on the case, I went up to the collector and read to him my bill, $15 each, and said to him: "You have charged but little over one fifth of their real value, which if you had taken my bill you would have known."

He was vexed, but finally he said: "Look here, Mr. Hamlin, you are an honest man, and not like the rest. In future bring me your bills."

It saved a great deal of trouble after that.

The machinery arrived at Bebek, and was carried up to the works by the hamals without any great fuss, but when the boiler arrived they demanded ten liras ($44) to unload and carry it up. I offered them two. They would not touch it, and they thought they had me in their grip.

There was an English ship lying at anchor close

by, waiting for a south wind to take her up into the Black Sea. I went aboard and told Captain White of my predicament. He sent four sailors ashore with ropes and pulleys, and the way those fellows rolled that boiler on to the wharf, as though it were a bag of feathers, made the hamals exclaim : "Mashallah!" He would take no compensation nor would the sailors. It was fun to them to make the Turks stare. I gave them some books which I knew would help them pass their weary days at anchor. They were there a fortnight. Still the hamals stood upon ten liras. I made them another offer and gave them ten minutes to say Yes or No, after which I would have nothing more to do with them.

They laughed me to scorn, and I went off and left them. After consultation they proposed to carry it for *fifteen* liras. Their price had *riz* fifty per cent. I asked my forty boys if they would help me, and they agreed to it heartily. I mounted the boiler on a very strong sled for which I happened to have fitting materials, and getting a long coil of rope and some blocks or pulleys from Captain White, and laying scantling in the street for the greased runners of the sled to slip over, the boys found it great fun to take that boiler up to its place. They had the half day and evening to themselves, and a splendid pilaf at dinner. Every hamal blamed all the rest for

losing the job, and they declared they would never dispute my word again. I almost pitied their humility. They were strong, muscular, good fellows on the whole.

I had many difficulties to surmount in setting up the engine and mill. No drawings were given, and that caused some perplexity. The fly wheel was simply a rough casting, not engine turned, and it was an exceedingly difficult job to set it true on the shaft. Consternation seized me, and for one night my sleep departed from me, when I found my steam pipe short by eight or nine inches. But I finally determined to cast the piece myself. I had a little furnace which I had built for trying ores. I had two, and the largest would answer my purpose. I sent a couple of boys to some sand banks up toward Therapia to see if they could find any sand that was adhesive when moist and pressed in the hand. I had a good foot lathe, and I turned the model, reminding me of the little engine I made in Portland. The sand was good; I sifted it fine, sawed a box in two and fitted it to hold the sand. In fine, I modeled it in the sand as I had seen it done in foundries, and then came the question of the iron. If inanimate things could give their history, they would tell wondrous tales. I had a semi-globe of iron always lying about which Cheleby Yorgaké told

me was the balance weight of his island boat in the days of his wealth and glory. Could I break it in pieces so as to melt it? I had a heavy sledge hammer and plenty of volunteers, each one swinging the hammer twenty, thirty, forty times, according to his strength. It was excellent iron, but finally it was broken up and put in the smelting pot, and its jolly careers over the blue waters of the Marmora to the Prince's Islands were to be no more.

The smelting pot had a history. I picked it up accidentally full ten years before; I never had had any use for it — had often thought it a nuisance; but now it came into use. I could not have found one like it in all Constantinople.

I committed three blunders: I did not dry the sand mold enough; I did not make escape ways for gases and steam large enough; and I made the melted iron too hot. I had told the boys I would make the casting at just a quarter to one. But it was not fully melted, so I filled up with coke, and said to them: "Immediately after lunch you shall see it." When I lifted it from the furnace and cleared off the top, it took fire, and coruscated so from the oxygen of the atmosphere that I knew it was fearfully hot; but I poured it boldly in — and it went off like a cannon. The forty boys uttered a shout of terror and rushed through a passageway; some fell

down, and others fell upon them or leaped over them. The box was clamped so strongly at the sides that it had to burst upwards. The suddenly developed steam was irresistible, and the melted iron shot up by my head into the ceiling, so low that I could reach it with my hand. Most of the iron fell back and must not be stepped on. But the ceiling was all aflame. A tin cup in a pail of water standing by saved the building. With repeated cupfuls of water thrown direct upon the burning wood I extinguished the fire, and was glad to find that the boys in their mêlée had had no serious injuries.

I had sand enough for a new model; and this time I dried it thoroughly, and made free ways for gas and steam, and had a perfect casting.

At length all things were ready for letting on steam. I was not clear as to the position of the eccentric for working the slide-valve. I wished to have nobody about at the trial, but there was quite a number ready to report disaster. I had at length to let on the steam. The adjustments were all right, and the fly wheel, having no *work* to do, went *flying* with a most dangerous rapidity. I was too delighted to think of consequences for a few moments, when I woke to the danger none too soon, and cut off the steam. It slowed up; and I was triumphant.

But I noticed that even with this low steam my

joints did not hold perfectly. What would they do with a pressure of eighty or ninety pounds? We soon found. They whistled and sang on many notes. The truth is such rough work should have never been sent. The surfaces were not engine turned. We found the way out of that difficulty, and the mill worked passably well — that is, in our estimation. Not one of us knew anything about real milling, which is an art. The oven was finished and heated, and everything was ready for making bread. The theory for that art I knew thoroughly. I wanted no woman to talk to me about bread-making.

Do not boast of your book knowledge to practical men or women. Pride goeth before a fall. My bread came out flat as a pancake, and too sour for mortal man to eat. The next was better, and the third was eatable. But one thing was plain: I must have a man called a *kurekgi*, whose sole business is to see to the heating of the oven and the charging and discharging. I was unwilling to incur the additional expense, having done nothing yet but spend money; but one of my men advised me strongly to engage a Cypreote Greek kurekgi. Even the Turkish and Armenian bakeries have them. It is their trade, and nobody equals them in it. "Very well," I said; "go to the bakers' market and bring me one." He did so, and we had no more trouble.

He seemed to be a strong, sleepy fellow, but in charging and discharging the oven he was like one inspired. My men looked on with admiration. He had it all by practice and heredity. His ancestors probably for many centuries or millenniums had done the same thing and nothing else. These men of inherited art are wonderful. They are disappearing before invention and science.

The main question now came to the fore: Could our bread be sold? All bakerydom was lying about it, and most ridiculous stories were told of my being master of the black art, in league with Satan, that the bread would bewitch those who should eat it, etc. My workmen were greatly concerned about it. I said to them: "We have only to make good bread, and about as much above the legal weight as these lying bakers make it below, and we shall see if the people will not buy it." It was agreed that our 400 dram loaf should be 424, the 200 should be 212 and the 100 should be 106.

The first horse load of 100 *okes*, 275 pounds, was sent out early in the morning, the bread still warm. People bought it from curiosity, and whoever bought a loaf went right to the *bakals*[1] to weigh it, and then would cry out the weight. "Oh, yes," said some,

[1] Every bakal or grocer keeps a pair of scales with government stamped weights and every one can weigh at his open counter whatever he chooses.

"to-day and to-morrow, next week we shall see." The people liked the bread and liked the weight, and it swept the boycotting away like chaff. The government testers came a few times to weigh, and they weighed to their hearts' content, but never found a loaf that was not overweight. The last time they came, they insisted upon weighing some stale bread, which they had no right to do, and I threatened them with the consequences if they reported upon that as fresh bread; but even that was up to weight. They never came again.

I had one unhappy experience which did not belong to the mill and bakery. Dr. Van Lennep very earnestly begged me to give a lastmaker, Kerios Rafaèll, an excellent Protestant Greek, enough steam power to work an American last machine which he had obtained for him. On its arrival, the discovery was made that it needed a power to work it which had not been considered! It was such a painful predicament. that I was glad to let him have all the power that could be spared from grinding wheat, although I doubted the success. The machine was brought, set up, and set agoing with great eclat. It would turn out a last in a minute or two. It promised great success, and I loaned Mr. Rafaèll the money to pay for the machine. But soon it frightened all the lastmakers of the great capital. They

formed combinations against it, and boycotted it in the most remarkable manner. It failed absolutely, for after a while no Greek or Armenian shoemaker would buy one of the lasts. I lost $450 upon the whole affair. The mill soon ground that out, and on the whole it was better that I should prove my readiness to help a Greek, even at a loss.

The work expanded rapidly, and in about two months we had all the patronage we wanted — as much as our little mill and oven could attend to. There was a constant demand for our flour and *semilena* (farina) as well as for our bread.

I have said nothing of my hard experience with the mill. It worked well until the stones were smooth and needed dressing. A dozen steel picks came with the mill, and I carried them to a very good English blacksmith and machinist to be tempered. He made them so hard that they broke like glass — the next time so soft that they did no execution. I carried them to the French Jesuit miller in the college of San Benedito or St. Benoit. He charged me a greater price for making them worse. Here was a most unlooked-for block in our path, just as we began to see brilliant success before us. I must learn to temper those picks myself or our enterprise would be a failure!

I shut myself up with my forge, with good char-

coal, a can of olive oil, and Ure's Dictionary of the Arts.

I tempered the twenty-four points on different shades, and then tried them on the buhrstone. Some were hard, some were soft, some were just right. I caught the shade, and after a little while it was fun to temper those picks. There is something divine in these occult laws of matter and their relations to man. He who constituted nature constituted also the mind, and we ought to worship God in every triumph over nature's laws so called.

We had no more serious troubles. Our experiment was a success, even beyond my expectations. The men were industrious and intelligent. They were well paid, but they understood well that no lazy person would be tolerated in the camp, any more than a leper in Israel. I informed the station that I could give work in milling, baking, or distributing, and there was no further need of money to any who wanted to work for a living, and as for the rest, let them starve. It was a hard gospel, but a wholesome one. It weeded out the lazy.

At the end of a year, we settled accounts and took account of stock. I paid back to Mr. Ede one half the capital he had furnished, and eight per cent on the use of it. This was a very gratifying result, considering it was the first year, and so much was

lost in experimenting. The men developed more sharpness, insight, ingenuity, and inventiveness than I had dared to hope for. The simple fact is, their own success was involved in the success of the work; and, the capital paid off, it would all be handed over to them. The Orientals are considered an indolent people. Let them feel assured that they, and not their oppressors, will enjoy the fruits of their labors, and they will be as industrious and enterprising as any of the peoples of Europe.

I was now led by Henrietta's earnest solicitation to try the experiment of making and putting upon the market bread made with hop yeast, such as she sometimes made, of very excellent quality. It had never been made in Constantinople. All bread is there made with leaven, which leaves an acid taste, which the Orientals like, and which Englishmen and Americans dislike.

I had some doubts about being able to obtain hops for the yeast, except by importing from abroad. I had noticed a luxuriant growth of wild hops between Nicomedia and Adabazar.

Seeing my dear old friend Der Harutiune, from Nicomedia, he at once offered to employ some boys to gather as many hops as I should want. He soon sent me a good solid bag which he had obtained at a

trifling cost. But for him I might never have made the experiment.

The history of Der Harutiune is a remarkable one and I will here adjourn the bread to sketch briefly the few things I know of him. His interesting conversion and that of his fellow priest, Der Vertanes, are given in Dr. Goodell's "Forty Years in the Turkish Empire," pages 220–228.

Before his conversion, he was one of those sober-minded priests who had enough spiritual discernment and feeling to be dissatisfied with himself and with the Armenian church. But the Greeks were no better, the Catholics were no better, and he had no teacher who would help him. The tract, "The Dairyman's Daughter," accidentally left by Dr. Goodell, brought light and joy into his soul. His associate priest, Der Vertanes, fully and joyfully participated with him in this experience. Thenceforth they were faithful preachers of the truth in their own way. They calmly and repeatedly suffered severe persecution, were beaten, stoned, imprisoned, anathematized, and bore it all calmly and heroically for Christ's sake.

Der Harutiune was a man of inborn amiableness of disposition. I knew him from 1839 to 1873. The mildness of his character was not inertia. He had clear and positive views of men and things, and often expressed them very clearly. He was a quiet

thinker. He had read whatever theology there was in the ancient Armenian, and had carefully noted the differences of opinion, as one leaned toward the teachings of Christ and his apostles, and another against them. He was a very beautiful penman, and he had manuscript books of extracts made from the old writers, written with an accuracy and beauty of execution that has filled me with wonder. The graces of modesty, humility, unselfishness crowned his life with honor. His persecutors often acknowledged that he was too good a man to be deluded by such a pestilent heresy.

He was a man of trained and quick observation. He knew all the trees and plants of the region about him. He knew all the fish of the Gulf of Nicomedia and was expert in catching them. There was no machine or tool or industry of the people that he was not acquainted with. If he saw any curious but beautifully made instrument exposed for sale in any of the old medley shops, he was sure to buy it at a low price. He had a room in his house at Nicomedia which was quite a curiosity shop. When my insulating stool got broken, he produced one that he had picked up. The shopkeeper could only tell him that some "Ghiaour fool had made a stool with glass legs."

His extensive information was often of use to

me. He loved to visit my house and spend a night. My children were a great curiosity to him. He often brought presents of fruit and *caimak* (condensed cream), for which Nicomedia is famous. He said of the children: "Their parents are born in them, and that is the reason they are different from ours."

He brought Henrietta, when she may have been four or five years old, a young partridge in a cage. It became quite tame, and would play with the children, or would chase them round the room, which was great fun to them. Henrietta drew pictures of the partridge on a porcelain slate for amusement, and one was so exact that her mother put it away to keep. Henrietta has it still.

Months after, when he visited us again, and saw that partridge playing with the children, or them playing with it, he expressed great surprise and was not a little amused. But the poor partridge finally became insane, and would attack any one of us with such fury that it had to be kept in its cage. It was finally given away as a crazy bird. He afterwards brought the children a pair which had a less distinguished history, and they were stolen.

I must mention his appearing in court as a witness. It was a case in which I felt interested, and I was there to see. Der Harutiune was then in his

eighty-first year, and he rarely came to Constantinople. He was compelled to come as a witness. When at length the priest Harutiune was called to the witness stand, he came forward; his hair, snow-white, abundant, beautifully curling upon his shoulders, his beard white as the driven snow, his look calm and self-possessed.

The Turkish judge eyed him for a moment and said: "My father, how old are you?"

"Thy servant is past eighty," he replied.

"Bring a chair for that old gentleman," said the judge with a tone of authority to one of the servants of the court.

"Oh, no, your honor! thy servant is well able to stand."

"No witness of your age and venerableness shall stand in my presence to give his testimony."

And with the evident delight of all present the old gentleman had to sit down, which he did, bowing with dignity and grace to the judge.

It was a purely Oriental scene. It was the reverence for age. Nothing so beautiful ever happens in our courts. His testimony was given so clearly and modestly, and his answers were so prompt and direct, that the case was decided. I think this was his last visit to the city. He died in peace in a good old age, greatly beloved and respected.

His interest in the progress of the gospel among his people was unabated from the first. He and Der Vertanes were extremely desirous to have a pure church formed that would have no worship of pictures and relics, and would be free from all other things contrary to the gospel. They were ready for any persecutions that might follow. When at length they were both publicly anathematized, their priestly robes torn from them with violence, and they driven through the streets with hootings and covered with mud, they took all this with joy, giving thanks to God that it was mud and not stones, and the Turkish prison which sheltered them from further violence was to them a palace and the very gate of heaven. Der Vertanes lived to nearly ninety and was steadfast unto the end. The names and memories of these two priests will live as long as the history of this Protestant Reformation in Turkey shall be known. They are now doubtless with the innumerable company of angels, and with the general assembly and church of the firstborn whose names are written in heaven.

Now let us go back to our bread-making, from which this dear memory led us astray.

Henrietta, who was always up to anything proper for a girl of fifteen to do, took the hops and made the yeast according to directions, and brought out

excellent and delicious bread. In the meantime I had learned what great improvements could be made in the bread by mixing different kinds of flour. Ten per cent of the Azof flour from the mills of the Mennonites, mixed with our own, made the most brilliant and delicious bread that could be found. I purchased at a rare opportunity one hundred and forty sacks, and would have purchased afterwards a greater amount, had not war finally closed the market.

Just at that time, one of those curious Yankees that roam over the world turned up and wanted employment.

"What can you do?"

"Anything you please, sir. I have been for some years a baker, and I have also been a sailor and a cook and a carpenter. I can turn my hands to 'most anything."

I put him at once upon this bread, and it passed out of Henrietta's hands into his.

He was a man of skill and intelligence. The bread was superb. The servant of a Turkish effendi in Rumlie Hissar came regularly every morning for a couple of loaves. Years after, when I was building the college, I found it was Ahmet Vefyk Effendi. He surprised me one day by asking whatever became of my Bebek oven. He was sorry to lose that bread — "the best ever made."

The Yankee bread-maker did not stay long. The breezes of the Crimean war carried him off, and I heard no more of him.

In making the yeast, we found that a German brewer had a yeast that was better to start the fermentation of our yeast than the old yeast kept over. Our getting this from the beer factory made our workmen designate our bread as "*bira* bread," and by that name it went, and goes so still. Thus this new bread came into the market. The Armenian workmen got hold of the making of it, and when the American left, the Armenians kept right on making it with perfect success.

I reduced the whole work to such system that I now had little to do with it, except on Saturday afternoon, when the accounts of the okes of flour sold and the okes weighed out for use, the okes of bread it had produced and the money received, were all entered in parallel columns, and also the sacks of flour remaining in store. In one hour I could ascertain beyond a doubt the result of the week's work.

I found a surprising difference in flour as to the percentage of water it absorbed in bread. Some wheat produced flour which absorbed only thirty-three per cent. That is, every 100 okes of flour produced 133 okes of bread. But some flour produced considerably more, even as high as forty-five

per cent. If you have dishonest men around you, here is a temptation to dishonesty, unless you test the flour.

Just as I was hoping to throw off the work from my shoulders, it entered upon a new phase. In the summer and autumn of 1853, there were rumors of trouble from the designs of Russia. The harbor was full of grain. Wheat had not been so cheap for years. I had bargained with a Greek captain of a schooner having 3,180 bushels at the price of fourteen piastres the bushel. He agreed to wait a week, until I could get a place ready to receive it. One morning I went down to the landing to tell him it was ready, but behold, no Greek schooner there! He had sold his wheat to a French agent at forty-two piastres the bushel! Foreign agents and speculators had bought up all the wheat they could lay their hands on. There was going to be war with Russia.

I went to Mr. Ede. He did not really believe there would be war. "They will patch it up, and then those who have bought wheat at forty-two may have to sell at ten." So we agreed to keep only two or three weeks' supply on hand, and creep along within sight of shore. The price of bread had risen with the wheat, and our work was nearly the same.

The war became a certainty. Troops began to arrive, and the English established a hospital at

Scutari. One of my English neighbors, Mr. John Seager, opened a store of all sorts of eatables and drinkables for officers and men, near the great hospital and the tents of the soldiers. He wanted a hundred loaves every day of my hop yeast (bira) bread. It was eagerly sought, and he advised me to open a great bread store there. I might sell an immense quantity. I told him he might have his hundred loaves every morning, but beyond that I had no desire to enlarge my work. I had already accomplished all I had intended and more.

But soon after an orderly came and said: "Dr. Mapleton wants you to call upon him at the English Military Hospital at Scutari."

"Who is Dr. Mapleton?"

"Lord Raglan's chief physician, sir, and now organizing the hospital."

"You are under some mistake. I have nothing to do with Dr. Mapleton, nor has he with me."

But finally I agreed to call upon him the next day, as the orderly said that he believed that it was with regard to bread.

The Selimieh barracks at Scutari had been taken by the English embassador, Lord Stratford de Redcliffe. They were built under the direction and plan of the great Moltke, while a young German officer under Sultan Mahmoud. They were built round a

hollow square, five hundred feet on a side. The world wondered if the whole British army were going into hospital.

I found Dr. Mapleton splendidly installed in a noble, spacious room, quite conscious that he was worthy of his environment. He looked up and without any salutation said: —

"Are you Hamlin the baker?"

"No, sir; I am the Rev. Mr. Hamlin, an American missionary."

"That is just about as correct as anything I get in this country. I send for a baker and I get a missionary. Thank God, I am not a heathen that I should want a missionary!"

Two loaves of the bread were on his table and I said to him: "I presume that bread is what you want, and you don't care whether it comes from a heathen or a missionary."

"Exactly so," he said.

I then told him how it was that I, an American missionary, should have anything to do with bread-making. Not that only, but various other industries I had inaugurated for the purpose of enabling the persecuted to sustain themselves and their families. I had no personal interest in it at all.

He became impatient and broke in: "Oh, that 's a very fine story, no doubt. I don't care a sixpence

for it. I wish to know if you can furnish us the bread."

"I can if you will pay for it," as though I distrusted him, for I was determined to reduce his hauteur.

"Why, of course we shall pay for it! but I want you to state the terms."

I replied: "We are selling it to the public at four piastres the oke, and you will have to give the same price."

"But I neither know what the oke is nor what the piastre is. Would you have the kindness to state that in English weight and money?"

"If you will give me pen and paper, I will write it out for you."

So I sat down and wrote out very deliberately and slowly, but without showing any embarrassment:—

1 oke Turkish=2.75 lbs. English.
1 English sovereign=110 piastres gold T.
Consequently 4 piastres=8.72, price of 1 oke.
1 lb. English of bread=3.17, say 3 pence farthing.

I showed the paper to him and after carefully examining it, he said with a tone of incredulity: "Do you mean to say, sir, that you can furnish this bread at this price? It is just half what we are paying for bread our poor invalids won't eat. We are paying sixpence ha'penny the pound."

So he wanted me to go over immediately and make a contract with Commissary General Smith, and lose no time. Lord Raglan had examined the bread, and pronounced it excellent.

I could not go then, but would go the next day if possible; and so we parted with perfect cordiality.

General Smith seemed to be an excellent business man, who went direct to the point without any loss of time. When I looked over the printed form of the contract which I was to fill out and sign, I told the general that the sentence "to deliver every morning between the hours of eight and ten, or at such other hours as might be agreed upon," etc., must have the interpolation "except Sunday" after the word "morning." The bread could all be delivered Saturday evening, say at sunset.

"The laws of war do not regard Sunday," he replied. "I cannot change a syllable in that form of contract."

"Very well, sir; then I will not furnish the bread. I have not sought the business. Your chief physician, Dr. Mapleton, sent for me and requested me to supply this bread."

He bit his lips in doubt, but said: "The chief purveyor, Mr. Ward, is a good Scotch Christian, and he will arrange with you for that."

So I signed, with a protest against that article, and

went to Mr. Ward. He had no objection whatever to the Saturday delivery. He aimed to keep fresh bread twenty-four hours before delivering, and this would be the best thing possible.

So the furnishing began. I think it was two hundred and fifty one-pound loaves a day. It gradually increased to six thousand pounds a day for that hospital alone. It gave such satisfaction, that, at the end of three months, when the contracts must all be subjected to a new competition, the bread was excepted, by express order of Lord Raglan.

The rapid filling up of the hospital by invalids and the wounded sent down from the front occasioned enormous evils that prudence and foresight should have prevented. Vessels were arriving almost every day, with fifty or a hundred or two hundred cases, and this rapid increase was not met by any corresponding increase of surgeons and nurses. The chief physician, Dr. Menzies (Mapleton was with Lord Raglan), was a selfish, greedy, beastly fellow, who seemed to think that if the English soldier is given beer and brandy enough, he will do. The death rate was awful. The trenches were dug in the daytime, the burials were at night to avoid a panic.

The good old purveyor Mr. Ward made prodigious efforts on his part to relieve the suffering men.

He took the hospital fever from his overwork and anxiety, and died.

It was when the bread supply had become so large, that Mr. Rogers, the second purveyor, invited me to his room. The sum of it all was that I must give to him and Dr. Menzies a share of my profits. All the other contractors did so, and they expected me to do the same. I replied that I had no profits, and that if I had, I would not enter into any such compact. He intimated that it would not be well for me to refuse, and I soon began to understand what that meant.

A conspiracy was formed against the bread, of which Menzies and Rogers were the chiefs, and there must have been at least one or two of the doctors with them. First the bread was heated in close boxes in a room raised to an intolerable heat. It of course fermented, and was then reported to the commissary general as bad bread. About $500 worth had been condemned before I found out the truth. An honest hospital servant told me secretly. I stopped that game effectually, and I saved full half of the bread, by having the men slice it up and dry it in the oven, when it sold readily as rusk. Had I thought of that sooner, every condemned loaf might have been saved.

The next turn was to make *bogus* bread of bad

materials and get it condemned and sent to the commissariat as our bread. The chief working conspirator, "old Tom Parry," was clumsy at his work, and made the bread in tin forms longer and narrower than any that could be found in our works at Scutari or Bebek. This made General Smith confess that it looked very much like a conspiracy, and he refused to entertain the accusation. But next, they broke open loaves, and inserted baked bedbugs in them and sent them to the commissariat as fair specimens of my bread.

I immediately threw up the contract in disgust, and appealed to Lord Raglan against paying the penalty of two hundred pounds, because I had most faithfully performed the contract, and was the victim of a base conspiracy which I briefly sketched. I sent this through Commissary General Smith to Lord Raglan at Sevastopol. An immediate despatch was received, relieving me of the penalty, ordering the hospital to pay for every loaf condemned, and ordering also the bread supply to a new competition!

"That is Menzies' death knell," said General Smith when he read to me the dispatch.

"It is my grand deliverance and justification," I replied; "but how is it his death knell?"

"Why, he is plainly condemned as chief of the conspiracy."

Parry got the contract, at fifty per cent advance of my price, but just then flour rose fifty per cent, and their golden dream vanished. But they had saved me from ruin. With that rise in the price of flour, every day would have entailed a loss and a heavy one on me. My enemies had saved me!

The small hospital of eight hundred at Kulelie refused to receive their bread. Dr. Tice, the chief physician, was a gentleman who had no affinity with the Menzies clique, and I continued sending to him, nearly opposite to Bebek, the eight hundred loaves, but at the new price, greatly to the chagrin of Parry and Menzies.

The great hospital in the meantime had reached its highest point of misery and disorder — not less than six thousand invalids, with no sufficient supply of medicine or other service and with no organization to use to advantage the existing means. Such scenes of suffering and wicked neglect I never witnessed. I thought one day I would go around the great quadrangle through the corridor five hundred feet on a side. Beginning at the middle of the front, I went through that and perhaps half or a little more of the next corridor at the left. Men were dying; some were dead and the sheet drawn over the face. The smells and sights were awful, and I turned back, but seeing in one of the rooms a

fine-looking soldier raised to a half-sitting posture, I saluted him, and asked him what they needed most.

"O sir," he said, "night watchers. The lights are put out at nine or ten, and we are told 'Every man is to be quiet and go to sleep.' But after a time there is a cry for 'Water, water!' and one is crazy and sings, another curses; some get up to help a comrade and are made worse by it; and so the long night wears away."

I offered to organize a night-watching corps of volunteers, but Dr. Menzies rejected the offer with disdain.

It was just at this time that Florence Nightingale came, with a dozen trained nurses and forty hospital servants. I am not sure that she had just that number. It was so reported, and forty seems an easy word for many.

I went one morning to the hospital to settle some accounts. When the business was finished the purveyor said to me: "Fancy, Mr. Hamlin, some *women* have come to the hospital! A Miss Nightingale, with a force of assistants, has come and taken possession of rooms at the right of the front entrance. Was anything ever more improper than women in such a place?"

I replied: "It is time, Mr. Parker, that somebody should come in here and *do something:* for I do not

believe that any Turkish hospital since the Turks took Constantinople ever equaled this in disorder, filth, and suffering."

"I know it, I know it," he said; "but we are soon to have surgeons and servants from England, and the things you have seen will soon be remedied. But these women will not stay long."

Dr. Menzies set himself to make her position insufferable. He soon found that she was master of the situation. She was a quiet, self-possessed, interesting, intelligent lady, evidently wholly absorbed in her work. She had the faculty of command, and her corps of aids never thought any thoughts different from hers.

It was said the affair with Menzies culminated in this way. Florence asked Menzies one day to have the kindness to open storeroom Number 7; she wanted such and such things.

Menzies replied: "No such articles are there, Miss Nightingale. They all went up to the front. You know how many things go to the front which should stop here, and the reverse."

"Well, I would like to have the door opened, or I shall send men to break it down."

This evidently alarmed him. She must have authority that he had not suspected. The door was opened, and she found just what she wanted. The

keen-eyed doctors saw on which side their bread was buttered. Menzies' star fell, and the star of the Nightingale was in the ascendant.

Dr. Menzies was soon recalled, and a doctor from England took his place. General Smith's remark about that dispatch being Menzies' death knell proved true, but I do not imagine that the bread conspiracy was of any great weight in the case. *Post hoc*, but not *propter hoc*. He had been in collusion with Tom Parry and other contractors, and had plundered the government enormously.

Very soon Miss Nightingale transformed that hospital. From the first, she divided her forces into night watches, and there were nurses and assistant nurses walking those corridors and wards all night long. The nights were no longer lonely. Every want was attended to, every pain, if possible, assuaged. The death rate was changed immediately, from the moral effect, no doubt, of sympathy and woman's gentle care. I had seen some instances of brutal treatment from surgeons, possibly fuddled with drink, but there was nothing of that after Miss Nightingale came. She immediately came into friendly relations with the surgeons, and they coöperated with her and she with them in the most cordial manner.

One great reason of this was her superior knowl-

edge and experience in hospital organization. She had given nine years to hospital work and studies, had been in the great military hospitals of France and Austria as well as of England, and had passed six months with the sisters at Kaiserswerth, in Germany. Her clear views, her executive ability, her unselfish and absolute devotion to her work, and her large experience, gave her a position of peculiar power. She was magnificently provided with funds from the government and from private sources. The Earl of Shaftesbury took a deep interest in the success of her labors, and secured the patronage and confidence of the government. Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, the "Great Elchi," was clothed with unlimited power to do anything he saw fit for the comfort and better administration of the hospital and the camp. Florence Nightingale had not been there a week before the change in the aspect of things was surprising, and, together with the arrival of an additional medical force and hospital servants, it soon became a model hospital, and the death rate was below the average of army hospitals at home.

I did not see very much of Florence Nightingale, but saw a great deal of her uncle, Mr. Bracebridge of Bracebridge Hall, which Washington Irving has immortalized. He held her in high esteem and admiration. I had one talk of some length with

her about our missions in Turkey. She was glad to know more about them. She confessed she had known little more than their existence. She was delighted and surprised to know how extensive they were, and that we had such a system of education and of educational and religious literature. She talked more sensibly and appreciatively about our work than any English gentleman I had met with — I mean of those the war had brought in. She seemed to me a person in perfect health, but not at all of the sanguineous cast; graceful and agile in form and movement, with the light of a high and holy purpose pervading her whole personality — simple, firm, determined. I think of her in that scene of disease and death with the deepest interest and admiration.

Her coming was soon after I had denounced the bread contract. She knew nothing of that until she visited the hospital at Kulelie, where my bread was still used. She expressed surprise at such excellent bread, so superior to what she had at the great hospital. Dr. Tice told her the whole story. She went immediately to Lord Stratford de Redcliffe and demanded that bread. He at once ordered my bread to be restored at the advanced price of the new contract. "The triumph of the wicked was short." The conspiracy saved me every way, and

into the pit which they digged for me they fell themselves. Redcliffe was filled with fiery indignation, when he found what depredations had been made upon the treasury by these dishonest men. He wanted that I should take the entire supply of hospital, camp, and navy at Constantinople upon myself at my own price. He expressed entire confidence in my ability and honesty to do it well. England did not want cheap work, but good and honest work. For that she was willing to pay a high price. He would stretch his authority to make this change.

I replied, I would never strike my flag. I had been providentially drawn into this great bread business while prosecuting my missionary work. A work so vast and responsible as his excellency proposed would compel me to leave my missionary service and residence, and pass over immediately to Scutari. I was amazed at his excellency's confidence in my ability to manage it. His magnificent offer had many attractions, but I felt myself wholly incompetent to grapple with it, and forbidden, in consequence of a higher service, to attempt it.

During the first few months of my contract, I had furnished the hospital entirely from Bebek, where I had two ovens. There was a camp of the English army where new arrivals stopped for a while to recover from the sea voyage and get ready for the

front. It varied from six to ten thousand men, according to the arrivals and departures. The sanitary state of the camp was unsatisfactory. A sanitary commission from England reported many changes to be made; one was that the excellent bread of the great hospital should be furnished to the camp instead of the very bad bread up to that time given.

Commissary General Smith sent an orderly to say he wanted to see me as soon as I could conveniently come. I wondered what was up. When I entered his office next morning, he said: —

"Now I have a good work for you. I want you to supply the camp at Hyder Pasha with that bread."

"How many pounds a day, general?"

"Twelve thousand pounds for the present; but it will be subject to great variations. It may rise to twenty thousand pounds, or even more, and it may fall to eight thousand or ten thousand."

"I can do no such thing, general. I have as much as my two small ovens can produce for the hospitals and general demand, and for such a great work I should have to build two large ovens on the ground with storage buildings, etc. It would take a whole month to get ready for such a work."

He insisted that, whatever the cost might be, I must begin the work with all possible dispatch. England would pay the expense. I *must* do it.

There was no one else who could make that bread. The more I plead off the more earnest he was, and I finally consented to look around and see what I could do.

It occurred to me that the builder of the great Selimieh barracks must have had a bakery, and I would go over to Scutari and see what I could find. In going and looking round, I saw a clump of old half-ruined buildings about a hundred paces back of the great hospital, and to my great surprise, they were the old bakery itself. There were two huge ovens side by side, the arch of one fallen in, the flooring of both needing renewing. I found the proprietor and made a contract with him, at what I considered a most reasonable rate, and engaged men for all the repairs. I fortunately knew the best oven builder in the city, and in three days he had those ovens ready for firing.

The heat must be steady, and kept up night and day for seven days, according to custom. I found a large quantity of old knotty wood that had been left as worthless. It could not be split. Putting old boards on the oven bottom, this wood was shoved in, and with light and dry wood was slowly kindled. In the course of a few hours the fire had to be smothered. After less than a week's firing the ovens were pronounced ready for use. The old kneading

troughs were made as good as new, but considerable new furniture was added.

Mr. Hagope Balian had just returned from the United States of America, where he had learned bread-making in Albany and in Boston. He was engaged as chief baker, to his unbounded delight. He seemed to value the honor more than the emolument, although the latter was at least six times more than he had ever before received. Some of my best and most experienced men from Bebek were associated with him. I purchased to the amount of one thousand barrels of flour, in sacks however, and ordered three thousand barrels from Trieste. I should use all along from fifty to sixty barrels a day, and I must keep not less than five hundred barrels all the time in store by requisition.

I had my men in hand, and I had so far learned the markets and the industries, that the business was all accomplished with unexpected ease. When all was ready, I called upon the commissary general, and informed him that we waited for a requisition of the number of loaves. He expressed great surprise. My thirty days had not been ten! After some remarks about the way Americans do things, and condemning the English as *slow* in comparison, I told him of my good fortune in having only to repair and not to build. I made the same protest against de-

livering bread Sunday morning, and he quietly said I must settle that with the provost of the camp.

The first delivery of the bread was quite dramatic, or at least it was quite interesting. The camp had notice that new bread would be served at nine o'clock in the morning. A train of commissary carts having eight thousand loaves of most excellent bread approached the camp, and a long line of men with large square baskets was ready to receive and distribute. The first loaves were seized, examined, smelt of, then hurled high into the air with "Hooray for good English bread!" It gave immense satisfaction. It could not fall into the hands of any plotters like Rogers and Dr. Menzies.

The provost of the camp did not impress me favorably. He did not have the bearing of a gentleman. I anticipated trouble about the double delivery on Saturday. Towards sunset I just preceded the train of carts for the Sunday supply. I saluted the provost and said: "On Saturday I deliver the supply of bread for Sunday; as at the hospital, so at the camp."

He was evidently prepared for it, and he blurted out, full of passion: "You will take every d——d loaf right back and bring the bread in the morning."

He evidently thought to frighten me by his loud blasphemy and his threat to pitch every loaf into the

Marmora (the soldiers sometimes flung their bad bread from the cliff into the sea). I simply replied: "I leave you the bread — eight thousand loaves — and you can do what you please with it;" and turned away and left him swearing.

I knew I "had him," and he knew it, or he would have been more sparing of his oaths. If he rejected that bread, what would the soldiers do in the morning? He could not possibly get a supply of eight thousand loaves from the market. The bread was taken, and every cart brought back its receipt. The next Saturday I sent a man with the carts who knew no English. He thought the provost swore some, but he could not understand him. The bread was taken, and receipts given. I fancy he had received some advice from the Commissary General Smith or Potgeiter. Both were gentlemen of integrity and honor, and all my relations with them were very pleasant.

The Friday before the third Saturday of the bread delivery, the requisition giving the number in camp had a bottom note: "Remember the double delivery Saturday." It was from the same profane provost of the camp, and he kept that up until the war closed, and the last soldier embarked for England.

If Christian men will stand conscientiously firm to the Sabbath, they will very rarely meet with any

insuperable obstacles to carrying out their determination. I held the position with perfect independence, and I would have immediately sacrificed the whole business if work on the Sabbath had been enforced. The Jews are faithful to their Mosaic Sabbath, and no one ever expects them to violate it. The Turkish government never requires them to do it. It pays little regard, however, to the Christian Sabbath, because it knows that Christians will sacrifice their sacred day to their worldly interests.

In the course of the autumn of 1855, there came a great stringency in the flour market. The north wind prevailed for fifty days with few interruptions. No sailing vessel could get through the Dardanelles. There were no tug boats to bring them through. An immense fleet was waiting for a south wind. Not only did flour rise to a ruinous price, but good white flour was not attainable. I could not keep up the quality of the bread, and I offered to renounce the contract and pay the penalty.

The commissary general saw the condition of things, and said: "Hold on till the south wind blows."

A puff came, and one Austrian vessel having three hundred barrels on board got through. When it was landed at the Galata customhouse, I was offered four pounds sterling, $20, cash down, for

every barrel of it. It had cost me about $10. I let the English commissariat have one hundred barrels, and the remaining two hundred restored the bread until at length the south wind blew, and more than five hundred white-winged messengers came crowding up the Marmora into the spacious port of Constantinople. The price of flour instantly fell to its former rate. One of my friends kept a large quantity for another great rise which never came, and he finally sold at a serious loss. The losses by speculation exceeded the gains, among those with whom I was acquainted.

The coffee episode must not be passed over. I was in General Potgeiter's office one Saturday afternoon, when I always visited the great bakery, and I saw some small glass jars on the mantel with specimens of ground coffee. I made the remark that I hoped no coffee of those shades was used by the commissariat. "Yes," he replied, "this shade is our standard." After some discussion, in which I offered to prove to his satisfaction that coffee roasted to that shade had not developed its strength or flavor, we adjourned the discussion for the test. The next Monday, it was made in his office, and he acknowledged the surprising difference, but wanted a few pounds furnished for his own use. He became so convinced of the thorough badness of the con-

tractors' coffee, that he wanted a hundred sacks prepared for the great hospital.

I purchased the coffee, and put it all into the hands of a Protestant Armenian whom I wished to aid. It was done under my supervision sufficiently to insure the desired result. It was declared impossible to grind roasted coffee in a flour mill. But, by taking off the casing from the upper millstone, and with a broom sweeping away the coffee so that it should not pile up against the stone, it never packed or lifted the stone in the least, and ten bushels an hour would run easily through and be well ground.

The coffee was roasted with great skill by two Turkish government specialists in the art. It gave immense satisfaction. The Armenian cleared $400 upon it — a large sum for a week's work, and the old contractor had to lose his contract or conform to that coffee. He came most humbly to me to save him, and I gave him full and accurate instructions.

This excellent coffee made considerable excitement in the commissariat. The army at the front sent a fierce complaint that the raw coffee bean was furnished, and generally soldiers could not get fuel to roast it.

Commissary General Smith said I must supply the army. The terms were so liberal it must give a very large profit. Such coffee would be a great boon to

the army. I was the only man to whom he could entrust it. My experiment and my experience were all he could desire. I might give all the profits if I chose to the missionary work, but I could not fail to make large profits; etc.

I was finally so far persuaded that I told him I would look into the coffee market, and if I could purchase at once a four months' supply of good coffee without exciting the market, I would set the ball in motion. I saw that, allowing thirty per cent for unforeseen contingencies (some of them would be tin for the cans), I could not fail of making $75,000 on the purchase. If it should agitate the market, four months would give it time to become quiet again.

I called upon the chief coffee merchants, and told them I thought of taking a commissary contract. They eagerly told me how many thousand sacks they could furnish and at what price. I asked the refusal till Monday, which was readily granted. I made a conditional contract for a mill of three pairs of stones, at Geuksou, with a Catholic Armenian. He tried to catch me and bind me, whether I should have the contract or not. I knew him to be a fraud, and I did not fall into his hands. The supply of tin in the hands of Jewish merchants was enormous, and would not be affected by what a score or two of

tinmen could do in turning out a few thousand twenty-five-pound cans. I determined to have the whole lot dispatched to the front in three or four weeks.

Monday morning an orderly came early. "General Smith wants to see you at once."

His salutation at the office was: "Mr. Hamlin, have you purchased that coffee?"

"Only conditionally, sir. I have the refusal of it till to-day."

"Very well; it will all come right," he said with a look of great relief. "A large steamer freighted with prepared coffee is on the way from Liverpool. I have only just received the notice, and we have escaped a great embarrassment."

So ended the great coffee contract, and the vision of money to build a score of churches. Until the bubble burst, it seemed the rarest opportunity to confer a great blessing and receive a magnificent compensation which the war offered.

As soon as it became apparent that I should have some profit from the great bread business, the anxiety of Dr. Dwight and myself about the debt on the Brousa church was relieved. Our first church was destroyed by an earthquake before it was quite finished. We had become personally responsible, and had obtained very little aid from England and America. Dr. Dwight was conscientiously opposed to all

my industries, as was Dr. Anderson, but he confessed one great good would result from them, if I could clear off that debt. The whole story of that church building is found in "Among the Turks," chapter xvi.

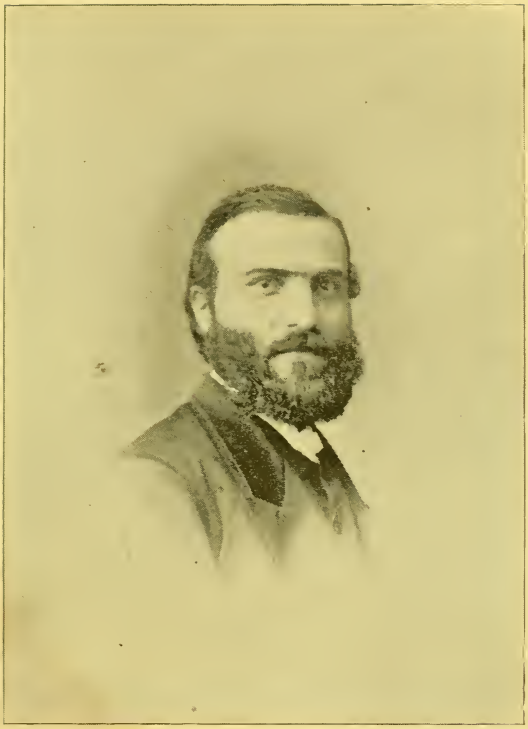
But the first church I started upon was at Rodosto, on the northern side of the Marmora. While we were in station meeting, two brethren of the church in that place presented themselves in great distress. The rented house and grounds of the pastor and of the chapel, belonging to a Turk, were to be sold right off. Unless we could purchase them, ruin impended to the whole church. Armenians and Greeks would not rent them a house, and there was no other Turkish house to be obtained. The station had no funds and could not help them. I felt sure it would be safe for me to help them, for I had paid Mr. Ede in full, interest and all. I stepped into the office of Dr. Paspati — a lifelong friend of mine — and borrowed the money, and the men went on their way rejoicing. The church was saved from an impending danger. I felt the Lord had sealed my labors with his approbation. I hoped Dr. Anderson would add his.

The rebuilding of Brousa church (1853–54) was a work of many perplexities. Slight earthquakes were very frequent after its destruction. I enjoyed three in one night. They were gentle earthquakes, if any-

thing can be called gentle which makes the solid earth move with a groan, however slight. What could I do in such a case? Most of the church members had fled, and no one believed in any rebuilding for many months. I resolved to do it immediately, and call back the "dispersers."

An idea of a building earthquake-proof, by an internal skeleton of oak and iron, flashed into my mind of itself, and upon that idea the church was constructed. Whence come these sudden visions? They seem to be perfect of themselves; they are not elaborated by thought. They are like inspirations from without.

When the church was approaching the time to receive its windows, I began to build the enclosing wall, between the church and our Armenian neighbor A——, as otherwise the hoodlums would break every pane of glass. The old wall had been nearly destroyed, and I had tried to rebuild it from the first foundation. A——, put up to it by the bishop, claimed the wall entire as his own, and got an interdict upon my rebuilding it. Everyone knew that his claim was false, for the remains of the wall had indubitable proofs of its ownership. The case had been repeatedly tried and appealed from court to court, the decision always being against the church. At length I called upon the chief Arme-



ALEXANDER DJEJIZIAN.

(Pastor of Church at Adabazar. Graduate of Bebek Seminary. See Appendix.)

nian banker of the place — a man whose life had been saved by Dr. Grant at Mosul, and asked him to advise A—— to a compromise, for he wished to sell his land, and could never do it while under litigation. This was most skillfully and dispatchfully accomplished. I bought the portion in dispute, and left the chief justice out in the cold. He had offered to give me the case for fifteen hundred piastres.[1] This sudden and friendly termination amused the public generally. They are always glad to see a judge "left out."

The building of this church called back those who had fled to other places, and so encouraged the little flock that a new period of life and growth set in. Dr. Anderson's concern about our making too much of church building, as expressed in his Lectures on Missions (pages 292–93) is simply amazing. Almost thirty-eight years have now passed (1854–1892), and the church has proved a priceless blessing. I recall with much interest my relations with the Brousa church and people. The journeys back and forth, occasionally in furious storms, generally in perfect weather, my four visits to the summit of the Bithynian Olympus, with beloved and remembered friends, all crowd upon me, but cannot be recorded.

During the war, about eight hundred Russian

[1] See Among the Turks pp. 251 ff.

prisoners were sent down for the English Commissary General Smith to provide for. General Smith sent for me, showed me the schedule of the rations to be furnished them, and requested me to contract for the supply. I positively declined, telling him that I should do nothing further than provide them with bread. He urged the point very strongly, saying that if an Englishman should furnish the supplies, he would be accused of every injustice, fraud, and cruelty; but if an American should furnish them, it would be all right. He urged it, finally, as a personal favor to himself, that I would accept his proposition. He had been so kind and gentlemanly in all his intercourse with me that this put me in a very tight place. I however proposed to place the whole matter in the hands of Mr. Minasian, and offered to become one of his sureties for the faithful performance of the contract.

"What other surety could he give?" asked the general, as two were always required.

"Mr. Schneider, the German merchant, Mr. Hanson, or Mr. Ede, whichever you may choose," I replied.

"Very well," he said; "but I will consider him your *alter idem*."

And so the contract was made, in very generous terms.

Before their removal to the island of Proti, I went to view them on parade at Kulelie. It was to me an interesting and marvelous sight. I walked along in front of the first line, just in rear of the officers, and occasionally stopped to view the men more particularly. In appearance they were strong, solid, and stolid. They seemed to have large heads, good square faces, and great animal force; but with little appearance of intellectual life, or capability of enthusiasm. They were machines; their movements were the movements of machines. They were warmly clad, and looked as though Russia had suitable regard for the health and comfort of her soldiers. They were all removed to very pleasant quarters in the island of Proti.

One of the officers, a colonel, claimed personal acquaintance with every American missionary in Turkey. He had visited them as a traveler and a German savant, some three years before the war. I remembered his visit perfectly well, but had had no suspicion of his being a Russian. He was a German by birth, but a Russian spy on our labors. Nicholas had a better acquaintance with our missions in Turkey than any man, except Dr. Anderson. Mr. Layard declared, in his place in Parliament, that one great reason which the Emperor Nicholas had in hastening the Crimean war was to abolish Protest-

ant missions in Turkey. The Honorable George P. Marsh, our minister resident to the Sublime Porte, declared, in a letter to the secretaries, his full acquiescence in Mr. Layard's opinion.[1]

The prisoners at Proti were very quiet and easily managed. It was quite amusing, however, that their first complaint was against my excellent white bread and the fresh meat and fresh vegetables that were furnished them. The men and officers proposed a new schedule of rations, substituting black bread, salt fish, beans, and olive oil, instead of the articles which they named. Mr. Minasian brought the schedule to me, and said that he could furnish the schedule of rations at twenty per cent discount.

"Ah!" said the general when I made the proposal to him, "your wily Armenian is getting up these changes for his own profit! I will never believe that they originated with the prisoners."

I replied: "General, you can easily ascertain that by sending a requisition for a colonel, captain, and as many men as you choose, to come to your office, and state the case for themselves."

He did so, and the colonel greatly amused him in describing the rations of the Russian army. He said the soldiers always had black bread at home, and they would eat no other. They loathed this

[1] Dr. Alden, in Annual Report, 1882, note to page 1, Necrology.

white bread. They had a great deal of salt fish, and they used great quantities of beans, cooked with oil or fat, and these articles they must have. The changes were made, and gave perfect satisfaction. The general, however, refused to change the price of the rations, as that would bring suspicion upon the government. So Mr. Minasian was forced to receive twenty per cent more than he asked for.

At the close of the war they departed, with little manifestation of feeling; for it was not to homes but to barracks that they were returning.

The battle of Inkerman, in November, 1854, brought upon me a new industry. Looking out of my study window, some two weeks after the battle, I saw an enormous steamer anchored at the Kulelie hospital, on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus. I recognized it at once as the Himalaya, the largest transport steamer in the British service.

I had formed a transient, but singular and rather pleasant, acquaintance with the chief engineer of this great steamer. I went over immediately to see what he had brought from Inkerman. He told me that two hundred and fifty of the wounded and sick had just been carried into the hospital; only two or three Russian wounded remained, who were waiting for the hospital servants to come with stretchers to carry them in. It was a cloudy, chilly

day, with a stiff north wind from the Black Sea. The poor wounded men were shivering in their blankets: and I said to a soldier: "Let us place them upon the stretchers, so as to be ready to be carried in." I took hold of the blanket on one side, and found that half of a good solid Russian was as much as I wished to lift. The soldier said to me: "You had better look to your gloves, sir! These blankets are full of Crimean lice!" To my amazement, I picked off eleven from my gloves, such monsters as I had never seen!

I then went into the hospital, to see the condition of the two hundred and fifty wounded and sick. I found them deplorably destitute of underclothing and covering. They said, in answer to my questions, that their clothing was so loaded with vermin that they preferred to suffer from the cold rather than from the vermin. They said they had had no washing done for six months. "Why didn't you do your own washing?" I said. "For two slight reasons," was the reply: "we had no wood and no water. We were lucky to get wood and water enough for our coffee!"

I went immediately to Dr. O'Connor, the chief physician, to ask him why washing was not done for those poor men; for I found that patients who had been there for two weeks were equally destitute.

He replied that the Greek women only pounded the clothes in the salt water of the Bosphorus, and brought them back damp, which killed the men quicker than anything else. And besides, the clothes were so filthy they could not be cleansed; and they were building a great chimney and furnace to consume them all. I protested that there were scores of unemployed women, who, under proper direction, would do the work perfectly well; and the clothing might all be saved. He told me, with great insolence, that every man had better mind his own business! I thought in such a scene of suffering, with such an inhuman overseer, it was my "own business" to mitigate it.

Passing in front of the barrack, I met a soldier. "Can you tell me where I can find the sergeant of the clothing?"

"I am the sergeant of the clothing."

"Then you are the man I want. Let me see all you have."

He opened a great hall, with clothing piled up, I should think, for a thousand men.

"But why don't you ventilate this place? You 'll have the plague!"

"There is a great window, sir, taken out."

It was even so. There were beds and bedding, and clothes of every kind, taken from the wounded

and the dead, with all possible abominations, and incredibly full of vermin! If anything could make war utterly accursed, it would be the Crimean lice! They are large, fat, disgusting, overgrown, *hellish*-looking creatures! I have tried their bite, personally, and found it irritating, maddening, in the extreme. Each puncture is surrounded by an intensely red inflammation, with an intolerable burning itch, which nothing but ammonia, as strong as can be safely used, will allay. I have no doubt they killed more English soldiers than all the Russian bullets. The effect of their ravages upon those who survived was interesting and peculiar. Nature threw up her defenses in the best way she could, the skin, after a while, becoming thickened, dead, and corky in appearance. The tissue having thus lost its sensitiveness, the suffering was diminished.

The sergeant told me that, despairing of washing the clothing, they had built a place for burning it: and he showed me the furnace, with a tall, rude chimney, at the back of the grounds. How much they consumed I know not. He said the authorities at Scutari could neither provide the men with new, nor secure the washing of the old, clothing.

I went immediately to Scutari, and made known the state of things, the conduct of O'Connor, and the perfect ease with which the want could be sup-

plied, there being thousands of women — Armenian, Greek, Turkish — in the Bosphorus villages who would be glad of the work.

Mr. Parker, the chief purveyor of the great hospital, said he found it next to impossible to get the washing well done for the five thousand under his care; and if I could do anything for Kulelie it would be the greatest possible favor. I asked for no contract and no price. I was determined to do the work, and change the aspect of things in Kulelie. My doing it in spite of Dr. O'Connor may have added to the zest of rescuing the sufferers.

On returning to Bebek, I met the Armenian *kehyah* (head man) and told him what I wanted.

"I have just the place for you," he said: "a tumble-down house, but with a large garden excellent for drying purposes, a huge kitchen, and an unfailing supply of water, right in the kitchen itself."

I examined, and hired it at a reasonable price, monthly, so long as I should want it. I never undertook to do anything that went so glibly. Usually the obstacles to a work require more time than the work itself.

In a very few days two large copper kettles were set in masonry, so as to deliver the hot water through twenty-two faucets, into twenty-two washing places.

A large pump delivered the water into the kettles or cold-water tubs, lines were stretched in the garden, to the amount of nearly half a mile, a small sloop-load of dry wood was most fortunately obtained, and two capable men employed to oversee the whole — one the work at the laundry, the other the transportation from and to the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus. Twenty-two women, Greek and Armenian, were engaged, and eager for the work. I made satisfactory arrangements with them all, intending to charge every expense to the British government, and let it go at that — everybody assured me that *red tape* would make the payment impracticable.

While I was hearing a class, the overseer burst into the recitation room in great excitement, saying, "O sir! come quickly! the mob will tear down the establishment, and the women have all fled!"

The truth was, the clothes were so filthy, disgusting, and loaded with vermin, that the women feared to touch them, and declared they would never enter the place again. About three thousand articles had been brought over, in large bundles, and opened in the court, and the offensive odor had gone up into the windows of the houses on that side. The people, naturally excited, were assembling in angry haste. Here was trouble all around! I told the people their complaints were reasonable, and the clothes

should be immediately removed to the magazine on the other side; but if they made trouble, I should immediately send for a guard of English soldiers, and they would have the pleasure of dealing with them. The people became quiet and departed.

What was I to do? I was certainly *in a fix.* I could not blame the women or the people.

A thought struck me. It came of itself — a complete idea of one of the empty oak beer-casks lying at Kulelie, changed into a washing machine. I sent for my best workman, Pandazee, to come, with another man, to work all night, if need be. The malicious O'Connor would not let me have a cask without an order from Scutari, which cost me three hours' time to get. But the next morning, about nine o'clock, the machine was ready, and on the ground. A few women sullenly came, after much persuasion, to see it tried. I must produce a surprising effect on the first trial; and a large quantity of melted soap had been put unnoticed into the barrel. I took up the articles with tongs, and put them in, let on the water, and told the man to work the brake twenty minutes. Five or six minutes were found to be quite enough. The water ran off with a filthy, muddy color. Pure water was let in, till, after rinsing, it came away pure. The articles were taken out transformed!

The women had no objections to the finishing work. The twenty-two women returned, more machines were made, and the work went on merrily, without further care. The bodies of the vermin lined the channel through which the waste water flowed, and yet so many were entangled in the furze of woolen articles that they all had to be brushed with stiff brushes. But what surprised me most was that the boiling water did not destroy the vitality of the eggs deposited by the million on the flannels. There were patches of these, sometimes as large as the hand; and we had to employ brushes made of fine brass wire. I found these by accident in Galata, and the owner himself did not know what they were made for. He had them by accident. They did our work effectively. As soon as a complete set of all articles for two hundred and fifty men could be prepared they were sent over, and produced both joy and comfort.

Dr. O'Connor was removed. I think he was a brutal, unfeeling wretch, and cared nothing for the sick and wounded. Dr. Tice, a gentleman, came in his place, and he ordered the men to change twice a week.

In good weather for drying, with a force of thirty persons and six washing machines, three thousand articles were sometimes *put through* in one day. In

rainy weather, packages of one hundred each were given out to many houses in Bebek and neighborhood, and thus, although the sick and wounded, with the hospital force, amounted finally to eight hundred, the laundry always kept ahead of the demand, so as to work off and save all the stuff that had been brought down from the Crimea. It was a long time before the whole hospital could be cleansed of every sign of vermin. Every bed had to be turned out and worked over, but in the end the Crimean enemy was utterly subdued.

The women in the laundry, working by the piece, and aided by the washing machines, earned from thirty dollars to forty-five dollars per month, a sum never dreamed of as possible by them ; and the comfort it diffused in their poor homes was one of the richest rewards of the work. There was not a house I had not visited in sickness, and they were as ready to acknowledge, as I to notice, the change.

In due time I went to Mr. Parker with the accounts. What had been expended for getting up the works was paid, without any questions or examination of particulars. The washed articles had all to be separated into three categories, and paid for at the rate of seventy-five cents per dozen for the larger articles, fifty cents for medium, and thirty-seven and one-half for small articles.

I am glad to testify that in all my relations with the British army I never personally encountered what was so much decried — *red tape*. I do not question its existence, but I think my services were looked upon as rather exceptional, and treated accordingly. With the three exceptions of Menzies and O'Connor and the provost of the camp, all the gentlemen of the British army with whom I had any relations were, to use an English phrase, "the soul of honor"; and by this I mean just, kind, and prompt.

At the rate of pay above mentioned there would evidently result a profit. What should be done with it? The poor little church at Bardezag was in great need of a church building. I proposed to wash out one for them. As the great bread business demanded some of my leisure time, and as I was rebuilding a church destroyed by earthquake at Brousa, Mr. Minasian, always ready for every good work, kindly offered to look after the laundry in my absence about the building of this church. Without such partnership I could not have accomplished it. It cost nearly $3,000, and yet I built it entirely out of an English beer barrel!

During this work, a stolid-looking, strong, poorly-clad young man came to beg employment. I did not think he had intelligence enough to make a use-

ful workman, and presumed he would be a nuisance. I soon found that he was not only strong, but that he did carefully and faithfully whatever I gave him to do. Quiet, unassuming, retiring, indefatigable, competent to every duty with which he was entrusted, his value forced itself upon me in spite of his looks. There was nothing mechanical which, after seeing me do it once, he could not do better. He has been the very useful steward of the college from the beginning, was my right-hand man in erecting the buildings, and has never been known to be faithless to a trust, or to flinch from the most arduous duties, day or night.

Mr. Williams had in the meantime returned to Constantinople from Malta. He had a large family, and was in absolute destitution. I gave the laundry over to him to make what he could out of it, and it soon placed him, for the time, in circumstances of comfort.

I am told that my dear college friend, Dr. Bartol, has humorously assigned to me sixteen professions. I have never seen the list which his brilliant imagination has produced, but I presume he did *not* include what I am most proud of — the profession of a washerwoman!

One stormy day in the winter of 1855, a messenger came with the terrible news that the cholera,

which had been sporadic rather than epidemic at Scutari, had reached our men. Two were dead, five were sick, all had stopped work in panic. The ten thousand pounds of bread required from those two ovens could not be delivered on the following morning.

I took a carpet bag of medicines and started immediately for Scutari, sending the man to the bakers' market place to engage half a dozen men at any price, and get them carried over in the English messenger steamer. He could get them there for night work. I must go direct and speedily, for cholera does n't wait or lag in doing its work. No caïque could be persuaded to set me across the Bosphorus to the Asiatic side. A fierce south wind was fretting the waters into foamy waves, and the light caïques would not venture out. No entreaties, no offers of reward had any effect upon the men, who had never refused before.

Just then a Scutari boat, manned with two powerful men, put in to escape the storm. For ninety piastres, nearly twenty times the legal price, they engaged to put me over. The Scutari boatmen are famed for skill and boldness in these southern storms. I have never seen a finer contest of human strength and skill with the forces of nature. We had to go in the trough of the sea, but the light

caïque would turn quickly its sharp bows into every toppling wave, and its foam would go hissing by as we rode over it or through it, and so we gained the Asiatic shore in safety.

Our courage comes from circumstances. I am naturally timid, and nothing but stern necessity would have forced me to the encounter, but imperious duty called me, and I felt no fear. I found the men at the bakery utterly demoralized. I called them together, assured them of their safety if they would go quietly to work, and that every one of the sick would recover. They rallied at once. I made every possible preparation for uniform warmth and good diet, and pledged them my word that not one of them would be attacked except he should transgress. Those attacked brightened up into hope, and one even insisted upon getting up and going to work. I promised to stay with them through the afternoon and night. The relay came over from the city, but were sent right back, and the work went bravely on. The bread would all be ready three or four hours before the time of delivery. The sick all recovered and there were no more attacks.

The Orientals have an admirable kind of coolness and courage. Give them a leader in whom they have confidence, and they will follow him to the death. The men had now recovered their balance,

and, towards evening, insisted that I should go home, because my family would be distressed about me. I attempted to do so, but could find no boat. I went up the Asiatic shore to Candili, opposite Bebek, but every boat was drawn up, and no one would put out at that hour. Darkness was coming on; but just as I was turning up to Mr. Hanson's house for the night, I discerned a boat putting out and hailed it.

"Will you take me across to Bebek?"

"If you will go."

"What do you ask?"

"Six piastres!"

If he had said sixty or seventy, I should have given them.

When I was fairly seated in the bottom, he began to say, "How glad I am to have you for a passenger! I must go across, and I had nothing for ballast. I know you will keep the trim of the boat. The night is bad, but we shall go nicely. Ha, ha, cheliby! I said six piastres. I know you won't grudge me that, such a night as this; but I would have taken you for nothing!"

Never were two parties better satisfied with a bargain! We crossed nicely. Wife and children had anxiously given up hope of my return that night, and they rushed upon me like *bashi-bazooks*. I

slept soundly, and found all in good cheer at the ovens next morning. The cholera did not strike us again. About one hundred deaths were reported in the hospital, but the most remarkable fact was the death of six doctors. The death of Dr. McGregor, the chief medical inspector who had replaced Menzies, was greatly lamented.

CHAPTER XII.

THE SEMINARY DURING THE WAR.

THE demand in the British service for interpreters opened a great door of employment to our students. Many of them left, and obtained by six months' service sufficient money to complete their education. Some were demoralized by the influences of the camp and the field; some were strengthened in character and manliness, and earned the approbation and respect of the officers. About twenty-five remained and quietly pursued their studies.

My work had become so well arranged and reduced to system before the war commenced, that the mere enlargement of it caused much less additional labor than one would suppose. The men were intelligent and faithful, and they understood well that their success was involved in the success of the whole. The students pursued their regular course in industries, and the missionary work in general felt the war less than anyone would have imagined. The missionaries went straight on their way and let the war alone. If anyone will look over the missionary correspondence from Turkey for the years 1853–57, he will be

surprised to see how few references are made to the war. But important changes were proposed in the plan and scheme of education.

The great secretary, Dr. Anderson, had brought forward his scheme of reducing all missionary education to a vernacular system.[1] I opposed it. I offered to go into any other department, but would not take up and put in operation a system that would be injurious from the beginning, and must fail in the end. He apparently yielded for the time, and I continued in the service.

The time had come to give over all my industrial oversight to those for whom the industries had been established. The Crimean war had entirely removed many of the obstacles from which our native brethren had suffered. I wished, moreover, for a short vacation. I had become "lean favored" during the war. My weight was reduced from one hundred and thirty-seven to one hundred and fifteen pounds. I wished also to place my two oldest daughters, Henrietta and Susan, at school in America. I asked leave to go by steam, making a short visit, and then returning to my work. Dr. Anderson replied that the Board had not permitted missionaries to travel by steam, "but inasmuch as Brother Hamlin had always gone by steam," he must be an exception. I paid my own expenses

[1] "The vernacular" system meant that students should be educated in and through their own language and should study no foreign language.

both ways, out of some unsettled accounts which had not come in when I arranged the church-building fund referred to below. Forty dollars remained in my pocket on my return. I paid that over to the building of the Hass Keuy church, and not a cent of all those operations, which sometimes amounted to fifty thousand dollars a month, remained with me.

In bringing together all the results of the industries I had established, I found myself in possession of $25,000, including what I had already paid for Rodosto and Brousa. Outside of this about $800 of unsettled accounts remained, which I used in going home, as above stated.

This money did not belong to me, for I was a missionary of the American Board. Dr. Anderson would not receive it, for it would bring discredit upon missions to have one of its missionaries make money at that rate. By cordial agreement with the brethren, I paid it into a church-building fund. It helped build thirteen churches, with schoolhouses or schoolrooms annexed. It was at a time when that aid was most needed, and no missionary money was ever spent more usefully and effectively. My industrial schemes had vindicated themselves. It often seemed as though a special Providence had rescued them time and time again from difficulties.

The station took upon itself the care of the

seminary during my absence. It invited the Rev. William Clark, then in Erzroom, to that duty for six or eight months. He made objection to the time, and evidently wanted a permanency, which the station had no intention to give. He came, however, I do not know under what precise encouragements.

It was determined before I left to abandon general education in the seminary, and reduce it or elevate it to a strictly theological school. I selected seventeen of the students, whom I recommended for theological study, and general high-school education for the time ceased.

Our arrangements were satisfactorily made, my wife and children were as well disposed of as a broken-up household can be; and eighteen years from the time I sailed from Boston for Constantinople I sailed from Constantinople for Boston.

We went by steamer to Trieste, Venice, and through Italy over the St. Gothard Pass to Paris and London. It was a most delightful journey, with a company of remarkably interesting and intelligent fellow travelers. Among them were Professor Tyler, with some Amherst students; an Oxford professor, with six Oxford students; Sir Edward Mansfield; George Francis Train; Mrs. J. P. Brown and son; and an English manufacturer by the name

of Brown. Time would fail me to speak of others; some from India, some from the Crimean war.

We had good weather; and neither at table nor on deck was there any lack of spirited and sometimes brilliant conversation. Sir Edward Mansfield's kind interest in my two girls has left a deep impression upon my memory. The last evening on the steamer and an episode at Verona may be worth mentioning.

The last evening in a steamer's voyage is usually hilarious; and as I saw there was a special preparation for "a good time," I withdrew to the deck, as did Professor Tyler and a few others. A Mr. Brown, from London, a gentleman of dignity and intelligence, was chosen chairman, and I felt there would be some restraining power from the chair should it be needed.

I had held long talks with Mr. Brown about the Turks and Turkey and its resources and possibilities. I had corrected many of his erroneous notions, and he seemed to be unusually ready, for an Englishman, to be corrected. We could both hear and see from the deck what was going on in the cabin, and it must be confessed there was considerable wit, if not wisdom called forth. At length George Francis Train was called upon, and he began an improvised history of our voyage. He made some

very good hits, and occasioned roars of laughter. At length he began upon the missionary, and I went immediately downstairs to confront him. He only expressed his scorn and contempt of missionaries and their work, *as he had seen them in India*. He evidently saw that I was there with a purpose.

The moment he ceased, there was a call for the chairman, and I could hardly hope for a chance. But the chairman rose, and said there was a gentleman on board from whom he had obtained more knowledge of Turkey and its peoples than from any other source. It was his intercourse with that gentleman that would make this voyage memorable to him, and he was sure the company would be glad to hear from the Rev. Mr. Hamlin, an American missionary, etc.

I was welcomed with applause, and I spoke thirty minutes in delineating what our mission work had done on four lines of activity: — (1) Religious freedom, with thirty-five churches; (2) education; what it had wholly reformed or transformed; (3) the press, with its increasing volume of biblical and educational literature; and (4) the better industries which always spring up out of intellectual and spiritual enlightenment. I closed with loud applause, and George Francis Train disappeared.

Afterwards two of the Oxford students came to

me on deck to thank me for having saved the evening. It was a grand close to what had been mere hilarity. They both declared their wish to be missionaries. I cannot remember either of their names, nor the name of their excellent professor, with whom I formed a sort of accidental friendship. About two years after, he visited the East again with his wife and wife's sister, and they made me a hurried visit at Bebek. He wanted to see my workshop, and expressed unbounded admiration of what I was doing. O memory, how faithless thou art!

We landed at Trieste. Sir Edward Mansfield very kindly took a carriage, and showed us all that was interesting to see in the city. We then took a steamer for Venice. I had a letter of introduction to the Countess Pisani from her father, Dr. Von Millingen. Our hotel was one of the ancient palaces and it retained some interesting, almost pathetic, mementos of a splendor long passed away. The countess was a connoisseur in art, and she gave us a whole day to show us the choicest of the countless works of Venetian art.

She seemed to be a true Christian lady. She wanted us to get together a choir of American singers at the hotel on Sunday and sing to her some of our excellent spiritual hymns. She said the Catholic Church had nothing in that department to

be compared with ours. We succeeded in finding singers and hymns. They sang Rock of Ages, Just as I am, Jerusalem, etc., and she expressed herself highly gratified.

From Venice we went to Verona, where we spent two days in examining the interesting antiquities of the city, the tombs of the Scaligeri, the celebrated amphitheater, the most perfect that remains from the Roman empire, and various other objects of interest. I had read with such deep interest of the struggle which Charles Albert had made for freedom, against the Austrians, and the disastrous and final battle near Verona, that I engaged a cab to drive the girls and myself out to the battle ground, visiting at the same time the Campo Santo, where are some of the most delicate monuments of modern Italian art.

This drive brought us near to one gate of entrance to the fortified hill, where the Austrians were placing three thousand cannon in order to pound Verona to dust in case of insurrection. I had a great desire to see these works, and told the cabman to drive us to the gate. He absolutely refused. He said the Austrians would seize him and put him in prison if he should do such a thing. Nobody could enter there. Accordingly, we left the cab, and went on foot to the gate. Now there are two ways

of entering such a place: one is by an order from supreme authority; the other is by extreme childlike simplicity. I was forced to rely upon the latter.

With my two nice girls, Henrietta and Susan, I went up to the fierce-looking guard at the gate. As I could not speak German, but my girls spoke it fluently, they had to be my interpreters. I took out my American passport, and told the girls to say that I was an American missionary, on my way home from Constantinople, and that I wished to see the works. There was a smile on their mustachioed faces as the officer replied: "Impossible! impossible!" I then said, "Please call the next in command!" which he did. He also was amused, but incorrigible; and I said, as before: "Please call the next in command!"

After some delay, a fine splendid officer made his appearance, with curiosity evident in his countenance. He began to talk with the girls in German, of which I could understand very little. I was quite left out in the cold. I could see that he became deeply interested in the conversation he was holding with them. He had asked them about their parentage and education, what languages they spoke, their place of residence, and many other things. He was evidently quite charmed with the girls; for after he had talked with them for a while, he turned

to me and said: "I will detail an officer, who will show you all the works you wish to see." And thus we were ushered into that grand fortress, in which the hill on the bank of the Adige opposite to Verona was transformed into one vast fortress bristling with thousands of cannon.

We spent some days in Paris, meeting there Mr. and Mrs. Robert, and the French Protestant pastors, Fisch and De Pressensé. Mr. Robert had begun the thinking which led to Robert College, but had said nothing. Having "done" Paris, we then passed over to London.

On arriving in London, I went, according to previous arrangement, directly to No. 7 Adam Street, Strand, the office of the Turkish Missions Aid Society. As this society was born in my study in Bebek (Constantinople), it will be of interest to recount the circumstances. The true founder of the society was the Rev. Cuthbert G. Young, an English clergyman, who, in 1853, came to Constantinople through Egypt and Syria, with greatly improved health, and who wished to find a place in the East where he might be a helper in existing work. He was, first of all, in himself a Turkish Missions Aid Society. I found him a room close to the seminary, and let him have one of the theological class as a teacher and to go round with him as interpreter.

He took a lively interest in the work, and came to the conclusion that the Armenian race was the open door through which to enter Turkey. He gave himself to the study of the language with great zeal. He often took tea with us, and broached the idea of an English society to aid us with money, not with men. He saw clearly the political reasons why the mission should always remain purely American.

Finding the sounds and idioms of the Armenian language very difficult, — he had reached the age of forty, — he concluded to throw up his idea of personal aid, return to England, and establish, if possible, a society in aid. This was often talked over with interest, but he took us all by surprise one morning by coming in to say good-by. He had arranged all his affairs ; had left two or three quite worthless things in his room, which he begged me to keep, and which I do keep "in memoriam." He was gone like a bird taking its sudden flight for another clime. The idea had taken full possession of him and had swallowed him up.

Soon after reaching England, he wrote me that he had met with encouragement from some of the best men in England — the Earl of Shaftesbury, Sir Culling Eardley, Sir Edward Buxton, and others, both in and out of the Church of England. The society was definitely formed in the lower room of

Exeter Hall, July 3, 1854. Great was Mr. Young's joy and gratitude at this result, which had come about in a most satisfactory way. Dr. Dwight, the father of the Armenian mission, had been invited to hold meetings in England, but had been providentially prevented, and I fell into his place. It brought me into connection with some of the best Christian society of England and Scotland.

I anticipated a very happy meeting with Mr. Young, although I knew he had been compelled by ill health to retire from work. A note from him, written with a trembling hand, was handed me, urging me to come and see him immediately, but with it a note from his wife, saying that his weakness was so great no one but his own family could see him, and my presence even would be too exciting. He lingered some time, and departed in great peace. His work survives him, and the Turkish Missions Aid Society is his memorial.

At the office of the society I met the Rev. Mr. Birch, the able and efficient secretary; Sir Culling Eardley, the vice-president; Dr. Holt Yates, and Judge Wheatley, of the East India service, members of the executive committee. We received a very hearty welcome, and, after an hour spent in conversation, Dr. Holt Yates took us to his house in Brompton Square. The next day we called upon

the Earl of Shaftesbury, the president of the society. Dr. Holt Yates was deeply interested in the project of a railway from the Mediterranean to the Euphrates. He had made a large purchase of land at Suadia, where he was sure the terminus of the railway would be; and had established schools and industries there, and commenced a real Christian civilization. This great enterprise so filled his mind and heart, and he had such an opportunity to press it upon the Earl of Shaftesbury, whose influence in Parliament he wanted, that Turkish missions were quite crowded out. It evidently annoyed the earl, for at the close of the interview he said to me, "I would like to see you again to-morrow as early as convenient, but at any time between ten and twelve."

I was accordingly there at ten o'clock, and answered many inquiries with regard to our work in Turkey. After a long conversation, he expressed his gratification, and said, "I must have a drawing-room meeting of fifty or sixty gentlemen from the different evangelical religious bodies in London; and I wish you to say to them substantially what you have said to me, with anything else that may occur to you."

That disposed of, I was about to retire, but he said, "I would like to ask you some questions about our consular service in the East."

The earl was a man of such extreme simplicity and affability, that I entered into the conversation with the most unsuspecting freedom. I pointed out what I thought to be the faults of the system, as injurious both to Turkish and to English interests. His many questions drew me on and on, until I became aware that I was treading on forbidden ground. For, as missionaries, we made it a fixed rule not to enter into foreign political interests any farther than as they are directly related to our missionary work.

At the close of the discussion he said to me: "I have been very much interested in your views, based as they are upon observation and experience. They accord fully with my own impressions, and greatly strengthen and enlarge them. I am preparing a bill to introduce into Parliament, for the reform of our consular service; and I wish you to see my father-in-law, Lord Palmerston, and to say to him just what you have said to me, and just as freely and frankly."

I declined, as positively as I politely could, and confessed that I had transgressed one of our missionary rules.

"No, you have not!" he said. "You have done just what was right!"

"But it would be extremely awkward for me to go to Lord Palmerston with such a subject as this!" I said.

"Never mind," he replied; "I shall bring it about in some way."

As I was about to leave, I asked him how I could obtain an introduction to the Archbishop of Canterbury, in order to protest against the ritualistic character of the Memorial Church about to be erected at Constantinople.

He replied: "You need no introduction. Write him a note. Say that, as an American missionary, you desire to see his grace with regard to the proposed Memorial Church at Constantinople. He will appoint the time of an interview."

Accordingly I did so; and received the reply: "To-morrow morning, at Lambeth Palace, at the earliest hour."

I asked Dr. Holt Yates what that "earliest hour" meant. My earliest hour would be five o'clock A.M.! But the archbishop might object to that.

"Why!" said the good doctor, "don't you know what the earliest hour means in London? It always means ten o'clock."

At ten I was in Lambeth Palace, and had an hour's interview with the archbishop, in his magnificent library. He appeared to be an affable Christian gentleman; made many inquiries about the East, about our missionary work, about the results of the Crimean war, the condition of the Oriental churches,

and the prospects of reform. He entered fully into our objections to having a ritualistic High Church exhibition in that place. He should consider what could be done ; and he wished me to assure my associates of his sympathy in their work.

I was highly gratified with the visit, but found that I could not perceive the least difference between an archbishop and any intelligent Christian gentleman, with the exception of that library and its appointments.

The drawing-room meeting at the Earl of Shaftesbury's was indescribably interesting. From the nobility there were present Lord Waldegrave and Sir Culling Eardley. Lady Waldegrave was the only lady present ; and she excused herself on the plea of anxiety for her lord's health. He had lately recovered from a slight paralytic shock, and she never left his side. She was a lady of much sweetness and dignity, and was evidently regarded with much deference by the gentlemen present. Lady Shaftesbury made her appearance just as the meeting was breaking up. Dr. Cumming, the famous preacher and man of prophecy at that day, was present ; Rev. Dr. Edwards, an able man ; and a young scion of a noble family, whose name I forget. The Hon. and Rev. Baptist Noel was another; and many others of note from the different religious bodies.

Some of our friends of the Turkish Missions Aid

Society had great anxiety lest I should say something that would involve me with the Anglican Church. I replied: "I shall speak frankly; and I don't care a fig for the Anglican Church or for any other, as I have nothing to put forward, and nothing to conceal."

Prayer was offered by a bishop; and then the earl proposed that I should occupy half an hour in a general statement of our missionary work in the East, and that the rest of the evening be devoted to questions and free discussion.

The questions were very free and numerous from all parts of the room. Considerable liberty and friendly discussion ensued. When the evening was well advanced, we were invited into the dining hall for refreshments. The repast was very informal. There were too many to be seated at the table. The table was covered with cold meat, rolls, cakes, and fruits of various kinds; and the noble ancestral sideboard, extending nearly the whole length of the hall, was covered with the ancestral silver tea and coffee services. Every one helped himself as he chose. I do not remember that there was a servant present. The conversation continued to a late hour. When they all retired, the earl expressed his gratification at the meeting, and said he felt sure that we had taken possession of a very strong motive force in favor of our cause.

The next day I received the following cordial note, which had no small influence upon subsequent measures: —

LONDON, June 11, 1856.

My dear Dr. Hamlin, — The meeting held at my house yesterday evening was deeply impressed by the statement you made of the labors of yourself and colleagues in the Armenian Mission from the United States.

I need not, I am sure, repeat the expressions and sentiments of deep respect and affection that we all of us entertain for the character and conduct of the American Board, and the great desire we have to extend, by any means in our power, the circle of its operations.

We are convinced that Bulgaria would be a fruitful field for the labors of evangelical missionaries; and we are satisfied that to none could the work be so safely confided as to those who have already produced such happy results in the Turkish empire.

Our request, therefore, is that you should move your brethren, and (let me add) ours, to undertake the dispatch of two missionaries to Bulgaria, and the supervision of them, we, on our part, undertaking to provide a sum, say three hundred pounds a year, for their sustenance. We would also urge the Bible Society to send colporteurs there for the distribution of the Holy Scriptures; and the Malta College would find the means to train two or three young men as school masters and catechists.

I trust this plan may be accepted, in the full confidence that, under the blessing of Almighty God, it cannot fail to prosper.

Faithfully yours,

SHAFTESBURY.

REV. DR. HAMLIN.

Soon after this drawing-room meeting, I received a note from the Archbishop of Canterbury, inviting me to dine with him and a few friends on the evening of the seventeenth of June. On showing the note to Dr. Holt Yates, he said, "That is the way the Earl of Shaftesbury intends that you shall meet Lord Palmerston," and added: "That is the anniversary dinner of the battle of Waterloo. There is to be no anniversary memorial dinner this year, on account of the French alliance; but various coteries are to have their dinners more privately." He mentioned four or five gentlemen whom I would undoubtedly meet, with Lord Palmerston and the Earl of Shaftesbury.

I had engaged my passage on the 14th from Southampton. Thus I was glad to escape the ordeal. Dr. Holt Yates offered to secure an exchange of my ticket to the next steamer, but I positively declined. The Briton did not entrap the Yankee that time!

Before I left England, I made an arrangement with the Turkish Missions Aid Society to return before the first of October, and spend a few weeks in holding public meetings, in behalf of the society, in various cities of England and Scotland.

Our voyage home in the Persia was made pleasant by friendly intercourse with Christian ladies and gentlemen on board. It was then contrary to the laws

of the Cunard Company for any but an Episcopal clergyman to hold service on the Sabbath. A number of the passengers petitioned the captain to invite me to preach, and the arrangement was made that the captain should read the service, and that I should preach, and close with extemporaneous prayer. This innovation was strongly approved by the passengers in general.

After a voyage of fourteen days, I again beheld my native shores, after an absence of eighteen years. When I met my brother Hannibal, at the Boston & Albany depot, we passed each other half a dozen times, he looking for Cyrus, and I for Hannibal; but neither recognized the other. We left the depot, thinking there must have been some mistake. When at length we met, knowing it must be we ourselves, one exclaimed, "Is it possible this is my brother?" and the other responded, "And is this mine?" Less familiar acquaintances had no difficulty in recognizing me, nor I in recognizing them. The case was somewhat similar in meeting my sister Rebecca. It is the minute changes that affect persons who have been very familiarly associated, and make the most beloved friend look strange. It is only the general features that are impressed upon others, and they do not change. My dear friend, Deacon Erastus Hayes, of Springfield, whom I had not seen for twenty-four years, recognized me at a glance.

Everything in my native land seemed wonderfully changed. Everybody spoke English! everybody was well dressed! Horses and carriages were different. Streets and buildings seemed surprisingly changed. Plows and harrows, reapers and mowers were transformations. Indeed, every instrument and tool of every industry had changed. The common nail hammer had changed. I looked with deep emotion upon the remains of an old plow and an old chaise, which in my boyhood were splendid; now thrown aside among rubbish. "Is it possible," I said, "that that is the very plow I bought in Norway, Maine, when I was a boy?" It was a clumsy looking thing in its old age, and no wonder it had retired to the rubbish heap!

My brother had kept with affectionate care a few mementos of our boyhood; but they also have disappeared. I have a bracket made from the heart of a favorite apple tree; nothing else from childhood's home but memories!

My visit to Portland, where I preached in the Payson Church for some months, — six or seven, — in 1837–38, was delightful, with shades of sorrow. During the eighteen years, death had made inroads upon the flock, and some of the choicest members of the church had gone to join their beloved and adored pastor. It was a great gratification to meet most of

those who had found the path of life under my short ministry, honoring by an earnest Christian life their profession.

During the last weeks of my short pastorate, a Young Ladies' Missionary Society was formed, called the Armenian Circle. The Misses Howe, Pope, Porter, Sinclair, Hubbs, Lord sisters, Pearson, Payson, Thaxter, and some twenty or thirty others formed the circle at its beginning. A slight misunderstanding came near causing serious trouble. I had met the circle and persuaded them to change the name from Hamlin Circle to Armenian Circle, which they did. The next day, three members of the circle whom I highly esteemed called upon me with anxious and embarrassed looks.

"I fear you have some bad news to bring me," I said.

"Yes, sir; very embarrassing to us indeed. We fear the remark you made to Miss P—— yesterday will do a great deal of mischief, and perhaps break up the society, and we want to beg you to find a remedy."

"What do you mean?" I asked. "What remark did I make to Miss P——?"

"You said to her 'your coarse remark.'"

"Miss P—— is not a lady to make a *coarse remark* — nor am I a gentleman who could thus insult her or any other member of the circle," I said with some heat.

"But we heard you, Mr. Hamlin, and so did others, and they are talking about it."

"Now let me relieve you," I said. "The whole thing is before me. When Miss P—— told me that she had mentioned to me, some days before, their intention to give the circle my name, I replied, 'I thought that one of your *jocose* remarks, Miss P——.' That is what I said. Miss P—— is a lady that could make a *jocose* remark, as you all know, but never a 'coarse' one."

They went away hilarious and the evil was nipped in the bud. How wise it always is, when such occurrences threaten the peace, to go directly to headquarters!

This Armenian Circle did an active missionary work for many years. One of its members has been a most useful and beloved missionary in Turkey as the wife of Rev. Dr. E. E. Bliss.

The circle, on my return, gave me a reception in the Conference Room and a bazaar. All the articles sold amounted to about $100, and the proceeds were given to me. I purchased any article of dress for my family that I fancied, and the money I paid for it came right back to me.

The children of some whom I had left as unmarried youth were introduced to me by the matronly mothers. Of the two hundred or more persons pres-

ent, perhaps fifty were of the church members whom I had known eighteen years before. Most of the older members of that day had *passed over* or were too aged to attend the fair.

Of one interesting coterie of fifteen persons, not one was present, and I believe only one was living. It was a very excellent secret society of old ladies, members of the Payson Church. One of their number, a sister much beloved and earnest in every good work, had met with many afflictions, and was bereft in her old age of house and all her property in the settlement of her husband's estate. Twelve of her associates in the church quietly banded together, and assured her that she should not want any good thing which they could furnish, and that she should never come upon the charities of the church. The affair was managed with great wisdom, delicacy, and success. An excellent widow, member of the church, unable to furnish financial aid, rented to them two rooms in her house, up two flights, it is true, but otherwise very pleasant. They were given a very moderate rental, and her eldest daughter — of about forty, of delicate health — would sleep in the same chamber and be her careful companion. The ladies let no one know that there was any combination in all this. It was only known in their families that they called often upon Mrs. B——, and not a few

delicacies went to her. But one evening every fortnight, the whole coterie had a grand tea in her room, and spent the evening in a social and cheerful way.

I was invited to one of these teas, and the lady told me of the sad history of Mrs. B—— and of this organized coterie, of which she assured me no *man* but myself knew. Their occasional visits and Christian sympathy were well enough known, but that it was an organized thing they never mentioned to husband or child. It might occasion feeling among other widows of the church. I went. I was never so surprised; I was taken all aback. A long and elegant table for fourteen! Not one of the coterie but had, as I judged, reached the age of sixty, and some were more; Mrs. B——, seventy. But they all went back to thirty. They had come to have a good time and to throw off care and trouble. After tea, which was sociable and bright, and for which everyone had brought a share, a hymn was sung and prayer offered. Then everyone had two or three minutes to tell or propose anything of importance, and after that the rest of the evening was free until nine o'clock. Public affairs, religion, literature were freely broached and with merit and wisdom. There was no want of compliments and jokes and repartee, and I had to call up all my resources not to appear like a fool. It was the élite of the Payson Church, and a

remarkable coterie. The countenance of Mrs. B—— is impressed upon me. There were refinement, cultivation in it. She was also cheerful, animated, but there was a tone of sorrow and affliction, a shade beneath the light, or else my imagination placed it there. There was an unusual degree of brotherhood in the Payson Church. "Bear ye one another's burdens" was a command lovingly obeyed. But of that beautiful picture of Christian life and love which so impressed me with its purity and strength, all had vanished and "left not a wrack behind."

My visits at Bowdoin College and at Bangor were exceedingly pleasant. Professors Smyth, Upham, Cleaveland, and Packard, four of the seven, were at their posts, and they gave me a very cordial reception. My senior room had two frail mementos, my name in charcoal in the wood closet, and upon a window-pane, scratched with a quartz crystal. Everywhere I had to speak upon the then recent Crimean war, and I had crowded assemblies.

My visit to Waterford affected me more than anything else. I will not attempt to describe things that must be experienced in order to be understood.[1]

Henrietta and Susan were everywhere the object

[1] Since writing the above I have obtained the crane from our old chimney. I can sit down before it, placed on the wall of my study, and bring mother, Susan and Rebecca, Hannibal and Cyrus in front of it.

of the kindest attention, not to say flatteries. Miss Dillaye, of Philadelphia, accidentally meeting them in Bangor, offered to take upon herself the education of one of them. They would not consent to be separated. I shall note the many things omitted here, in my history of our social life, which is an entirely separate record of our joys and griefs.

After spending two and a half months at home, and being refreshed by meeting many old friends, and being deeply moved by the "vacant chairs" in beloved households, I returned to England by the Persia, reaching Liverpool September 27, in season to go right up to London. We had a remarkably smooth passage until the morning we sighted Ireland. Here we met the equinoctial gale in all its fury. The Persia was high in the water, and rolled tremendously. I went up on deck, with two Christian friends from Philadelphia, and by holding fast to the railing, I was estimating the distance between the side wheel and the ocean, as it sometimes rose completely out of the water, and revolved in the air. I was amused at the exclamation of my friends: "Let us go below, Mr. Hamlin! it seems to be dangerous here!" I replied: "There 's not the least danger of our being swept from the deck; and the air below is very close." But they beat a retreat, and felt much safer below.

Owing to the severity of the storm, we were not able to communicate with Queenstown, and the mail was transferred with great difficulty. Before we entered the Mersey, we passed no less than eight ships in distress; but the captain declared that it was impossible to render them any assistance.

On the day after reaching London, I met the secretary and committee of the Turkish Missions Aid Society, and arranged a program for forty days' work in holding public meetings on behalf of the society. The Earl of Shaftesbury and Sir Culling Eardley were extremely cordial, and seemed to have adopted the American missions in Turkey with genuine interest and fervor. We held meetings in Southampton, Brighton, the Isle of Wight, London, Liverpool, Manchester, Bath, Clifton, Edinburgh, Glasgow, and a farewell meeting in London. Besides the public meetings, there were occasional drawing-room meetings, and meetings with invited clergymen and men of influence. I had much delightful intercourse with some of the choicest spirits of the Anglican Church. Their night suppers, however, often lasting from half-past ten until midnight, upset my digestive powers so that I did not fully recover for months after my return to Constantinople.

At the meeting in Edinburgh, the celebrated Dr. Duncan was present, and, after meeting, came to the

supper at the Rev. Dr. Cullen's, Royal Terrace. The provost of the city was there, and many other distinguished men. Our conversation continued until after midnight. Dr. Duncan was the last to leave, and he carried off my umbrella. He, however, became conscious of the innocent theft, and came back to return it just as we were retiring. Dr. Cullen said of the incident, that the taking of the umbrella by Dr. Duncan was nothing extraordinary, but his returning it was something he had never done before. His wife always returned the articles he carried off with him. He was a very great, learned, and devout man, but his fits of absent-mindedness were *immedicable*. But for that peculiarity, he would have been the peer of Chalmers. His wife had to keep for him all his appointments; otherwise he would rarely remember them. Dr. Cullen told me this anecdote of him: —

Two learned gentlemen from Germany, visiting Edinburgh, had a great desire to meet Dr. Duncan, of whose profound Oriental learning they were aware. A gentleman accordingly invited Dr. Duncan to dine with these German friends at his house, and gave special charge to Mrs. Duncan to see that her husband kept the appointment. When the hour approached, she went to the doctor, at work in his garden, and reminded him of the invitation to dinner. "Oh, yes!" he said, "I have it in mind. I 'm

going just now." But, watching him a few moments, and seeing him still diligently at work, she went to him again, and urged him not to be late at the dinner. He then started direct for his friend's house. On arriving there, he became aware that his hands bore marks of the garden soil, and asked the lady for a room in which to wash his hands, with an apology for the neglect. She showed him into a chamber, and said, "We will wait for you in the drawing-room." After waiting an unwarrantable time, the gentleman went to see what had become of Dr. Duncan. What was his profound surprise to find him undressed and safely ensconced in bed! Many pages might be covered with similar stories of his absent-mindedness.

On reaching the train, at 7 A.M., whom should I see but this self-same Dr. Duncan. He said: "I enjoyed the meeting so much last evening that I am going to Glasgow to enjoy it over again." At Glasgow, I went directly to the house of Henderson of Park, the pious millionaire. I felt too weak and ill to attend the meeting. Mr. Henderson said: "The meeting without you would be Hamlet with Hamlet left out." He prepared me a stiff dose of brandy and sugar, saying, "Take that and you 'll be all right immediately." Having been a teetotaler all my life, it would undoubtedly have made me dead drunk. I

took perhaps less than half of it. I went into the meeting and spoke an hour. Dr. Duncan sat directly behind me on the platform, and was anxious that I should leave out nothing of what I had said in Edinburgh. He repeatedly poked me with his cane, and reminded me of this or that anecdote or fact that I had not narrated. I always spoke extemporaneously, and it was impossible always to refer to the same facts, as the natural laws of association would bring up new facts in every new speech.

After the meeting, I remained in Mr. Henderson's house, sick in bed, for three or four days, attended by Dr. Rainey, one of the most distinguished physicians and earnest Christians of Glasgow. This illness made it impossible for me to meet an appointment to lay the corner stone of Mr. Waddington's Memorial Church (of the Puritan Martyrs), in London. Fortunately, the Rev. Parsons Cooke was going directly to London, and I commissioned him to lay the corner stone in my name. At a later day I attended a meeting at the church, and in the presence of the officers and some members of the church, I adopted the stone as my own. In it is sculptured: "This corner stone was laid by Rev. Cyrus Hamlin, of Constantinople, a descendant of the French Huguenots."

The good Dr. Rainey and Mr. Henderson very

kindly obtained for me a place in a luxurious car for invalids, without additional charge. An invalid lady was in the same compartment. We anticipated a rapid and pleasant passage to London. We had passed Rugby by a few miles when, in the midst of a dense fog, we were arrested by signals of danger ahead. A coal train had run into a cattle train. We were delayed just twelve hours in that dense fog before we could proceed. It became very chilly, and the poor lady begged me to get for her, if possible, a bottle of hot water for her feet and hands. I made every effort on her behalf, but we could absolutely obtain nothing for her or for myself. It was a long night of suffering, from 8 P.M. until 8 A.M. I survived the unhappy ordeal, and I hope she did.

To most of these meetings I was accompanied either by Captain Hall, an unpaid volunteer, traveling secretary of the society, or by Rev. Dr. Blackwood, the head chaplain of the British army in the Crimean war, to whom I have already referred. Dr. Blackwood went with me to make a third effort for forming there an auxiliary society. An independent minister, — whose name I have forgotten, — a gentleman of commanding influence in all Christian charities, a successor of the celebrated and devoted Jay, whose "Evening Exercises" and other practical

religious works were in every home, had successfully opposed the previous efforts, because of the asserted complication of the American Board with slavery. We went from London to Bath — forty miles — in just one hour, including three or four stops. Dr. Blackwood and I went to the house of Captain McAlpine, a returned Indian officer and man of wealth, who was strongly desirous of forming the auxiliary in Bath. He said to us at once: "We must meet this question of the relations of the American Board to slavery, or this, our third attempt, will be our last and a failure." I asked him if he had a copy of The Missionary Herald. He produced one. Looking over the monthly receipts, I found that, out of nearly thirty thousand dollars, only five hundred were from the slave states. I put the Herald in my pocket and said: "I think I can give the gentleman a satisfactory answer."

There were so many anniversaries going on in Bath, that we found great difficulty in getting a hall and an hour for our meeting. We were driven to 2 P.M. for the hour, and to a hall — I think King William's Hall, for there were two horrid oil paintings of the king and his queen suspended in the hall. It was a pleasant hall that would seat about two hundred persons, and to my great surprise was actually full. It was one of the finest audiences to look upon

I had ever seen in England. Dr. Blackwood introduced me very briefly, saying that though I was capable of speaking for any length of time upon the great subject that claimed our attention, I would occupy only an hour, and there would remain another half hour for questions and remarks.

When the touch of the bell apprised me that my hour was ended, I had not reached the subject of slavery. As I took my seat I was called upon to speak on that topic. I took out the Herald and stated the facts. I remarked that the five hundred dollars may have been given partly by pious ladies, who deplored, as much as they did, the evils of slavery, and who were praying to be free from the curse; or possibly, in part, by pious slaves, as some of the artisan class were permitted to work for themselves in such a way as to purchase their own freedom. "At all events, if you require the Board to sift out such contributions, and to inquire into the individual character of each giver in the south, what will you do with your contributions made by those who have become rich on slave-grown cotton?"

With this brief reference to the subject, I sat down, and profound silence followed. Every eye was turned towards the gentleman on the platform, who hitherto had always brought forward his objec-

tions. He at length arose, and said the friends before him well knew that he had opposed the formation of an auxiliary, because of this terrible subject of slavery. Our missionary friend had placed this subject in a new light. His objections were entirely removed, and he should himself become a member and a subscriber, should such an auxiliary be formed. The declaration was received with applause. A contribution of more than a hundred pounds was taken up, and an auxiliary was formed which has been one of the most liberal supporters of the cause.

From Bath we passed over to Clifton, where we had another very interesting meeting. The provost of the town presided. It was there that I met the two individuals referred to in Paris, who had derived great benefit from my labors years before in Turkey.

Our last meeting was in Lower Exeter Hall. Sir Arthur Kennaird presided. Mr. Rawlinson, former embassador to Persia, spoke strongly in favor of American missions in Turkey and Persia. The Hon. and Rev. Baptist Noel, in his sweet and beautiful manner, made some very cordial remarks, and the following letter from Sir Fenwick Williams, of Kars, was read. The applause testified to his great popularity: —

My dear Dr. Hamlin, — I am extremely sorry that a long-standing engagement will prevent my having the pleasure of meeting you in Exeter Hall on the evening of the 4th.

I thus lose the opportunity of stating to the meeting my experience of sixteen years, in all parts of the East, of the efforts of that band of American missionaries of which you form a worthy member. I hope erelong to be able to testify in that hall to all the advantages gained to Christianity, as well as to humanity, by the increasing and judicious exertions of your countrymen, both in Turkey and Persia; and on doing so I shall speak of personal friends, as well as zealous pioneers of evangelization, who have proved themselves so worthy of the support and sympathy of the British public.

Pray, on reaching Stamboul, give my best respects to all my missionary friends, and believe me always

Yours faithfully,

W. F. WILLIAMS.

At the close of the meeting the following resolution was passed, with applause: —

Resolved, That the assembly welcome, with cordial and peculiar pleasure, the Rev. Dr. Cyrus Hamlin, of Constantinople, and is glad of the opportunity which his presence affords to express to him personally the high admiration entertained by Christians of all denominations throughout England, of his honorable, lengthened, devoted, and successful work as a missionary of Christ's gospel to the Armenians.

The meeting would further assure Dr. Hamlin of the continued sympathy and prayer for his future and extended labors, and

would convey through him the expression of the same feelings of high esteem to all his brethren and fellow laborers both in Turkey and Persia.[1]

My work in England had come to a close. Wherever I had been, in England, Scotland, or America, when it became known that I had been a resident of Constantinople during the Crimean war, and for many years antecedent to it, I had at once an audience and many questioners. I am now better prepared, after thirty-six years of histories, discussions, and events, to state some points with considerable confidence: —

1. The Crimean war was brought to a close by the treason of Louis Napoleon, contrary to the interests and plans of England, and at the time when she was at length grandly prepared to wrest the Crimea from Russia, and secure the future peace of Europe by a protected combination of the Danubian provinces or states. While an ally of England in war, he was in treasonable communication with the enemy about its conclusion. This has made the French alliance hateful to all intelligent Englishmen. It was to seal eternal friendship; it has created eternal distrust.

[1] The next morning The Times had a favorable notice of this meeting, which greatly delighted Sir Culling Eardley. He said it was the first and only meeting of the society The Times had noticed, adding, "We have at length made an impression. We have a place in public estimation. We have won our spurs," etc. I was surprised at his enthusiasm. He gave me a copy of the notice, but I do not find it among the papers of that time.

2. As to the main object of England, to cripple Russia, the war was a notorious failure.

3. As to its immediate and direct object, to save Constantinople from the clutch of the Czar Nicholas, it was a perfect success.

4. Louis Napoleon consummated his treason at the Peace of Paris, when he engineered into it the prohibition of foreign interference in carrying out the *Hatti Hamayoun*, or charter of freedom, elaborated by Lord Stratford de Redcliffe. This plan of reform, under the powerful supervision of the allies, would have made Turkey strong against Russia, and Russia and France united upset it. De Redcliffe declared he would have cut off his right hand rather than sign that treaty. It left the Turkish government to itself, and of course it would do nothing. Politically, it made the Crimean war a farce, and a very wicked one, by throwing away all that had been brought within reach. That charter of freedom was received with great commendation and applause, and then made nugatory by abandoning it to Turkey That high treason made all Louis Napoleon's subsequent humiliations and disasters appear like righteous retributions.

5. England showed a strange, unpardonable weakness in falling in with Louis Napoleon's policy, withdrawing Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, and sending as

his successor Sir Henry Bulwer, a man of infamous morals, whose whole career in Turkey seemed to be inspired with the mad determination to undo everything De Redcliffe had done. He aroused Turkish bigotry against the missionary work, and would have wrought immense evil ; but his notorious reception of a bribe from the Pasha of Egypt, for which he betrayed England's interest, compelled England to recall him. He inflicted a permanent curse upon Turkey by leading the government into making extravagant loans at the most absurd rates of interest. It is owing to Bulwer's initiative that Turkey plunged into bankruptcy.

6. His name and Louis Napoleon's, when they come to the judgment seat of history, will be cast out into outer darkness.

7. Another incidental result of the Crimean war has been to solidify Europe against yielding to Russia her long-sought prize — Constantinople. When, in 1877, she had the prize in hand, Europe arose and made her relinquish it. Ignatieff proudly said of European Turkey, "*J'y suis, J'y reste.*" But the three hundred thousand of Russia's choicest troops had immediately to march out, at the command of the Berlin congress.

8. There are some unlooked-for and unsought results of the war of great and permanent value : (*a*)

The abolition of serfdom in European Turkey, to which I have referred. (*b*) The old clogs upon industries, the power of the guilds, and the power of the patriarchs and bishops are very much diminished. (*c*) Ideas of civil and religious freedom have spread among all classes. This has alarmed both Turkey and Russia. The present reaction measures the nature and extent of that alarm. Russia begins to see that "Protestantism has set its foot in Turkey."

As I was about to leave for Constantinople, I had a very cordial invitation from the Earl of Shaftesbury to come and spend a week at St. Giles, his country-seat; but I had completed my engagements, and felt in great haste to return. I went by way of Paris, Berlin, Vienna, and Trieste. I had a very interesting week in Berlin, with my nephew, William Maltby, professor-elect of modern languages in Bowdoin College. I had the pleasure of meeting a Professor Strauss, whom I had seen in Constantinople, — not *the* Strauss, but a truly evangelical man, — professor of sacred geography in the university. I dined with him and a fellow professor, and we had an interesting discussion upon the differences and resemblances of Germans and Americans and of Germany and America. What they deplored was that Germans have not the individuality, the courage, the initiative of

Americans. A German cannot put his learning to practical account as an American can.

I need not speak of the magnificent museums of Berlin and Vienna. Nothing attracted my attention so much as the great Egyptian collection in the Berlin Museum. It seemed to me to surpass anything I had seen in London and Paris.

The railroad over the Semerin Mountains was then only open to Adelsburg. It is the most wonderful piece of engineering that I have ever witnessed. We traveled towards every point of the compass, through tunnels and along the sides of cliffs. We reached Adelsburg in the midst of a mighty snowstorm. There three diligences were fitted out to take the passengers who would not stop, on to Trieste. The traveling was so heavy that the mail would be some hours behind the government time. The change of horses did not occupy more than a minute. We were packed in our diligence for twelve hours, and were allowed to get out but once during all that time. We could obtain no refreshment; no tea, no coffee, and nothing but miserable sour beer, which some drank and some would not drink. We arrived at Trieste with joints so stiffened that we could hardly walk or stand. But the storm had passed, the sun was shining brightly, and the Gulf of Trieste looked as bright and blue as the Bosphorus.

The next day I took passage for Constantinople in the Trieste steamer. There were only two other first cabin passengers, fellows of Cambridge University, making their first tour abroad. They were learned innocents. As we stood upon the quarter deck, looking on the deck passengers below, one said with surprise: "Why, there is the Albanian prince that we drank wine with last night!" When he pointed out the individual, I said to him: "That is no prince, but probably a pasha's hostler!" They appealed to the captain, who confirmed my judgment. They were so chagrined and annoyed, that I could never ascertain how they had been so befooled. To tell the truth, he was a fine-looking young fellow, and the Albanian costume is distingué enough to befit a prince.

On reaching home, I found my family in perfect health, and the station ready to make a new deal in the seminary. Rev. William Clark had taken the seminary during my absence; he had so ingratiated himself, both with the students and with the station, that it was thought best he should remain at his post and that I should take the theological class, and establish a preaching station at the Fanar.

I assented, because the work was equally congenial, and it would be humiliating to be compelled to insist upon the original agreement. I took a house near by the seminary, and entered upon my new duties with

delight. I very soon saw clearly that Mr. Clark was running the seminary upon a scale of expenditure that would cause trouble with the treasury. I was also amazed at the changes he had made in the curriculum of studies; but let this episode remain unwritten.

The station was glad when he departed, and regretted that he had ever come. He has since figured as the Rev. and Hon. or the Hon. and Rev. William Clark; getting money for a ladies' college in Florence, Italy, with no responsible board of overseers to receive and expend the money. He has obtained patronage in England, by representing himself as having been the president of the Theological College of the American Board, which resulted in Robert College. There should be some slight deductions made from this statement, inasmuch as the Bebek Seminary, to which he doubtless refers, was removed to Marsovan, and hence had no connection with Robert College. And his connection with that seminary was so unsatisfactory, both as to the use of funds, and the methods of instruction, that when he went to Germany, during a summer vacation, he was kindly requested by the station not to return. That he has the genius of humbugging good men I am not disposed to deny.

On his departure, I resumed my place in the seminary, and brought things back to their old

order. Although I reduced the expenses by one half, my advent was hailed with joy by the students. In the meantime, I had transformed the mill and bakery situated directly opposite to the seminary into a dwelling house. The funds expended were in part from certain unsettled accounts, and from assistance given by friends in Massachusetts, of whom Rev. Dr. Gordon, Mr. William Stoddard, and Mr. Williston, all of Northampton, were the chief. Not a dollar was expended from the funds of the Board. The ground on which it was situated was the property of the Board. My proposition was, that on leaving the house myself, it also should become the property of the Board. Indeed, while I occupied it, it was effectively the Board's property, because my salary was diminished by the amount of the rent. I left the house in 1863, and it then ceased to be mine. It cost $3,000; and in the rent received, and in the sale, it has probably yielded $5,000 to the Board. I have paid back to the Board more than I ever received from it, during all the years of service.

As it had been decided that the seminary should be removed to Marsovan, and Mr. Christopher R. Robert, of New York, had been in correspondence with me in reference to founding a college at Constantinople, I resigned my connection with the Board, to take effect May, 1860.

I could not conscientiously continue as an educator in the service of the Board, after Dr. Anderson's revolutionary system of vernacular education had been decided upon. I had four objections to his system: — 1. It is unphilosophical, not true to human nature, to the wants and capacities of the mind. 2. It will make the Protestant pastors inferior everywhere to the Jesuit missionaries, who all speak foreign languages, and have the Papal history of the Church by heart. 3. It would cause great and general dissatisfaction in the Armenian Protestant community, and heartfelt coöperation would cease. 4. It would injure universally the prestige of the mission to take the back track on education.

All the results that I anticipated were realized, and many more. The system, moreover, utterly broke down and passed off the stage, after doing untold mischief. Dr. Anderson was a man of great power, and his errors were proportionably injurious. President Martin B. Anderson, of Rochester, New York, by his eloquent and powerful reasoning saved the Baptists from adopting the same fatal system, although their chief secretary and President Wayland warmly championed it. He was a remarkable man, and his power over the Baptist church was deservedly very great. He saved Baptist missions from the great setback from which our missions suffered.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE FOUNDING OF ROBERT COLLEGE.

I HAD been looking for a site for the proposed college all through the year 1859. My first chosen site was unattainable. The owner would not treat for it at any price. The twenty-fourth site I finally purchased, not as entirely satisfactory, but as on the whole the best attainable. It was at Korouch-eshme, and had an elevated and healthy position. The phases of that bargain are too many to narrate. The intermediate agents endeavored to entrap and cheat me, but ignominiously failed, cunning as they were. The site cost about $7,000.[1]

The first of May arrived; my direct relation with the American Board ceased, but I considered myself more of a missionary than ever, as now I should labor for all the races of the empire.

My relations with the secretaries and the Prudential Committee have always been cordial, even when we differed. Between Dr. Anderson and myself there was no interruption of personal friendship and confidence, only neither of us could bend the other.

[1] See Among the Turks, chap. xix.

It is fifty-five years since I was appointed by the Committee to the mission in Turkey. Since then secretaries and Prudential Committee have all changed. But then and now, and during all the changes and differences, I have regarded, and do regard them as a choice selection of intelligent, earnest, faithful, Christian gentlemen.

It had been agreed between me and Mr. Robert, that I should come to the United States with Mrs. Hamlin, and spend a year in getting the funds needed for launching the institution on its adventurous voyage. Mr. Robert proposed obtaining a subscription of $100,000. He would head the list with $10,000, and I must find, with his aid, nine other subscribers of like amount. I would also get up a separate subscription in smaller amounts for a library and the beginning of a laboratory. He proposed to begin in this moderate way. If it should meet with success, it would be easy, he thought, to enlarge. He promised, however, to provide a contingent fund of $30,000 to meet demands not foreseen.

With this partial plan in view, we put our house in order. We placed three daughters, Carrie, Abbie, and Clara, at the Deaconesses' School in Smyrna, our dear friend and missionary sister Mrs. Ladd having a motherly care for them. We left Alfred with Henrietta. We had one sore trial in his serious

Christopher R. Robert.

illness. I thought every mail would bring us the news of a great bereavement in the death of our only son. But the Lord listened to our daily and constant cry, and spared him. Not without deep emotions of anxiety and hope did I leave the place of more than twenty years' labor, and break for a time so many bonds of Christian sympathy and coöperation, and leave our children to the care of others. But the enterprise was a great one. It was to open the first Christian college in Turkey. Some Jesuit institutions, not equal to our ordinary American academy, had borne that name, but our *objectif* was an American college.

We went by way of Trieste to Venice, where we met our beloved and honored nephew, William Maltby, professor-elect of modern languages in Bowdoin College. He was a young man of rare gifts, and of equally rare attainments in the languages and literature of Europe. He would have graced the professorship which was first held by Longfellow, but he died of malarial fever, in Madrid, on the day which had been fixed upon for his departure homeward to assume his duties in the college.

We reveled for a few days in charming old Venice. Thence we went to Verona and Milan for the second time, where we surveyed the wonderful cathedral, the Cœnaculum of Leonardo da Vinci,

the rooms where Napoleon I wrote the Milan Decrees, with furniture, and curtains even, wonderfully preserved.

Before reaching Milan, we turned aside to visit the battlefield of Solferino, on the day of its first anniversary. The rank and unnatural growths upon the long lines where the dead were buried were a revolting proof of the terrible slaughter. The battle raged at different points along a line of some miles in extent; and it was wonderful to see how many signs of the ravage and destruction of the terrible day still remained upon the ground. The cottages, although an entire year had passed, and though the place must have been visited by thousands, were full of curiosities to sell. I bought, for a shilling, one of Louis Napoleon's shells for rifle cannon, which I brought home and deposited among the curiosities of Bowdoin College.

From Milan, we proceeded to and sailed over the enchanting Lake Como, and then took the diligence to cross the Alps by the Splügen Pass, and parted with our beloved nephew, to see him no more. In crossing the Alps, we stopped for the night at a miserable hotel in Campodicino, where the Little Corporal made his first treaty. The next diligence would pass in the morning, thus permitting us to survey all the grandeur of the Splügen Pass and

the Via Mala by daylight; and we were well repaid for the discomfort of the inn. Thence we went through Ragatz and Basle to Heidelberg, meeting some Constantinople friends, and visiting with much interest the Missionary Institution in Basle.

At the old castle in Heidelberg we met with a German lady who was a great admirer of Longfellow. I afterwards conveyed to him a message from her, with which he seemed much pleased.

From Heidelberg we went to Mayence; then, by boat down the Rhine to Cologne, whose wonderful cathedral we surveyed; then hastened on, through Aix-la-Chapelle, to Paris. At Aix we stood upon the marble slab that covers the tomb of Charlemagne.

Of course in Paris we visited the Louvre, the Tuileries, the Bois de Boulogne, Hotel des Invalides, and other usual objects of interest to travelers.

In crossing the stormy channel from Calais to Dover, we had the pleasure of rendering some aid to an elderly English gentleman, Sir Hugh Hughes, M.P., in the care of his two grandchildren, who were fiercely assaulted by seasickness. His gratitude was boundless. He would have taken us to his house in London and kept us a week, could we have complied with his urgent invitation. We shall never forget the kindness and social amenity of this fine old English gentleman.

In London, we took lodging in Northumberland Street, Strand, a street famous since for harboring singular travelers. At number seven two pleasant rooms, with breakfast and tea, were obtained at a very reasonable rate. We visited the British Museum, the Tower, the Thames Tunnel, St. Giles, and other places of historic interest. We passed through St. Giles without a policeman and without insult, the government having done much to cleanse its foul dens.

We visited the Crystal Palace, on Forester's Day, when about seventy thousand went down from London. At 3 P.M. all the grand fountains were set in operation, and made a magnificent show. Looking upon the vast multitude, we made haste to take an early train back to London. Apparently, many thousands had been moved by the same idea, and the trains were crowded to the utmost. At the station near London Bridge, in the room for lost articles, there were already hundreds of canes, umbrellas, satchels, shawls, gloves, lunch baskets, and lunches done up in various forms, gathered that day.

We were invited to spend an afternoon and evening with Rev. Mr. Layard, cousin of Sir Austen Henry Layard, near Harrow-on-the-Hill. While going up to visit that interesting school, I met a squad of farm laborers, men and women, seeking

employment. They begged a shilling to buy beer with. They declared that they had not found a day's employment for two weeks. My talk with them convinced me of their utter misery. Alas! it was no worse than the condition of hundreds of thousands of farm laborers in the British empire! It is singular that the great manufacturing progress of England should be accompanied by the destruction of her agricultural industries. Free trade has evidently been a curse to every farm in England; and it would be the same in this country.

In the fine chapel of Harrow-on-the-Hill, a brass belt skirts the wall, upon which are engraved in bold letters the names of distinguished alumni. I read there the names of numbers of heroes of the Crimean war.

We renewed our acquaintance with the Steadmans, and took tea with them in their fine residence at St. John's Wood. Mr. Steadman was a retired African merchant, and his wife a cultivated lady, niece of the Archbishop of Canterbury. She was a fine Greek scholar. She had the learning, and he the business faculty and the money. They were both excellent Christian people, warm friends of our missionary work.

I went down with Sir Culling Eardley to spend a night and day at his country seat. Wealth and pov-

erty were there strongly contrasted. The houses of his tenants were miserable, and, as the harvest had been almost destroyed by excessive rains, the tenants were wretched in the extreme. He remarked that he farmed out his estate to a farmer who sublet the holdings, and he had really nothing to do with the tenants. He acknowledged that the poverty of the farm laborers in general was a monstrous evil which no individual could mitigate.

We sailed from Liverpool, where we experienced the kindness of Mr. James and family. The mission at Constantinople and Robert College are indebted to them for many kind and generous acts.

Our passage in the Cunarder America was most uncomfortable. She was unfit for the voyage. The waves, breaking over her decks, leaked down into all the staterooms. The water, during a storm of four days, was about half an inch deep on the floor of most of the staterooms. We could dress and undress only under an umbrella in our own stateroom. Many ladies lost valuable dresses by soaking in sea water. The passengers talked loudly of an action against the company for damages. But, once on land, the joy of being safe over dispelled all thoughts of revenge or remuneration.

We landed in Boston a few weeks before the jubilee of the A. B. C. F. M., which was pretty near my

own jubilee, as I was born a few months after the first meeting of the Board. Although I made a number of missionary addresses, my sole work was to raise $100,000 with which to commence the American College. At that time Dr. Anderson, and consequently the orthodox clergy of Boston, did not look with much favor upon the enterprise. Dr. Anderson was for vernacular education solely. The college designed to unite all languages in the English and to make the English language the medium of study and instruction. The Outlook Committee of the Congregational Club refused to authorize my presenting the subject to the churches in Boston. But Harvard College favored it — Professors Felton and Agassiz, and Professor Parker, of the Law School, and ex-Governor Washburn. I was invited by Edward Everett Hale, James Freeman Clarke, and Dr. Bartol to address their people, and after that Congregational pulpits were open. With much labor, and with the aid of powerful friends, I succeeded in getting up a great meeting in Tremont Temple. The platform was a brilliant one ; the speaking excellent. The results in Boston and vicinity were not great, amounting to about $13,000.

Harvard College gave us a valuable donation of law books. Through the agency of Professors

Felton and Agassiz I was invited to address the American Academy. After the address, I was subjected to a lively cross-examination, in which Professor Agassiz made himself very conspicuous. The questions followed each other with amusing rapidity; so soon as he saw that he had the gist of an answer, he followed with another question. When through, he turned to those near him and said, "Gentlemen, we have here one who knows something about Turkey." The design was to expend all the Boston subscriptions upon the library, but the political excitement of the presidential election broke up our plan. A contemplated meeting in Boston, over which Edward Everett was to preside, was postponed on account of the intense excitement prevailing. The friends in New York, also, advised postponing all efforts there until after the election, and perhaps the inauguration.

In the meantime, I was getting architectural plans for the college, having two English and two American plans proffered to me. These became valuable aids in studying the building we needed, though neither of them was finally adopted.

The preliminary efforts for the raising of $100,000 promised well. Mr. Williston, the celebrated button manufacturer of Northampton, would give $10,000,

and thought he could name the persons who would fill the "rest of the bill."

But the election of Lincoln and Hamlin, so far from allaying the excitement, only increased it. As I could do nothing for the college, I occupied myself, by Mr. Robert's advice, in giving lectures upon Turkey. In this way I earned about a thousand dollars. I paid our expenses, purchased furniture and books, and kept myself out of idleness. My wife spent several months at Clifton Springs, under the kind care of Dr. Foster and Miss Dr. Green.

I visited the Corliss steam engine manufactory at Providence, in order to obtain a small steam engine and other machinery for use in the woodwork of the proposed college. Mr. Corliss became interested in the college, and gave me a receipted bill amounting to $1,300 for the engine and machinery purchased. Up to that date, it was the largest donation that he had ever made to any charitable object. I spent the night of April 12, 1861, at his house. In the morning, after breakfast, as I was crossing the street to call upon my cousin, Professor Robinson P. Dunn, of Brown University, I saw him coming out of his door with a slip in his hand. He exclaimed, "Dr. Hamlin, the war has commenced! The rebels are firing on Fort Sumter!" Profound excitement reigned throughout the community. Some said:

"A death blow to slavery!" Others: "A southern republic — let them go!"

I went that day to New York; I was amazed to see the whole city fluttering with American flags. The steeples of many churches were dressed with the flags. It amazed me that so many thousands and tens of thousands of flags could be produced in so short a time. This killed the college movement as dead as a doornail. Mr. Williston said: "Nobody knows that he will be worth $10,000 in one year from this time! We are going to have a fearful and bloody struggle." I was in perplexity as to what I should do. Cyrus W. Field proposed that I should join him in contracts for supplying the army with bread. He thought my Crimean war experience might accrue very greatly to my advantage and to his. But Mr. Robert was not a man to put his hand to the plow and then turn back. He had undertaken to build an institution of learning in Constantinople, and, if need be, he would do it alone.

One morning, after breakfast, he took me aside and said: "Yesterday I put $30,000 worth of railroad bonds into the hands of trustees. You return and erect the building as far as that money will go. By that time this affair of the South will be finished."

I had contracted for the windows and doors of the building in Lowell.

We left, early in May, in order to return and commence the work. Machinery, furniture, and manufactured articles were immediately to follow us. We sailed in the Arabia ; had a comfortable passage and good accommodations. In Liverpool and London we found there was one subject — the American war. Intelligent persons of distinction showed the most marvelous ignorance of our country and all its environs. We were invited to pass an evening at the house of Rev. Dr. Raffles, of Liverpool, where we met some fifteen or twenty persons, all eager to learn our views of the war in prospect. A titled and bejeweled lady said that she "did not think there would be any war! *Havana* would not permit it!"

In London, I dined with a few gentlemen at a club, representing the Church, architecture, law, and commerce. It was evidently a coterie intensely interested in the American question. They were all for the South. I expressed my surprise at the incredible change which had come over British public sentiments with regard to slavery and slaveholders. I should have said beforehand, with the greatest confidence, that their sympathies would be with the North and with freedom. Finally one of them said with great frankness: "The truth is, Dr. Hamlin, we think the great republic is too big already! Let

it be separated into two republics! They will watch each other; and Europe will feel greatly relieved!"

This was undoubtedly the key to the general run of British sentiment; and then, it was believed that free trade with the South would also compel free trade with the North; then England's felicity would be complete!

I called upon the noble Earl of Shaftesbury, to talk about Turkish missions and our projected college. He was blinded equally with the rest; and our interview, on the whole, was not a very pleasant one. The subject of Turkish missions was not mentioned. His views, however, were much changed before the close of the war. He was one of the noblest and best of men. Although he held his views firmly, he was not one of those who cannot be convinced of an error.

We went by Paris, Macon, Dijon, and Mont Cenis Pass to Turin. At the Paris station we were surprised and delighted to find the Hon. George P. Marsh and Mrs. Marsh our fellow passengers. Mr. Marsh was our embassador at Turin, then the capital. Turkish and American and English affairs were discussed all the way to Macon, where they stopped to rest overnight. Mr. Marsh was one who could see the hand of Russia where she most tried to conceal it. He regarded Count Cavour as the

regenerator of Italy. He expressed no special anxiety about his illness. We continued our journey, and crossed Mont Cenis in a terrible hailstorm in the night. We were dragged slowly up the steep inclines by eleven mules. We rushed down on the other side, with four horses, in darkness and rattling hail, upon the full gallop. It seemed terrific driving, but we went down safely into warmth and sunshine. In going up, we passed the mouth of Mont Cenis Tunnel, and saw the iron water towers so ingeniously used for sending in compressed air, both for drilling and ventilation. It was not finished till 1871. We arrived in Turin the night of Count Cavour's death. It clothed Turin and all Italy in mourning.

I lost Mrs. Hamlin in the Public Gardens by going to hunt up a cab, and we had "a time of it." Just as I had given up, and was going to consult the consul, I met the wanderer, wandering and wondering! From Turin we went to Venice, where we spent a week. I investigated there and at Trieste the timber and board market, in order to ascertain whether I had better purchase the material for the building in those markets or at Galatz, on the Danube. After getting all the data that I needed, and making the acquaintance of certain firms, we proceeded to Constantinople.

A few days after our arrival there, the friendly

Sultan Abdul Medjid died, and Abdul Aziz reigned in his stead.

Having been forbidden to build on the site purchased before leaving for America, and our advisory committee being unanimous in the opinion that it would not be wise to prosecute any claim, I was thrown into great doubt and perplexity. But, in a short time, the original site, the one which I had first chosen — where the college now stands — was offered me, at a reasonable price. My heart leaped for joy: for not only was the site itself every way preferable, but it contained excellent building stone, right upon the spot where the building would be erected. In the first site, the expense of transporting the building materials would have been immense. Here they were upon the spot. The stone, too, was of the very best quality. The neighboring towers, built in 1452 and 1453, were constructed from it; and four centuries had produced no apparent effect upon them. The prohibition to build on the first site proved a priceless blessing. So our afflictions are often blessings in disguise.

I purchased the ground of the celebrated Ahmed Vefyk Effendi, afterwards pasha, on the condition that the money should be paid over when the government should give a legal permit to build the college upon that spot. After a delay of some months,

the permission was given; and the money, consequently, was paid over and the deeds transferred. On careful examination of the limits, I found, to my consternation, that a pernicious triangle of land, cutting into the very center of our site, was owned by another person. This was purchased for eighty pounds, before the owner knew what an immense injury it might have been to us.

When I went to the site, and had begun preparations for building, an officer from the Sublime Porte came and said: "Some formalities are still not completed, and you must wait until they are." In answer to the question "How long?" he said: "Perhaps a couple of weeks." "What formalities?" He did not know.

I was not long in finding out that the Abbé Boré, the chief of the Jesuit missions, had started the opposition to the enterprise. He might well be excused for doing so; for he had long endeavored to obtain leave to build a college at some conspicuous point, but had failed. The Turks had for four hundred years guarded the Bosphorus from any such Christian contamination. Now, that a Yankee should accomplish what he, with the power of France behind him, had been unable to do, was naturally intolerable. And he could find many and powerful opponents to join with him in securing this prohibition.

All the Catholic embassies were hostile to all our efforts. But the active and vigorous opposition of Russia was more effective with the Turks than all the rest put together.

The American embassy (Hon. E. Joy Morris being minister resident) was not disposed to take an active part in protection of the college. It was not a question of commerce; and Mr. Morris declared that, as our treaty was a commercial one, he had no imperative duties in the case. I asked him if the question had involved a cargo of rum belonging to a merchant, what he would do. He replied that he should certainly interfere in such a case.

I then applied to the English embassy, held then by a chargé d'affaires, the embassador being absent. The chargé was very polite; said he would use his influence *officiously*, but could not do it *officially*.[1] It did not require many months to convince me that the obstacles were too formidable to be overcome, unless England should interfere most positively on our behalf. Our claim was a notoriously just one; and it could not be that the Turkish government would forever resist it.

The fearful war between the South and North was raging, and I feared that Mr. Robert would throw up

[1] This use of "officious" and "official" is very common in Constantinople diplomacy. It is perhaps confined to that court. It means simply unofficial.

the enterprise. But, on the contrary, as difficulties increased his determination increased. I sent him a letter every two weeks, telling him, with the utmost frankness, everything that had been done. He generally approved my course, and said: "We will fight it out to the end. You and I, Dr. Hamlin, will still see this thing through." He was the man for the time and the work.

As it became more and more evident that the delay might be a very long one, a way suggested itself by which I might turn the flank of the enemy and open the college, without asking anybody's leave. The Bebek Seminary having been removed to Marsovan, its premises were standing vacant. There was a principle of the Turkish government which, up to that date, had been held inviolate. That was *adet* — prescriptive right. Anything that had been established for a length of time, known to the people and to the government, and not interfered with, had thereby earned the right of continued existence. A common saying there is that "the sultan's firman cannot abolish adet!" Accordingly I wrote to Mr. Robert that, if he would make arrangements with the American Board for the use of that property, and would authorize the expense of thoroughly repairing and painting it, I would open the college in that building without asking leave. I had been a

teacher, and had had an institution of learning there for twenty years. That was *adet* in a very strong form.

He readily acceded to this, and the great building, which at its erection in 1798–99 had been painted a dead black, was thoroughly repainted a fashionable color; and the side and end most affected by the weather were thoroughly reboarded. The seminary workshop was changed into a laboratory, and many other important changes were made. An expense of about three thousand dollars put the building into excellent order.

When we came to make out the program, which I wished to distribute, in some five or six languages, it became necessary to have a name for the college. The advisory committee objected to the name "American College," as being too much tainted with democracy. "The College of Constantinople" was proposed, but objected to, as being too assuming. "The Oriental College" (*le Collège d'Orient*) was objected to by some as being untrue, because it was an Occidental College. And so every name proposed was objected to by one or two persons. I said to them: "Well, gentlemen, this is very singular, if we can have a college, but cannot find a name for it! I propose that we call it 'Robert College!'" This was received by acclamation. It was run through the

various forms that it would take in Turkish, Greek, Armenian, etc., and it seemed to fit them all. To the multitude it would mean nothing; it would offend nobody — it would be merely a name. When Mr. Robert heard of it he protested against it. But it was in vain; the name had already gone forth, in six or seven languages.

The Abbé Boré found himself checkmated by this move. He went to the grand vizier with the assertion that this was altogether a new institution, entirely different from the one I had had there for twenty years. This would be a most dangerous one, and I ought to be suppressed. The Turk coolly replied: "Mr. Hamlin has had an institution there for twenty years — and may have for twenty years more, for aught we care. As to the different names these giaours give to their institutions, it makes no difference to us!"

So Robert College was opened in 1863. In the faculty I had the assistance of two American professors, Rev. George Perkins and Rev. Henry A. Schauffler; a Greek professor, Mr. Kazakos; a professor of French, M. Dalem; a professor of Italian and of design, M. Marchesi; and, at a later period, as professor of Armenian, Mr. Hagopos Gigizian; besides other teachers employed at various times for specific objects.

The college opened with four students. Its growth was slow during the first two years, amounting to about thirty or thirty-five students. These youth were mostly of foreign extraction. The native population regarded the school with suspicion. The Protestants were generally too poor to pay the $200 demanded for board and tuition. Persons began to say, "I told you so! The whole thing is an absurdity. You will never get scholars from among the Armenians, Greeks, Bulgarians!" etc. But I was not discouraged. I had made an agreement with Mr. Robert to try the experiment for five years, before we should pronounce it either a failure or a success. At length, during the second year, I had one Armenian, one Greek, and one Bulgarian enter the college. After this the numbers rapidly increased, until the building was filled.

When the fifth year arrived, the college had become very nearly self-supporting, and the experiment had become a great success, far beyond our highest expectations. Mr. Robert felt rewarded for remaining firm to a hopeless cause.

The college was confined to these narrow premises for eight years. The greatest number of students that we could possibly receive was seventy-two, and we had to reject scores of applicants. But this was by no means an unmitigated evil, as the small

number of students gave us a better opportunity to try different systems of management, and to convince all connected with the college that the English must be the chief language of education. A preparatory department was accordingly organized, in which every student should be fitted for the college course. Our excellent friend, Count de Zuylen de Nyvelt, was very earnest to have the French of equal use with the English. But that created confusion, and was abandoned.

While the college was thus developed, in those hired premises, I set myself to prosecute the claim for leave to build on the splendid site we had purchased. Our claim was so evidently a legal and a righteous one that I resolved never to give over the contest. I soon found there were fearful odds against me. I was not long in finding the most direct proof, from his own Oriental secretary, that the opposition was initiated by the Abbé Boré, the chief of the Jesuit missions in the East. He had then great influence in the French embassy, and guided its policy in religious matters. I found later convincing proofs of a more powerful and subtle adverse influence. It came from Russia, who has never gone back on the declaration of M. Boutineff: "Russia will never allow Protestantism to set its foot in Turkey!"

I inferred this opposition from Russia from the fact that every active opponent of the college in the Sublime Porte was of the Russian party, and known to be under Ignatieff's influence. A very intelligent Turkish gentleman was evidently amused at the simplicity of my inquiries on this point, as though common sense might teach me better than to have a doubt. I hoped to weary the Turks by perpetual applications, if in no other way; and the Grand Vizier, Aali Pasha, did become so irritated that he once said in vexation: "Will this Mr. Hamlin never die, and let me alone on this college question?"

To narrate the diplomacy of seven years would make an exceedingly wearisome story. A few episodes stand out in rather strong relief, and I will only mention them.

The American embassy, under Hon. E. Joy Morris, for a long time refused active interference, because he regarded it as a religious and not a commercial question. Sir Henry Bulwer, the English embassador, took it up with spirit, and promised to secure the leave to build. After some months, he wrote me a note to say that he had finished the question, and that in a few days the legal permit would be issued. I waited, perhaps, twice that period, and then received another note from Sir Henry, saying that I had made an unwise bargain in

purchasing such a prominent site on the Bosphorus. I should have known that the Turks would never allow me to build there. The penalty of my indiscretion should fall upon my own head. The English embassy would have nothing more to do with the question.

I soon found the explanation of all this. Sir Henry had received a bribe of $50,000, and $5,000 more for one of his mistresses, the Countess Guistiniani, from the khedive of Egypt, to settle a quarrel he had with the sultan. The grand vizier agreed to settle the quarrel if Sir Henry would abandon three questions — the Bulgarian, the Servian, and the American College. To this Sir Henry immediately acceded, and hence his second note to me.

This bribery affair cost Bulwer his place, and he was recalled. Bulwer was a man of the most infamous morals, but he was such an adept in craft and intrigue, and was so successful in cajoling callow statesmen into treaties injurious to them but advantageous to England, that the English government so valued his services as to condone his moral character. He was the author of our Clayton–Bulwer treaty.

His successor was Lord Lyons, a man of excellent and noble character. He also took up the question with interest, and thought he had brought it to a conclusion, when he was called to Paris. As soon as he

was fairly out of the way, Aali Pasha sent for me to call at his palace. He proposed to swap a worthless piece of ground which belonged to himself for the magnificent college site! As it was rather a steep place, I told him a college built there would run down hill into the gutter! He laughed, and said he had another piece, which he would like to have me look at, and in a day or two he would send a man to show me the place. It was still more absurdly unfit for a college. After examining it, I wrote him a note, saying that I declined treating any further for exchange of places. I made one effort to reach his judgment in the case, through a letter which I addressed to the Protestant Vékil. In this letter I argued the case as Aali Pasha ought to argue it in his own mind, and I asked the Vékil why a gentleman of so much intelligence as Aali Pasha should take a course so much opposed to Turkish interests. I assured him that political complications would finally compel the pasha to grant a great deal more than we now asked. I then wrote a private letter to the Vékil, asking him to translate my letter into good Turkish, and to inform the pasha that he had such a letter, and, as a public officer, felt bound to offer it to the pasha if he would like to read it. The pasha said: "Certainly. You will forward it to me and I shall examine it." After a few days, he

returned it with the remark, "The letter contains important considerations, which will receive due attention."

I made two distinct efforts with the Liberal party in the Turkish government, which was then a party of considerable power, and had in it two very distinguished men. I first applied to Fuad Pasha, a very popular man, a very witty man, fascinating in diplomatic society; a statesman, but not the equal of Aali Pasha in craft. He arranged to have the question referred to the neighboring village of Hissar. If they had no objections, the college must be built. This would be according to immemorial usage in such cases.

A public meeting was called at Hissar, on Sunday, to get the mind of the village. I declined to be present because it was Sunday. But the village assembly took place. The villagers were in great perturbation. They did not wish to offend either party; they did not know what might be the consequences. But they were fully equal to the occasion.[1] When they were asked, "Are you willing that this college should be built at the designated place?" they replied, "We are the obedient servants of the government. If the government wants

[1] They had received their instruction from Ahmed Vefyk Effendi, who knew that agents of the grand vizier were at work in the village. Ahmed Vefyk ruled Hissar.

it to be built there, we want it; and if the government does n't want it there, we don't want it there!" Nothing could drive them from the repetition of this formula, and so the assembly broke up. Nevertheless, Aali Pasha wrote to our minister that the inveterate opposition of the Hissar people made it impossible to grant our request! I immediately replied to the minister that that was "a confounded lie!" and I hope he sent the note to Aali Pasha.

In the winter of 1867–68, Midhat Pasha, the most intelligent and able patriot Turkey has had in this century, was made grand vizier, to the surprise and delight of all the Liberal friends of Turkey. He had entire confidence in me — had on one occasion shown me a singular favor — and I felt sure of success with him.

I waited until he should get well into his place, and then sent him a statement and petition, which he received in the most friendly manner, and had he remained in office two weeks longer, our permission to build would have been granted. I now rejoice in what was then a great disappointment to us.

There was also the Morgan and Seward episode. Mr. Morgan, a wealthy banker of New York and friend of Seward, visiting Constantinople, was invited to the site of the college. He was so charmed with it and so indignant with the treatment the

question had received, that he said that on his return he would go immediately to Washington to see Mr. Seward, and make him acquainted with it all. I told him Mr. Robert had already been to Washington to see Mr. Seward, but had got no encouragement from him whatever. "Of course not!" he said. "Mr. Robert is a Puritan, as true and as blue as steel! The moment he should enter Mr. Seward's office, there would be antagonism between them! But I can make him understand it, and as soon as I return I shall go to Washington for this express purpose."

I gave him the formula of a dispatch that I would like to have Seward forward to our minister, with the order to read it to Aali Pasha. He was faithful to his promise, and the result was that Blacque Bey, the Turkish minister to Washington, wrote to Aali Pasha that "it would be well to settle that college question favorably to the Americans, or by-and-by it would become a thorny question" — *une question épineuse!* Still, nothing came from it, and nothing came from anything.

Passing over many things, I will mention but one more — the visit of Admiral Farragut to Constantinople. His coming excited great interest, and seemed to move the whole city. It was to have a very peculiar connection with the college question,

which no one of us understood at the time, nor did we understand it until more than two years afterward.

One day, during his visit, Alfred came into my study and said: "Father, won't you take me down to see our great admiral?" I replied: "No, my son; we spent a whole day in trying to see the crown prince of Prussia (the late emperor), and did not see him after all. We should probably have the same luck. I should like to see him very much, but I can't spend a whole day to *not* see a man."

As the boy turned to go out, the unmistakable look of disappointment upon his countenance reminded me how I would have felt, when a boy, at such a rebuff, under such circumstances. I said to him: "Look here, Alfred: I will go down with you early to-morrow morning; and if we see the old hero, well and good. If not, we shall come right home."

"I 'll agree to that, father!" said the boy; and so we went.

We found the admiral alone in his room. He asked me at once if I were a resident in Turkey, and what was my occupation. When I told him, very briefly, about the college difficulty, he was perhaps a little annoyed by it. He said: "I am sorry the Turks should treat you so unjustly! But I am not

here on any diplomatic mission. I can do nothing to help you."

Turning to the boy, he put his hand on his shoulder and said: "What are you going to do in this world, my son? What are you going to be?"

"I don't know," replied Alfred with boyish simplicity; "I would n't mind being admiral of the American fleet!"

This evidently touched the old admiral in a tender place. Patting him on the head, he said: "Ah! my son — my son! If you are going to be admiral of the American fleet" — and here his words were cut short by the opening of the door and the inrushing of Dr. Seropian, who exclaimed: —

"Good-morning, Admiral Farragut! I am glad to see you here with Dr. Hamlin!" He then proceeded with an enthusiasm quite surprising, and, as it seemed to me, rather bold. He spoke of the college actually existing at Bebek, within restricted limits — the only real college in the empire; and of the great injustice of the prohibition to build. He added, "You have come here just in the nick of time to help Dr. Hamlin out of this difficulty!"

As soon as the admiral had a chance to speak he said: "Why, doctor, I can do nothing at all in this case! I have no diplomatic mission here!"

"Just for that reason," said the doctor, "you can

do everything. You have only to ask the great pashas, when you dine with them, why this American college can't be built — that is all! To-night you are to dine with his highness, Aali Pasha, the grand vizier, and when you dine with the Capudan Pasha, ask him; and with the Scraskier Pasha, ask him, and so on."

"I will readily do that," said the admiral with rather a jovial look. "A beggar may ask a question of a king!"

I did not wish him to get involved in controversy, where he would be at a great disadvantage. They could manufacture facts, and he could not. I said to him: —

"Admiral Farragut, if you ask that question, I would suggest that you make no reply, but receive their response as though it were entirely satisfactory — or at least decisive. I don't intend to intimate that there would be any truth at all in it!" I added.

"I'll do it! I'll do it!" said he with a smile and a cant of the head as though he saw something humorous in it. But I do not know how he understood it.

Other persons coming in, the interview here ended. We were much delighted with the cordiality and bonhomie of the admiral.

After this, I had great curiosity to know whether

he had put the question, and what replies he received. When I heard that he was to sail on a Thursday afternoon, I went on board, on purpose to ask him. But his cabin was full of diplomats, who had called to take leave, and I could only wish him "Bon voyage!" and retire.

Some ten days after, more or less, a *kiatib* of the Sublime Porte came and sat down by me, on board of a passenger steamer going up the Bosphorus, and said: —

"I want to ask you a question, Mr. Hamlin."

I said, "Very well."

Putting his face rather near to mine, as though it were an important and secret matter, he went on: "I want to ask you if your great admiral was sent here by your government to settle that college question?"

I saw at once that the admiral had asked the question proposed, and that it had caused so much excitement that it was known through all the rooms of the Sublime Porte. I made an evasive answer — that he might well suppose any government would take up such a matter, if it meant to defend the rights of its citizens! And so it passed; nothing came of it.

With this Farragut episode my resources seemed for a time exhausted. For full seven years, from the time of the interdict, I had been trying every measure that seemed to promise any result. I was

regarded by many as a "crank," pursuing a most hopeless object. An English gentleman said to me one day: —

"You do wrong, Mr. Hamlin, to pursue this object so perseveringly! I happen to know from the highest authority that it has been decided that your college shall never be built upon that spot."

I said: "Yes, sir; I have known that for a long time! but there is a Higher than the highest, and I trust in him!" It was undoubtedly true that Aali Pasha had made that promise to the opposing diplomats.

While in a deep quandary, one day, as to what course of action I should next pursue, Mr. Morris' messenger boy, Antoine, entered my study with a letter in his hand. I knew at the sight that it must be something in relation to the college. On breaking the seal it read substantially thus: —

"I congratulate you, Mr. Hamlin, on the termination of your long contest with the Turkish government. I have just received a note from his highness, the grand vizier, saying, 'Tell Mr. Hamlin he may begin the building of his college when he pleases. No one will interfere with him. And in a few days an imperial *iradé* will be given him,'" etc.

It was news too great and good to be true! It filled me with great exultation; but immediately a

terrible questioning of the truth and reality of the whole affair rushed in upon me. I had never dared to ask for an imperial iradé! It is the most sacred title to real estate ever given in Turkey, and emanates personally and directly from the sultan himself in his character of infallibility. I had said if ten thousand dollars would secure it, it would be money well spent, and here it was freely offered me!

I went directly, with all speed, to Pera, to see Mr. Morris. On entering his office I said "What is this hoax, Mr. Morris?"

He replied: "I don't wonder at your question, Mr. Hamlin! But there can be no hoax at all in the matter: for the note, as you shall see for yourself, is in Aali Pasha's own handwriting; and you know the saying, that 'His highness never keeps a verbal promise, and never breaks a written one'!"

It was even so; and not the signature only, but the whole note, was in his unmistakable hand!

The decision occasioned great surprise; joy to some, bitter disappointment to others. Various theories were formed to account for this sudden, unexpected action, after seven long years of obstinate resistance — after coming repeatedly up to the point, under great pressure, and then at the last moment finding a way of escape, until the pasha's well-known exclamation, "Won't this Mr. Hamlin

ever die and let us alone on this college question?" became almost justifiable impatience. After all, the permission, without any pressure, was soon given generously, and in overmeasure! We thanked Mr. Morris, Mr. Morgan, Secretary Seward, and everybody whom we could thank. We also "thanked God and took courage!"

I always felt, and often said, "There is a secret history to this affair, beyond all that we as yet understand." The public were amazed at this unexpected result, and refused to believe the honesty and good faith of this marvelous and generous permission. Many an one said to me that the final result would be something unexpected and disastrous; and that Aali Pasha would somehow deal me a backhanded stroke that would finish me up! But the public proved a false prophet!

The iradé was given; and in it the college was placed under the protection of the United States, and consequently has a right to carry, and does carry, the American flag. After guarding the Bosphorus for four centuries against any such intrusion upon any prominent point, this permission was accorded to America. No such privilege had been obtained by any English, French, German, or Russian institution along those historic banks — the reason being that we have no political aspirations in Turkey.

We immediately commenced work with great joy. Our plans of building had been studied over and over again, and having the advantage of four different architects, I made my own plan, differing from them all, yet deriving some advantages from them all. I had determined to make it a fireproof building, contrary to Mr. Robert's advice. A peculiar condition of the market justified me in so doing. The timber market of the Danube had been swept for the constructions of the Suez Canal. The timber I should use had thus doubled in price; but iron was at its lowest point. Wishing to try the temper of the pasha and judge of his real feelings and disposition, I went to him to ask for an order for the passing of the iron, the tubular bricks, the cement, and whatever other articles I should obtain from France, England, and Belgium, through the custom-house without delay and without duty. He received me with perfect frankness and said: "I will speak with Kiani Pasha, the collector of the port, and after two or three days you may see him."

I feared this was a mild negative. But on seeing Kiani Pasha he said at once: "His highness has spoken to me on the subject, and you will receive from the Muhassibiji-effendi a formula which you will sign at every importation."

I arranged the thing satisfactorily with that offi-

cial, and everything passed the customhouse without sticking for a week or even for an hour. This was a very great boon to the work. Having laid out the ground for the building and assembled a force of workmen, the college broke the ground, every student for a short time using a pick or a shovel. The description of this is enclosed in the box deposited in the corner stone.

The Turkish name of our site was *Kaialar*, which means quarries, and there were heaps and cavities which proved that Mehmet the Conqueror quarried there the stones for the towers touching one corner of our site. I examined with interest the atmospheric effects of four centuries upon the materials. I could not perceive that any effect whatever had been produced upon them, and I had thus abundant proof that the material I had chosen was of a sufficiently durable nature.

I had now to enter upon a new study — the materials and mode of construction of a fireproof building, and the sources whence they could be obtained. My friend Mr. Arthur Stoddard, of Glasgow, entered into the subject with interest, and the result of our correspondence was that I found I could obtain the rolled iron beams for the floors from Antwerp, in Belgium, better than from England. The cast-iron work for the corridors, however, I obtained from

Glasgow, at £8 10s. a ton, including the expense for models for the castings. The iron beams cost £10 5s. per ton, a pound lower than they had been the previous years.

One of my Robert College students, Mertsonoff, was located at Marseilles, and he aided me essentially in obtaining cement and very beautiful tubular brick and cream-colored sandstone, which vessels coming to Constantinople for grain were very glad to take as ballast. He served me faithfully.

The spot selected for the building was a hillock, which I supposed was composed of débris of a neighboring quarry. It was covered with a thick growth of scrub oak which had been cut down every few years to make fagots for limekilns. Small stones raked out from the cultivated land had been thrown in among these bushes. This process had probably gone on for centuries. Thus, covering this hillock, was a mass of interwoven roots and stones that baffled the men to remove. It cost me nearly a day's work for every square yard to clear it off. Beneath we found, not débris, but the solid limestone of the hill. Upon this we set the quarrymen to work at once to reduce the elevation to the level of the foundations of the building. Thus the building was founded upon the solid rock. For the front wall we had to excavate the earth from two to three feet; the

corner towards the tower went down six or eight feet. The foundation of that corner was not entirely satisfactory. But the walls are so bound together by "gridirons" of strap iron, thoroughly coated with pitch and laid into the walls at a distance of two and a half feet from the foundation to the top, that I do not fear any manifestation of weakness in any part.

The center, or the quadrangle of the building, was quarried down twenty-four feet from the summit, in order to form a spacious cistern in the solid rock. The stone that came out was such as to rejoice the builder's heart. The heavy blasts threw it out in large plates, three and a half feet wide, of lengths varying from five to seven feet and from six inches to a foot in depth, and often so heavy that our machinery would not handle them until they were broken in two. These stones made magnificent binding corners for the basement. The walls are thicker and heavier than they would have been but for the peculiar character of the stone.

Another question of great interest was the mortar, or cement, to be used in constructing the walls. This I had carefully studied, from specimens taken from the old walls of Constantinople, the latest of which was eight centuries old. I also obtained some specimens from Pella in Macedonia,

the birthplace of Alexander the Great. I found them both of the same general proportions, that is, one third lime and one third pounded brick and one third sand. In some specimens, however, the brick seemed to prevail, and the sand to be less in proportion. I resolved to make this mixture. I bought all the brick of an old Turkish bath that was being torn down, and measuring it by the eye I thought that when pounded up it would be enough. I was appalled at the fact that it did not hold out for one half the building. I obtained some boat loads from the brickkilns of Kiat-hane. But those brickmakers soon understood my necessity, and the price "riz." I abandoned them, having made a great "find." Abdul Medjid, in his palace-building craze, had commenced a kiosk at an absurd place in the inner Geuk Sou. It was abandoned, after a splendid basement had been completed. I found the enormous vaults of this basement full of pounded brick. I purchased the whole at a reasonable rate; and this was sufficient to complete the work. My joy was great at this success, for this mortar is the toughest and most enduring of any ever made. The old city walls, composed of this mortar, are with great difficulty taken down, by pick or powder.

At two and a half feet distance I interposed two layers of brick in building up the walls, for the

double purpose of inserting the strap-iron gridirons — as they were called — as binders, and to serve as a cushion to the walls, in case of earthquakes, the brick and mortar having an elasticity which stone has not. I noticed, in the Brousa earthquakes, that walls thus built withstood the shock of those earthquakes splendidly.

I had great trouble with my first quarrymen. They were Montenegrins, always ready to threaten a man's life, and often to take it. They were so dilatory in their work that I opened another quarry and made a contract with a Greek stone blaster to work it. They threatened to dirk him if he dared to make a single blast. The Greek was not a mild man, but he was so completely cowed by these men that he informed me that he could not keep the contract. I was indignant at this interference, and told the Montenegrins that I would bring on as many stone blasters as I pleased, without reference to them; that they were working in that one quarry, and had nothing else to do.

The head man replied, with leering insolence, that "it would not be good for my health to do any such thing!"

I said to him: "I understand perfectly your meaning! You are threatening my life, for attending to my own affairs. I never carry arms. I have

neither pistol nor dagger. But I know how to take care of fellows such as you. I only want your name!" and I took out my notebook to write it down. He refused to give it. I said: "It is all the same! You are the head man of this gang of workmen, at this day and this hour. That is quite sufficient."

I then turned to the second man, and asked his name, with the same result. After I had finished writing I said to them: "Now I shall send this directly to the American minister. He will immediately give it to the minister of foreign affairs; *he* will give it to the chief of your guild, with orders to take care of you. You know him. You will find your match there, with as many daggers and pistols as you choose!"

This filled them with consternation. They promised to interfere with no one outside of that individual quarry. When they had finished that, I was glad to get rid of them. They are a cut-throat race — with some very good qualities. When they were once subdued I had much less trouble with them than with the Greeks.

When the works were ready for the corner stone, we had a great assembly, and the American minister, Hon. E. Joy Morris, performed the ceremony of placing it, with a very interesting speech. This was

on July 4, 1869. His address was followed by an address by Sir Philip Francis, judge of the English Supreme Consular Court; next, an able address by J. P. Brown, Esq., United States secretary of legation; fourth, the address by Rev. Canon Gribble, chaplain of the British embassy; the fifth, the most rhetorical and eloquent of all, was in Greek, by Philip Apostolides, Esq., a Greek lawyer; the sixth was by Hagop Effendi, Vékil of the Armenian Protestant community, in Armenian; the seventh, in Bulgarian, by Mr. Petco Gorbanoff, professor of Slavic languages in the college; the eighth, in Turkish, by Pastor Avedis, of Northern Syria; the ninth, by Rev. Dr. Pratt, missionary.

I was now ready to commence the building of the great structure in good earnest. I had great anxiety about getting skillful and competent masons. That such did exist I knew by the excellence of the masonry of many modern buildings. If I consulted a Greek master builder, he always told me to get my masons from the Mitylene (ancient Lesbos) Greeks. If I consulted an Armenian master builder, he advised me just as strongly to get Armenian masons coming from the region of Van. I decided to secure twelve of each kind. I gave the northern half to the Greeks, and the southern half to the Armenians. Their rivalry played a great part in

the building. Both the quality and the rapidity of the work were affected by it. No one examining the building would detect any difference in the two parts. The Greeks, however, have more taste in their work; and the Armenians more solidity. I had many workmen — stonecutters, quarrymen, carpenters, plasterers, painters, blacksmiths, and as a general rule I was on excellent terms with them all.

Every Saturday night they knocked off work in season for every man to receive his pay. If any one had been indolent or careless during the week, he was dismissed on Saturday evening, and the reason given before all.

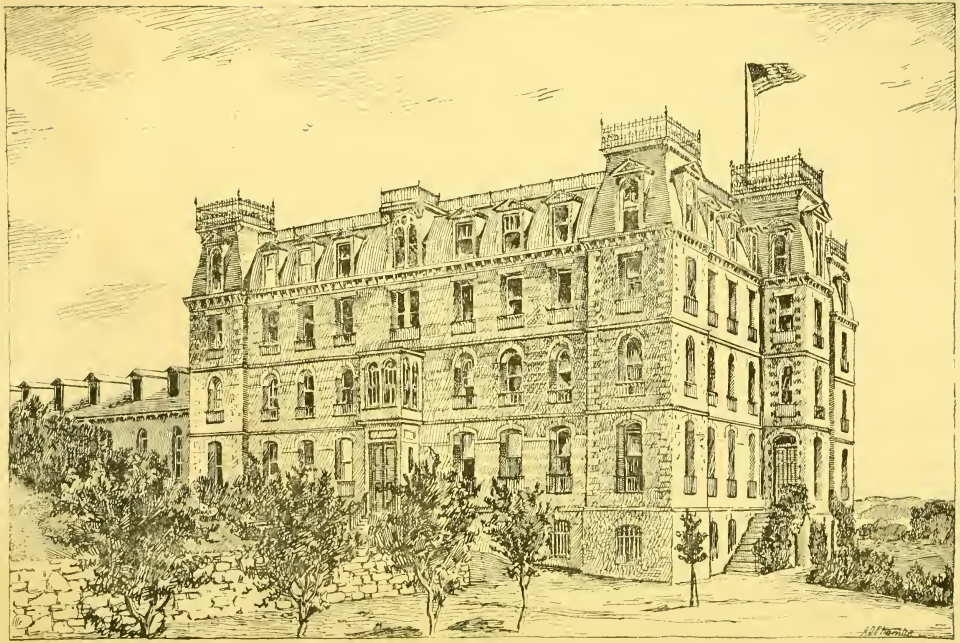
I allowed no wine, beer, or alcoholic drinks on the college grounds. This contributed greatly to the harmony and success of the work.

I had, first and last, more than two hundred workmen, of different nationalities and religions, and I can recall very few of them that I would not be glad to see again, or who, as I believe, would not be glad to see me. A right distribution of labor, fair wages, prompt payment, and good service, are four essential elements of success in such a work, and of content among the workmen.

Of all the common workmen, there are none whom I recall with more interest than three poor half-

naked Kurds. They came to me in December, after the masonry work of the first year had ceased. There was still work for a number of men to do, in good weather, in grading, clearing out the quarries, and preparation of materials. They entreated me so piteously to take them and give them a shelter that I, rather hesitatingly, made this proposition to them: they might have a place to sleep in (which they, not I, regarded as comfortable) and I would give them a credit with our provider of two and a half piastres per day for their food. This would be seventeen and a half piastres per week for each one. If there should be two good working days in a week, they would very nearly pay the bill. But as there were often three, four, or five working days in each week, they soon found themselves in clover.

They had come from beyond the Euphrates to get money to pay their taxes and redeem their little holdings, which had been seized by the government. When I told them to return to the city and get their traps and beds, I found, to my amazement, that they had absolutely nothing! I advanced money enough to make them comfortable, and received my pay in work. I had an opportunity to furnish them with straw beds, at a merely nominal price, and compelled them to receive them, although they declared they had never slept on any such thing. After a while,



FRONT VIEW OF ROBERT COLLEGE.

they confessed that their beds and coverings were very nice and comfortable things for the night.

These three half-savage Kurds were a great mystery to me. I found them strong, industrious, faithful, and even affectionate. If there were any specially hard service to be done in storms, to watch or to make safe exposed materials, — a thing often occurring, — they were the men to volunteer to do it. Two of them were men past forty ; one a young man, perhaps twenty-three. He was the strongest fellow on the grounds. He generally did more work than any other common laborer, having to punch the ends of all the iron beams, with a punch an inch in diameter, with a machine requiring great muscular exertion. I had no man who was willing to work it more than two or three hours in succession. This young Kurd could work it all day long ! I doubled his wages, so long as he was doing that work.

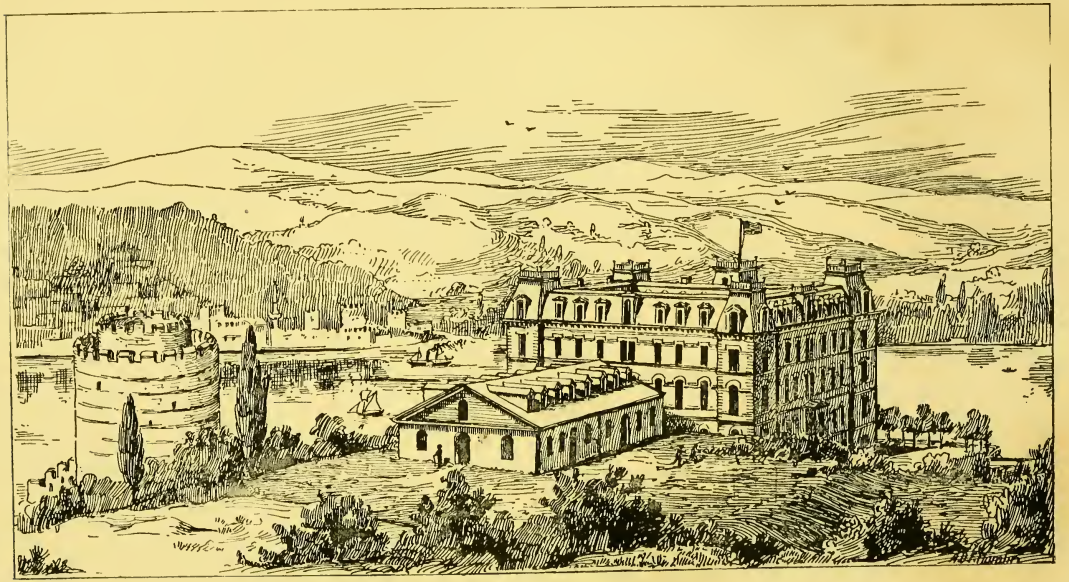
Of course this made trouble. Other workmen came to me, saying, " This is not fair, that you should pay that Kurd twice what you pay us ! " I showed them the number of holes that he had punched in one day and offered any man sixteen piastres who would do the same amount of that work ; but no one attempted it.

These men were nominally Mohammedans, but had no Mohammedan bigotry whatever. In the

evening there was always more or less Bible reading going on among the workmen, in the Turkish language, in the tents. These Kurds were remarkably attentive listeners to the Word. I have hoped that the oldest of the three received the truth in love. The youngest was quite a different character. Every Sunday he would go to some drinking place in the neighboring village of Hissar, get maddened with liquor, and become quarrelsome and dangerous. In a drunken fit, he hurled a brown earthen plate at one of the workmen, which made quite a gash in his head. He was seized by the police and put into prison. But the wounded man, having recovered, went and obtained his release.

He promised not to approach any drinking place after that, and for some time kept his promise. But after a while, in a drunken brawl, he stabbed a policeman in the arm. He was soundly thrashed, bound hand and foot, and carried again to prison. I let him lie there two weeks ; and then the wounded policeman came and asked me to interfere for his release. His arm was well, and his feelings were undoubtedly soothed by a backsheesh. This drunken brawl had cost the fellow every piastre of his hard-won earnings for some months past.

I then told him I should pay him no more money so long as he should work for me. I would give him



Rear View of Robert College.

a credit of two and a half piastres a day for his food; and every Saturday night he should have a due bill for his week's work, minus the seventeen and a half piastres. As this due bill was not transferable and could be paid only by me, he had no spending money whatever. After that he remained a most valuable laborer to the end of the work.

When he had about three hundred piastres due to him, I sent him, with Baron Harutiune, to the city to buy a new outfit of Oriental clothing. The clothes were excellent in quality and finely chosen as to colors. He was indeed quite an Oriental dandy When he came upon the grounds, the workmen all stopped and raised a tremendous "Yo ha!"

The departure of these poor men for their homes, after the completion of the building, was intensely Oriental, if not pathetic. The youngest one went by steamer to Trebizond, and thence by caravan home; but the other two resolved just to cross the Bosphorus, and foot it all the way to their distant home beyond the Euphrates. They said they could do it in a month, and their Kurdish music in the villages would secure them food and lodging. Their money, all in gold, was bound in leather girdles about their waists. They would travel as beggars, and be perfectly safe. I gave each of them two strong paper cylinders rammed full and solid with

finely ground coffee; also, a small bag of sugar, a Turkish coffee cup, and a small tin coffeepot. I also gave each a box of matches. Thus provided, they could always make a cup of the strong bitter coffee they so much relished. I gave each half a lira (two dollars and twenty-five cents), exacting the promise that they would spend it for comforts by the way, not save it for home use. I gave the oldest eight piastres, wrapped up and marked "postage money," exacting the promise that on his arrival at home he would get a letter writer to write me describing their journey and telling me whether they had good weather, kind treatment, became footsore or ill, and if they found things all right at home.

Some two or three months later I received the letter containing, as near as could be, exactly these words: "Weather good — people kind — feet not sore — not ill by the way — all things nice at home!" This occupied three and a half lines on the paper. But the address, in place of our "My dear Sir," occupied fourteen lines! It contained all the terms of honor descriptive of magnificent characteristics which the letter writer could conjure up from his knowledge of language! The handwriting was beautiful, and the whole thing intensely Oriental.

During the erection of the building on that conspicuous spot, I had many visitors, often travelers

from various lands. No one interested me more than Henry M. Stanley, the since celebrated African explorer — then all unknown to fame. He visited the building twice, made many inquiries about it, and took notes, from which he said he should make a communication to The New York Herald. He left Constantinople suddenly, I think for Zanzibar. He has since proved himself to be one of the most remarkable men of this century.

I have already mentioned the generous donation by Mr. Corliss of a steam engine for manufacturing the woodwork of the college. Owing to the long prohibition upon building, that engine was sold, and the proceeds, about fifteen hundred dollars, with his approbation, devoted to the library of the college.

When Mr. Corliss learned that the long conflict with the Turkish government was triumphantly finished, he immediately sent us another engine like the first. Its efficient working excited great admiration among the people, and enabled us to finish the college some months earlier than we could have done without it. The buzz saw proved its efficiency by cutting off two of my fingers, and also the little finger of one of the workmen. Thus I "fought, bled," but did not "die," in the college service! I had a number of hair-breadth escapes in erecting this great edifice; but the prayer of Canon Gribble,

at the laying of the corner stone, "that no life might be lost," was graciously answered.

Mr. Robert came out to visit the college, just before the completion of the building. He spent almost every day at the works, examining every part, and watching all the finishings with the greatest interest. He expressed his gratification in the strongest language, and repeatedly declared that he had never enjoyed any work of his life so much as he had bringing forward that college, in connection with myself. He often and emphatically said: "So long as we live, Mr. Hamlin, we shall never separate in this work!"

We commenced our correspondence in 1858. Thirteen very trying years had passed, crowned at last with wonderful success; and I did not then suppose it possible that man should ever separate us.

I pointed out to him some things which I had done for the sake of economy; but I felt confident of having a balance in the treasury of at least $1,000 a year, with which I hoped to remedy all such deficiencies. During this visit he was called, together with myself, to the palace of the Grand Vizier Aali Pasha. The object was to confer upon him the decoration of the Medjidie — a crescent and star in diamonds, worth about $500. The grand vizier addressed him very pleasantly, and said, "The Sultan,

my imperial master, wishes to express his high estimate of your generous and philanthropic work, and has ordered me to confer upon you the decoration of the Medjidie."

Mr. Robert, in courtly and most appropriate language, expressed his profound sense of the honor the Sultan had done him, and begged the grand vizier to ask his majesty to allow him to decline the profferred honor. He was, he said, a simple republican American citizen, and such decorations were not in use among us. The grand vizier bowed, in token of granting his request, and laughed quite heartily, and, I thought, very queerly. Probably he had never before conceived of the possibility of a man's declining a decoration!

Mr. Robert's course was generally approved, as adding dignity to American citizenship.

I had been congratulated on having erected a building which was the ornament of the Bosphorus. The cost of the building, when completed, was $60,000; $10,000 less than the lowest estimate given by practical builders, and $40,000 less than the estimate given by Mr. Stampa, the English architect.

I saw every day the necessity of having one positive will to control all the operations and to keep them in harmony. The quarrymen, the stone

trimmers, the makers of cement, and the suppliers of materials to the masons all had to be watched and kept in due order and proportion. Any want of provision in the supplies might throw the whole work into confusion. I found it very useful to write out in the evening the program of the things to be pushed the next day, and the order in which I must attend to them. My right-hand man, Baron Harutiune, afterwards murdered, was of inestimable value to me in this work. I have spoken before of his fidelity and ability.

We transferred the college to its new quarters, and opened it there on the fifteenth of May, 1871. It was a time of great rejoicing and of many congratulations. I said to the gentleman who had thought me a "crank" for continuing my contest with the government against all reason: "You see, Mr. B——, that I was not entirely destitute of judgment, after all!"

"No," he replied; "I don't see it! You had no *reason* whatever to expect the success you have had. You had no right to expect it!"

We often remarked: "'It is the Lord's doing, and marvelous in our eyes!'"

We had no formal opening of the college until the following fourth of July. Mr. Seward, then ex-secretary of state, was on his way towards Constan-

tinople, in his journey around the world, and the public opening was deferred until his visit.

He was received by the college and its invited friends with great applause. Blacque Bey, who was Ottoman minister at Washington during the time of our long contest, was also present at the table. Mr. Seward was physically a wreck; but the powers of his brilliant mind did not seem to be attainted. He made a noble address, in reply to mine addressing him. Thus the public opening of Robert College passed off with great *éclat.*

But this did not solve our mystery. It rather deepened it; and I said to a number of friends: "There was some power, supernatural if you please, behind Aali Pasha and the sultan that does not yet appear. What stopped so suddenly Jesuits and diplomats and made them all acquiesce? 'Oh,' you reply 'the imperial iradé.' What pushed the Sultan then to put forth his power against them and to put the college under the protection of the United States, neither of which priceless boons was ever suggested even on our part?"

But the undoubtedly true explanation was to be given. A few weeks after the opening, which had a quasi-national character, a Turkish gentleman called to see the college. He was a man of no ordinary address and bearing; but he was alone and,

I did not doubt, was a *tepdil*, or *incognito*. After examining the college and its curriculum with apparent interest and with great intelligence, he apologized, on leaving, for claiming so much of my time, and added: —

"I think more highly of English education than of any other. I have some little grandsons, and when they are old enough, I intend to send them to this college."

I then said to him: "Do you speak English, sir?"

He replied, in perfectly good English: "Why, yes, sir, on occasions; but I have had no occasion to speak it here."

I wished to see more of him, and I invited him to the college tower to survey the scenery spread out before and around it. He assented, and was so charmed with the view that he became eloquent in descanting upon it, declaring that no university in Europe, and he had seen many of them, could match this scenery of the Bosphorus and its historic shores.

As he turned to go down he said: "Ah, sir! we would never have given you leave to build your college here had it not been for that bloody insurrection in Crete!"

"'That bloody insurrection in Crete!'" I exclaimed in unfeigned surprise. "What, pray, could that have to do with building this college here?"

"Oh, we understood it perfectly well," he replied with a reproving sort of smile.

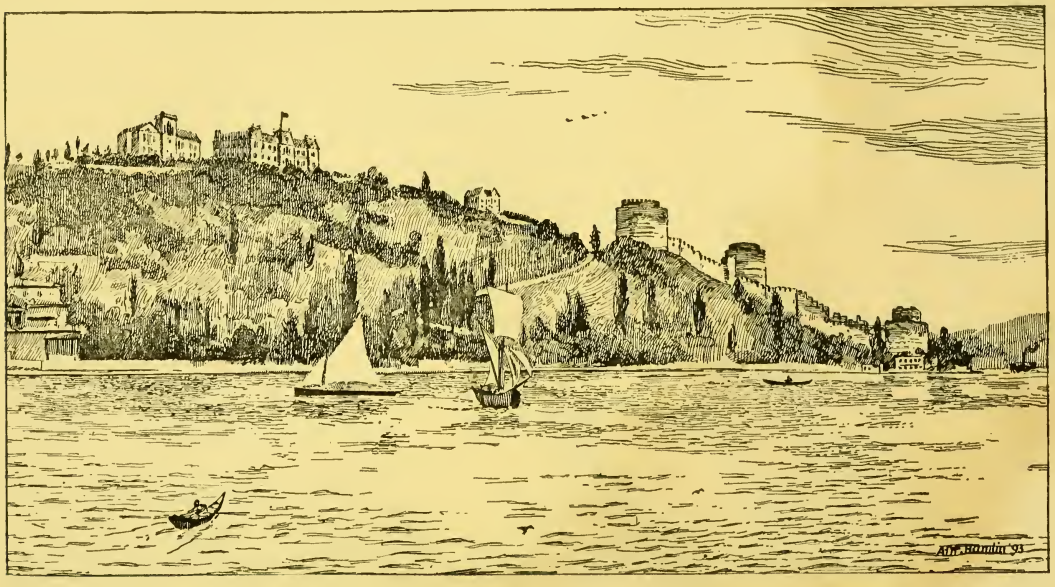
"But you speak enigmas," I said; "I do not understand it."

"Have you been so long a resident in Turkey without knowing about that insurrection that for a long time kept us on the very edge of war?"

"I knew all about that, sir; it is the connection of the two that I do not understand at all."

He evidently doubted my sincerity, but proceeded to say: "Why, when your great Admiral Farragut was here that insurrection was our greatest embarrassment, taxing all our skill and power. We would have gladly seen Crete swallowed up in the sea; but to grant her freedom would have involved the loss of all our islands, and would have brought on the disintegration of the empire. Greek delegations surrounded the admiral, and reported that he had promised to pass along the shores of Crete and take off the refugees to Greece; and, moreover, that he had assured them that his government would sell them one of its monitors. This gave us just cause of alarm, which was increased not a little when the admiral came to dine with the Sultan's high officers of state. He asked the grand vizier, point blank, why that American college could not be built. The grand vizier replied in friendly terms,

and the great admiral said not a word. But he continued to ask the same question right and left, to the minister of foreign affairs, to the minister of war, and of the navy: 'I would like to ask your excellency a question. I would like to know why that American college can't be built?' To all he held the same absolute silence, and said not a word. We saw clearly that the United States government was holding that college question over against us; and the admiral was assured that all difficulties were removed and the college would soon be built. But when he rather suddenly left and went straight out by Gibraltar, we breathed easily, and we had no intention of granting you leave. A few months after, those letters from leading New York papers were sent, translated and in the original. They were very severe and unjust on the Cretan case, but they were written with ability and exact knowledge. We said, There is the finger of the great admiral in this. His government is preparing the American people for intervention. If only an American monitor should come into the Mediterranean, it would be followed by war with Greece; and (lifting up both hands) war begun with Greece, Allah himself only knows where it would end! And we had been warned that this college question would become a thorny one, and that political complications would



View of Robert College from Asiatic Shore.

finally compel us to grant even more than was asked. We now felt the thorns, we saw the complications, and we said: Better build a hundred colleges for the Americans with our own money than to have one of Farragut's monitors come into the Mediterranean! So we gave you leave to build on this matchless spot. We gave you the imperial iradé — which we never give — and we placed this college under the protection of the United States as the greatest compliment to your government; and so (spreading both hands in a horizontal motion, with a smile of great satisfaction) we smoothed it all off."

The letters above referred to were written by the inspiration of two Greek gentlemen in New York. Whether the astute diplomats interpreted everything aright I am not called upon to say. I prefer to repeat 1 Cor. 1 : 26–29.

A few things that had perplexed us now became luminous: the glorious iradé instead of the vizerial order. Aali Pasha brought this about for two reasons: one the critical urgency of the case as he viewed it, and the other the impossibility of giving the order himself without losing his official head; for he had promised these hostile diplomats it should never be given. But the Sultan, giving it by his imperial and infallible authority, would clear the

pasha greatly. It would, moreover, paralyze those diplomats who had made all the trouble, and who would never on this question endanger their own place by questioning the sacred authority of the Sultan.

Putting the college under the protection of the United States not only removed the cause of the trouble, but bound the Union to a friendly response. I could now see why the pasha should become so friendly, who had said, "Won't this Mr. Hamlin ever die and let me alone?" He felt good and happy himself. He had saved his empire, he had conciliated a prospective enemy, he had paralyzed all unfriendly diplomacy, he had done me justice, and he looked upon me as one supported by my government; and he had won new claims to the imperial favor.

I cannot allow my long acquaintance with Ahmed Vefyk Pasha to pass without notice. He was providentially and closely allied to the history of the college, and in a way which has not been recorded.

That site was my ideal for a college before I had any thought of founding one. He once told me that he had often seen me walking along the brow of the site and looking off, and he imagined that I was saying, This is the place for a college. I did not then know who was the possessor of the place. But when in 1859 I agreed with Mr. Robert to launch

out into the deep on that untried voyage, I sought for the owner first of all. I was told he was the Ottoman ambassador in Paris. Mr. Brown, our secretary of legation, was just then going to Paris, and I commissioned him to treat for the place and to give as high as £3,000, or $15,000 of our money, but for the whole field on both sides of the road, all of which we now own.

Ahmed Vefyk replied to Mr. Brown in very decided terms: "Tell Mr. Hamlin if he has land to sell, I will listen to him; if he is only a purchaser, I have nothing to say, and no terms to offer." I accordingly purchased the lot at Korouchesmé, as has been said. Now how came he after his return from Paris to offer me the site?

He one day gave me an interesting account of the whole affair. While Sultan Abdul Medjid lived, his place at Paris was everything he could wish. His bills for diplomatic dinners were very heavy, but promptly paid. The Sultan enjoined it upon him to allow no embassy to surpass the Ottoman in the splendor and attractiveness of its dinners. "I assure you," he said, "that our dinners gathered to them the most distinguished guests and always received the highest praise.

"So long as Abdul Medjid lived, my reports and itemized bills received his full approbation. Aali

was unable to undermine my influence. His death gave him the opportunity he had watched for. The ambassadorial expenses were cut down so that very useful employés were dismissed. Finally the bill for diplomatic dinners was disallowed. I was compelled to resign with a debt of 150,000 francs — $30,000. I was driven out, without one charge brought against me. My honor and my regard for the honor of my government would not allow me to leave bills in Paris unpaid. I exhausted all my private resources, and then was compelled to sell this choice position which you now own, and where I hoped some day to build a kiosk."

This Paris quarrel played its secret part in the Robert College contest. Aali demanded that Ahmed should pay back the money to me and resume the possession of the land, to which Ahmed replied: "With the greatest pleasure, when you will settle my just claims upon the government for the expenses of its embassy in Paris." The two men hated each other, and Ahmed Vefyk enjoyed the pertinacity of the college contest and its complete triumph over Aali. It made him laugh and grow fat. And it made him my friend.

I one day asked him about Abdul Medjid. He spoke of him with admiration and affection, but deplored the influences that surrounded him. He

said he was always a gentleman. He had known him from his advent to the throne. He was always kind and considerate of others. He was always doing little kindnesses, such as would not be expected from a Sultan, to those around him. With better surroundings he would have been a model sovereign.

He regarded Abdul Aziz as perfectly qualified to destroy an empire. I think Ahmed Vefyk always believed that our government frightened Aali to do what he did, and he would have scouted my view of it. He would have said: That pasha that visited you told you the exact truth.

Ahmed Vefyk Effendi became, after the death of Aali, Ahmed Vefyk Pasha, for his many distinguished services. He was a most decided character, full of contradictions, and very difficult to delineate. He was a man of immense energy and courage, absolutely fearless, sometimes reckless of consequences, but he had some noble traits of character that drew me to him with great force.

In his moral and religious feelings he was an incompatible mixture. He professed to be an ardent Mussulman, but in many things he had more sympathy with Christianity. He was personally acquainted with Renan, but ridiculed his writings as fanciful. He gave a course of lectures to a Turkish scientific club upon cosmogony, in which he ably argued the sub-

stantial agreement of Genesis with the ascertained facts of science. His lectures showed that he had carefully read the best authors on both sides.

I had a standing invitation to drop in and take a cup of tea with him any day between three and four P.M.

One day, seeing a large volume on his desk, looking like an Arabic Bible, I asked him what it was. He replied: "That is the Azziz Kitab, the Holy Bible, and the most elegantly printed book I ever saw in Arabic." He then burst out into a eulogy and a comparison of Isaiah and the Psalms, which surprised and delighted me. He placed Isaiah above all the poets for the richness and elevation of his imagery. "I have studied your Shakespeare attentively," he said (I had heard him repeat with infinite zest whole pages), "but Isaiah is on a plane above him." He went on to remark upon the Psalms as very different, being both devotional and meditative. "They are full of the experiences of life. A man in trouble derives great patience from the Psalms. They teach us to say: 'Our refuge is in God.'[1] I take great pleasure in reading both Isaiah and the Psalms."

Such remarks from such a man struck me with

[1] This is a Turkish saying in common use. If a Turk is in any doubt, perplexity, or trouble, he winds up by saying, Our refuge is in God.

Ahmed Vefyk Effendi.

great force. Thoughtful Mussulmans read our Scriptures more than we think, and they testify to the inherent power of the Word of God. They are a rebuke to those of Christian name who despise the Bible or devote their time and learning to its depreciation.

The college soon filled up its new premises. Bulgarians, Armenians, Greeks, and foreigners of varied nationalities poured in, and proved beyond question that the time for college education in the East had fully come.

Yielding to the insistence of Mr. Robert, I went to America in 1871 to raise an endowment for the college. I had little faith in the project and no faith in my own capabilities as a beggar. The great fire in Chicago occurred while I was *en route* for America. That so much disturbed the business world that it was thought best not to make the effort then. I immediately returned, erected the Study Hall back of the college, and laid the foundations for two professors' houses, for which permission to build was not given.

In 1873 I left, with my family, to make a serious business of raising an endowment for the college. I undoubtedly made a great mistake in entering upon this work. I should have resigned all connection with the college, and sought means of support at

home, or entered again upon missionary work; but my confidence in Mr. Robert was such, and my blindness to the plans of others was such that, like a fool, I went straight forward. I had perhaps the usual amount of sagacity in understanding men with whom I was in conflict or with whom I had business relations, but to be suspicious of *friends* was so contrary to my nature that nothing but the most astounding facts could make me believe their treachery.

Before we left Constantinople, we were invited to meet some friends at the house of our English friend in Bebek, Mr. John Seager. We went in the simplicity of our hearts. It was only on the way to the house that a friend intimated that there might be a presentation of something to us. "Well!" said I in some surprise, "then I know what it will be! It will be a coffeepot!" For I had considerable distinction among my English and American friends for furnishing excellent coffee at all our soirées. I was indeed the *cafejee* of the English and American colony at Bebek.

It was a great surprise to me to find such an assemblage of English and American friends. A table at one end of the long hall was covered with a white spread, making evident that a number of articles were beneath — not merely a single coffeepot.

The Rev. Dr. Thomson, agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society, sat behind the table. When all things were ready he rose and read the following address, beautifully engrossed upon vellum : —

To the Rev. Cyrus Hamlin, D.D., LL.D., President of Robert College, Constantinople.

REV. AND DEAR SIR, — Your removal from Bebek, where you have resided with slight interruptions for the last thirty-three years, and where we have enjoyed the privilege of your society, appears to us a suitable occasion for giving expression to the feelings which we have long entertained towards you.

As a missionary for many years of the American Board to the Armenians, you won the confidence and esteem of that nationality, and doubtless, in their own language, you preached to them the Gospel of God with the same fervour and faithfulness which have so often edified ourselves in your English ministrations. We admired also your wisdom in introducing manual labour, within due bounds, among the students of the Mission Seminaries, thus cultivating among them a spirit of self-reliance, while diminishing materially the expenses of the Board.

Those years will ever be associated in our minds with the events of the Crimean War, and we recall with gratitude the important services you rendered to the British army by erecting a washing establishment for the hospitals at Koululee, and also by supplying them and those at Scutari with wholesome bread, while with the profits of the latter enterprise you created a fund, which has largely aided the erection of churches for the native Protestant congregations of this country.

Equally conspicuous were your exertions during the terrible

visitation of cholera in the Capital in 1865. The "cholera mixture" which you brought into use was doubtless the means, under God, of saving many lives, but we equally value the example of your courage in penetrating into the pestilential abodes of the neglected population of this city.

On that occasion, however, you merely dispensed, in a more public manner, the kind sympathy, the wise counsel, and the prompt personal assistance, which you have ever manifested to the inhabitants of Bebek of every nationality, and which, bestowed upon ourselves in the hour of distress and sorrow, we shall ever gratefully remember.

These services have endeared you to us all; while we have ever found you affable and generous, fertile in expedients, and ready to support everything that could promote the happiness and improvement of the community.

In connection with the noble Institution over which you now preside, we admired the prudence and perseverance with which you surmounted the opposition which so long resisted its establishment. Now that you have been privileged to erect for it so befitting a habitation, may you be spared for many years to watch over its interests.

It is your distinction as President of Robert College to present to the youth of all the nationalities of this empire the means of attaining high literary culture and scientific eminence, and to offer at the same time an example of firm faith in the divine Authority of the Bible, and of reverent obedience to its precepts.

By the diffusion of such truly Christian education, Robert College cannot fail to be a blessing to this land.

In short, we have been directed by your counsel, encouraged by your example, and instructed and edified by your ministra-

tions; and we pray that God may bestow on yourself and all the members of your family his richest blessings, guiding you here with his counsel, and afterwards receiving you to glory.

We are, reverend and dear sir, your very affectionate friends,

James Binns,	G. H. Clifton,
E. E. Bliss,	E. F. Ede,
I. G. Bliss,	George Gatheral,
E. M. Bliss,	J. K. Greene,
W. R. Bull,	H. Groppler,
Mrs. Calluci,	C. S. Hanson,
Hy. I. Hanson,	Jno. Seager,
A. W. Hanson,	W. Seller,
W. Wellesley Hanson,	W. G. Schauffler,
George Jacobs,	W. R. Swan,
W. E. Jackson,	Thos. Swan,
Henry Lamb,	Octs. Swan,
Albert L. Long,	Hy. Swan,
I. F. Pettibone,	Alex'r Thomson,
Hy. Ridley,	John R. Thomson,
Jno. Rowell,	Edwin Thomson,
Rudolf Schneider,	G. W. Wood,

CONSTANTINOPLE, May, 1873.

The articles presented were a beautiful gold watch, and a silver tea-set, upon a fine, heavily silver-plated tray. At one end of this tray was engraved a perfect picture of Robert College, the newest public building in the city, and at the other end, of St. Sophia, the oldest, erected by Justinian about 535 A.D. On a shield between the two pictures were

engraved the words of presentation. These came from English and American friends in Bebek, and in Candilli on the Asiatic side. Our English friends elsewhere were displeased that they were not included. Then, they said, they would have made it general, and "done something worthy of the occasion!" But these mementoes are very precious to us. They are tokens of friendship cemented by years of association and sympathy in all those experiences referred to in the too flattering words of the presentation.

CHAPTER XIV.

ENDOWMENT FUND FOR ROBERT COLLEGE.

WE left Constantinople in October, 1873, and reached the United States in November, having made delightful visits in London with the Minasians and with English friends, and in Glasgow with our good friends the Stoddards, and in Edinburgh with dear Dr. Cullen and others. We plunged into a northern winter, and before I had accomplished much in my work I was compelled, by medical advice, to flee to Florida. A more serious trouble than pulmonary disease was developing itself, in a crural tumor, pronounced by eminent medical judgment to be a cancer. But it was of slow growth, and I hoped it would give me time to finish my work.

My residence at Jacksonville was made remarkable by the generous kindness of friends in New England. I had found a very pleasant boarding place at the house of Rev. Mr. Warner, a Presbyterian minister, who came to Jacksonville for his health, and very successfully opened a boarding house for his support. The weather was very rainy and gloomy; and it seemed to me that I had come to

be buried in the white sands of Florida. I had been there but three or four days, when I received a note from my college friend, Cyrus Woodman, Esq., of Cambridge, enclosing a check for fifty dollars, which he enjoined upon me to use only in recreation. This was followed by many other checks from my cousins, the Fosters and Faulkners, so that I had no occasion to call upon Mr. Robert for a penny: and I could follow "the sight of my own eyes" without regard to expense.

I formed some delightful acquaintances and made some interesting tours. I passed a month in St. Augustine, made memorable by the kindness of those remarkable missionaries, Miss Mather and Miss Perit, and Mrs. Anderson, the owner of the great orange orchard, from whose trees I had leave to pick the choicest oranges at will.

I visited the Stowes at Mandarin, and played croquet with Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher, who beat me "all hollow." I went up the Ocklawaha, in the month of April, though warned that I should be devoured by mosquitoes. But I suffered not the least annoyance; and I made a unique steamer excursion among forest trees, lily pads, and alligators. We diverged from our route to the celebrated Silver Spring — that wondrous basin of water, so deep and pure that one resting quietly there in a boat almost

feels himself suspended in the air. One of my fellow passengers was a lawyer from Indiana. He was always looking out to get objects worthy of sending to his lady-love at home. He went out with one of the sailors, in a little boat, and attempting to land upon a tree that had fallen in, his foot slipped, and he fell upon the back of a great sleeping alligator! The 'gator was as much frightened as the man, and made off, while the man crawled out as quickly as possible! He could not capture the big alligator to send to his betrothed, but he captured five or six little ones, and sent them all on by mail, a unique present from a lover to his "lady"!

On my return to Jacksonville, I found my dear friend and brother, Dr. Chickering, very ill of pneumonia, at Mr. Solon Robinson's. There was little hope of his recovery. But through the skillful attentions of Dr. Mitchell and the great kindness of the Robinson family he was brought round. In the month of May we journeyed part of the way home together. He was a most genial fellow traveler. His life had been full of incident, and he had some wonderful meetings with old friends on our way.

From Jacksonville we had a famous excursion to Tallahassee. About seventy northerners had been invited to visit the place, in the hope of attracting them to make it a winter residence. We were

received by the first ladies and gentlemen of the place in the city hall. I was introduced by a confederate colonel, the leader of our expedition, to four confederate generals, as the brother of Hannibal Hamlin, the late Vice-President, although I had told him an hour before that I was his cousin. One of the generals remarked with surprise: "Why, I thought the Vice-President was a mulatto!" General Tyler, son of ex-President Tyler, laughed heartily and said: "Sir, that was political claptrap!" Of course they had a dance, and the tallest Northern lady danced with the shortest Southern gentleman. It was extremely comical; perhaps indicative of the difficulty with which the North and South join together.

After this very pleasant visit at Tallahassee, we stopped on our return for a couple of hours at Monticello. There were a few carriages and a great many saddle horses awaiting us. Mr. Miller, of Yonkers, and myself selected the best looking carriage and horses, and engaged them for the excursion to the village. We agreed together not to make any bargain with the man, but to pay him generously, as we saw the poverty of the people. Mr. Miller and three ladies took the inside; I took the seat on the box with the driver. I commended his horses, but criticized severely the manner in which he kept his

harnesses and the inside of his carriage. I said to him: "If you would only slick up this establishment, you would get all the custom of the station! I have not seen another team here that can compare with yours!"

He replied apologetically: "There are many things we would like to do, but we don't find the time to do them."

"Find the time?" said I, "then make the time! It is very foolish to let things go to pieces in this way!"

But other things demanded attention, and the criticisms ceased.

We were passing along by some fine, large residences, with spacious flower grounds in front. In the grounds of the very noblest of these a lady stood making up bouquets. The driver reined in his spirited steeds. The lady came up and presented to each of us a beautiful bouquet. The driver simply said to us: "My wife, gentlemen and ladies!" He was lord of the finest mansion in Monticello! But he was a gentleman, and was evidently amused by the confusion that covered us.

Afterwards Mr. Miller and I had an interesting conversation with him about the abolition of slavery and the condition of things in that region. He declared that there was no desire in the South to have slavery

restored. All they needed was capital to start with. But they were so absolutely impoverished by the war that it was difficult to make a start.

On my return North, with my improved health, I went into the distasteful work of soliciting funds for the endowment of the college. To my surprise, I found the rich and benevolent men of New York city, with a few honorable exceptions, wholly disinclined to give the college any aid. They received me personally with great kindness, and were warm in commendation of the object of the institution, and of the long fight which I had made for its establishment. But as for giving money — Mr. Robert had established the college; it was called after him; and *he* must endow it! Men would say this who were worth twenty times as much as Mr. Robert was.

I slowly perceived that Mr. Robert was very unpopular in the matter of charities. He was a really benevolent man. He had favorite charities, which he supported. He always had some theological students whom he was assisting to prepare for the ministry. He showed me a list of thirty-three names of men thus aided by him, who were then in the ministry, some of them men of distinguished usefulness. In the course of his life he aided about two hundred students. But he had this marked characteristic — he preferred to manage his own charities himself,

and not to be interfered with, nor to interfere with others. For that reason no one was willing to aid him in this enterprise which he had undertaken, in regard to which he had entirely changed his mode of working. Any suggestion of this kind was evidently offensive to him. But he made an experiment himself which must have convinced him.

He selected the names of eighty gentlemen, and sent to each one of them a blank check, inviting him to give his aid in the very important and noble enterprise. He never received so much as one dollar in response. This was to him a source of great pain and humiliation. But while gentlemen from whom I solicited aid often spoke of Mr. Robert's peculiar habits of benevolence, they never referred to his personal character in terms other than those of great respect. He was noted for his justice, integrity, business habits, and indomitable will.

But my further efforts were cut short by the necessity of submitting myself to surgical treatment. It was a very perplexing case. I had had the opportunity of consulting several eminent surgeons. About half of them were certain that an operation would be fatal. While in this perplexity, my friend and college classmate Dr. James Ayer advised me to put myself under the care of Dr. Henry J. Bigelow, and to follow implicitly his advice. He was then the

most eminent surgeon in Boston, and especially distinguished for treatment of cancers and tumors. Dr. Ayer very kindly introduced me to Dr. Bigelow. I told him at once that I had absolutely no compensation to make, if he should undertake my case. He took it humorously, and said, if all his patients should address him in that way, he should not have a very profitable practice! But as he was aware of my treatment of cholera in the East, he should receive me as one of "the brotherhood."

After two very searching examinations, he decided that the tumor was a cancer, and that my only chance for life was in an operation. I wished him to speak with entire frankness, as though he were talking with a third person and not with me. He said he always liked that in a patient, and he would do so. He said he thought I had something more than an even chance for life; and, if the operation should be successful, I might hope for about three years before the cancer would return. He said I must decide the question. I replied: "I am an interested party, and have neither the skill nor knowledge for a decision. I refer the decision to you, doctor." With a little hesitation and an earnest look, he then struck his hand upon his knee and said: "Upon my word, Dr. Hamlin, I think you had better have that out!"

So it was decided, and the time was fixed upon

Dr. Bigelow was very kind in securing a room in the new annex of the Massachusetts General Hospital, where, as he said, "there could be no hospitalism." I then applied to Messrs. S. D. Warren and Ezra Farnsworth, trustees of the hospital, to authorize my reception there, which was readily and generously granted, with the remark that the terms would be liberal towards me, but need not then be stated.

When I presented myself for the operation, I was suffering from a bad cold. Dr. Bigelow sent me away for two weeks to recuperate, and come to the test in the best condition possible. I was then staying with my sister Rebecca. But her house was very full. I wrote a note to my dear friend, Mrs. Walter Baker, of Dorchester, saying that if she wanted another dilapidated case to fit up for a conflict, there was one awaiting her at number 8 Allston Street. Never did a message go by mail to Dorchester and receive so quick a return. The note was handed her by the postman just as she was getting into her carriage. She drove direct to Allston Street, and took me to her mansion. There I had such attention that I could not help improving. I was under her care sixteen days, and gained six or seven pounds in weight. Her rich milk, cream, crackers, and steaks are never to be forgotten. But for this preparation the ordeal would doubtless have been fatal.

The day previous to the operation, Dr. Bigelow and Dr. Hodges (who protested against the operation as sure to be fatal, yet consented to assist Dr. Bigelow) came to me in my room, and referred it to me, whether I would have the operation in my room or in the operating theater. As I knew he desired to have it in the latter place, much as I preferred my room, I felt an instant obligation of duty to say: "The theater!"

I was arranged upon an operating table in a side room, and there received the anæsthetic ether. As I began to inhale it I was greatly comforted by the prayer of my childhood: —

> Now I lay me down to sleep:
> I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
> If I should die before I wake,
> I pray the Lord my soul to take;
> And this I ask for Jesus' sake.

That seemed to be everything I wanted, and I went sweetly into the anæsthetic sleep with visions of flowers and the music of distant bells. When I again awoke I was in my own room, with my wife standing over me. And when I was assured that it was all over I exclaimed: "Oh! great is ether!"

I was told by two or three of the medical spectators in the theater that, after some remarks upon the critical character of the case, the operation was

performed with very great celerity and with little loss of blood. The operators were greatly surprised at the tumor that was disclosed. Dr. Bigelow seized it, and cutting into it exclaimed: "A fatty tumor, gentlemen! We may congratulate our friend on this result!" It was enclosed in a peculiar nodulous and fibrous sack which had deceived them.

I had been cautioned that Dr. Bigelow, although he would be the most skillful operator, would probably leave me, after a few visits, and be seen no more. I kept count of the visits he paid me — they numbered sixty-seven! I owe to him no common debt of gratitude.

Had it been known beforehand that the tumor was a fatty one, the operation would have been comparitively slight. But in order to make sure, and to remove all "epithelial matter," a semicircular flap was cut and turned back. The enormous drain of the consequent inflammation and suppuration brought me very low.

About the ninth day a hiccough was occasionally an alarming symptom. On the next day, in the afternoon, this same spasmodic action became incessant and uncontrollable. I recognized the fact that remedies produced no effect, and that my life was ebbing away. At tea time I resolved to say to my wife that my last words were written and in the

table drawer. I then had a very strange and wholly inexplicable experience. The connection between an idea and its expression in words was completely severed. I could not make even an effort to speak. There was the idea, the wish, but the bodily organs remained perfectly passive. I thought I would say it when she returned from tea. But there was the same passivity of the bodily organs; and I felt that I was to speak no more in this life. I was kept in peace by the hope of a better life, and it seemed to me that the loved ones of my home were waiting to receive me. I could not but imagine that they were hovering over my bed and would be my guides into the untried life beyond.

Then the house physician, with two attendants, came in rather brusquely, and spoke to me abruptly. I said to him: "What you do, do quickly!" "Yes!" he replied, "I shall have a new medicine here in two minutes!" But just then the door opened and the apothecary handed him a pill box. He took out a large oblong capsule; and, putting it into a spoon with some water, he raised my head, and placing the spoon in my mouth, he said: "There! swallow that!"

His tone of authority, no doubt, enabled me to swallow it in the very short space between the hiccoughs. He gave an expression of gratification and replaced my head on the pillow. I soon felt a

warmth diffusing itself through the stomach and the terrible hiccough torture ceased. Oh! how delightful was the feeling of rest — delicious rest!

The physician still stayed by. In about ten minutes the enemy recommenced his attack. Another capsule was then given, with like result. The doctor then left, saying a third might be given; but not a fourth without calling him. A third soon had to be given; and I then slept for two hours. When I awoke I was very weak, but I knew that I was coming back to life. But again, the inveterate hiccough! So much time had passed that a fourth capsule was given; and that was the finishing stroke! the doctor was glad to find me in the morning with a chance of life.

From that time my recovery, though slow, was pretty regular, with occasional mishaps and fall backs. But there was no suffering at all to be compared with the long backache of a fixed position. My whole stay in the hospital was eighty-five days. My very kind, experienced, and sagacious nurse, Miss Wry, who had been eighteen years in the hospital, was seized with an illness which carried her away at the time when I was just beginning to leave my bed. I was glad that I could go to her room in a wheeled chair and make a farewell prayer and benediction. When I left the hospital, *I had not one*

cent to pay! I had received the most lavish kindness and attention from physicians, servants, nurses, and many outside friends. I was glad to be able, by the gift of $50 from Mrs. H. Upham, to leave some expression of gratitude to the nurses who had been in daily attendance.

In that long confinement I learned the sweet ministry of *flowers* to those who in weakness are long confined to a fixed position. Mrs. Baker, of Dorchester, Mrs. Claflin, Mrs. S. D. Warren, Mrs. Hemenway, Mrs. Alpheus Hardy, and probably others, kept my room supplied with the choicest flowers. They spoke to me of the love and tenderness of the heavenly Father as they had never done before. They seemed silent but cheerful and loving companions. Deacon Hobart, of Park Street Church, made me a very nice adjustable elevator for my shoulders and head, which gave me great relief in my fixed position. I left it for others. There are now many such contrivances in the hospital. Was not the promise fulfilled to me: "A hundredfold more in this present life"?

Two or three days before leaving the hospital, Miss Alice Farnsworth came and took me to ride, after more than eighty days of incarceration. No one who has not had the experience can conceive of the pleasure of that excursion.

Next to my wife, my sister Rebecca had the deepest joy in my deliverance. We were the two remnants of our happy household, and the thought of her remaining as the only one was anguish to her soul. We were a family very reticent in the expression of our feelings to one another, but I could always see her anxiety, even when she put on a cheerful countenance.

On leaving the hospital, eighty-five days after entering it, I returned to my benefactress, Mrs. Baker. For I was still very weak, and could walk only on perfectly level ground. With her immeasurable kindness, she turned her dining room into a bedroom for me, and gave me the most nutritious and excellent diet. Mrs. Baker was a perfect housekeeper. She was in every way a queenly woman. Her servants loved her and obeyed her implicitly. Her mansion was neatness, order, beauty. For such a woman to change her dining room to a bedroom was heroic unselfishness. In seven or eight days I was able to go upstairs with the aid of a cane. I then determined to leave, and go to my family in Amherst; but Mrs. Baker kept me, *nolens volens*, for two weeks. At the end of that time I went in a Pullman car to Palmer very comfortably, as I could lie or sit at pleasure. A foreign diplomat was in the car, with whom I had an interesting discussion on

the doctrine of "chances"; but who he was, I do not know.

I rejoined my family with boundless joy. I began at once to exercise my enfeebled limb in walking on the veranda four or five times a day. My recovery of the use of my limb was rapid, but as the new flesh formed to restore it from its emaciated condition, I suffered much from burning and itching of the surface.

Before I was fully recovered, I was requested to visit Washington, on behalf of the American residents in Turkey, in order to have an interview with the Secretary of State, Mr. Hamilton Fish, and explain to him more fully the reasons why our government should sign the Turkish protocol by which American citizens would gain the right to hold real estate in the Turkish empire. It was a subject with every phase of which I was acquainted. I felt sure that an interview of fifteen or twenty minutes would be sufficient to decide the question. To my surprise I found that he had prejudged the matter — would not listen to any explanations — and declared he would not sign the protocol! and moreover, that if I should endeavor to get the action of Congress for the case, he would oppose it with all his influence. I left him in great indignation, firmly resolved to get the action of Congress if possible, that should com-

pel him to sign. As I was nearing the capitol, and walking very rapidly, I passed two gentlemen, one of whom knowing me, said to the other: "Mr. Blaine, this is Mr. Hamlin, our missionary in Constantinople." I was thus most unexpectedly and opportunely introduced to the man, whom of all others, I wished to see.

I briefly stated my case. He replied: "I have paid some attention to that, but you should go to Mr. Fish, Secretary of State." "I have been to him, sir. I am just out from his presence." "What did he say?" I told him. He thought it very singular. But as we were just entering the house he said: "You may wait in my cloak room, and I will bring you the chairmen of the foreign committees." I stated the question to them, and also the threat of the secretary. They pronounced the request entirely reasonable, and Congress passed upon it, so that the secretary had to sign it and did sign it. Mr. Blaine did for me in ten minutes what I might have failed of doing at all.

We left Amherst for Hartford after Alfred's graduation, in 1875; and I resumed my fruitless task of seeking an endowment for Robert College. I obtained about $13,000 from Boston and neighborhood; about $6,000 from Hartford and vicinity; and I persuaded Mr. Robert, who had declared that he would

not give another dollar to the college, to insert an article in his will securing to it $30,000. This was my only achievement in getting money for the endowment. On the basis of this I hoped for greater success. Indeed I had the verbal promise of a thousand dollars each from a number of individuals. But so soon as troubles in the East began to appear, and war with Servia became imminent, all who had given merely verbal promises at once withdrew them. The old empire, said they, would all go to pieces; and Robert College would be buried in its ruins!

My endowment list had amounted to fifty-six thousand and some hundreds of dollars (including Mr. Robert's gift of $30,000), when the work stopped.

Mr. Robert had revisited Robert College. After his return, his frankness and cordiality of manner entirely changed. I attributed this, however, to the state of his health, which had been very much shaken. He was evidently suffering from low spirits. Our union for seventeen years had been extremely cordial. In the long contest with difficulties, from 1861 to 1869, he had stood as firm as a rock, with marvelous faith and trust, often writing me, "We shall carry this through yet, Dr. Hamlin! and that college will be built!" We had stated times when he in New York and I in Constantinople should make the college a subject of prayer,

that God would guide our efforts and make the college fruitful of great and lasting good. After that signal triumph had crowned our efforts, he often declared that he had never enjoyed anything so much in all his life as he had in his coöperation with me in that work. He often said: "We shall never separate in this work so long as we both live!" When at length I saw that I could do nothing more in soliciting funds, I went to New York and had an interview with Mr. Robert, in his office, 99 Water Street. After some conversation I said to him: "Mr. Robert, I think the time has now come for me to return to Constantinople." He made no immediate reply, but invited me into the next room. His manner was very singular. He motioned me to a seat, by a large baize-covered table, and himself sat down. After a short but painful silence he said: "Dr. Hamlin, it has been thought best that you should not return to Constantinople!"

As a flash of lightning sometimes reveals countless objects in startling clearness, so that remark flashed upon my mind the meaning of many things that had been obscure. I saw instantly that my seventeen years of connection with Mr. Robert had come to an end. A "horror of great darkness" fell upon me momentarily. In such experiences the mind acts with inconceivable rapidity and does the

work of hours in a moment. I resolved to ask for no explanation and to make no defense of my course, nor of my rights. I bowed my head in silent prayer for perfect self-control; then I rose and said: "I suppose we separate now, Mr. Robert;" and offered him my hand. He took my hand and burst into tears.

Mr. Robert's course is difficult of interpretation. He had once informed me that he had put $15,000 of seven per cent stock in his will, the interest of which was to be mine so long as I should need it after I should have retired from active duty. I presumed that he had changed his ideas of the college, which had for seventeen years so fully accorded with mine; and that he justified to his own conscience the right to set me aside because of this provision for my future. But it was not so. When a friend asked him what Dr. Hamlin would do, he replied: "Dr. Hamlin is a man who will take care of himself under any circumstances!" After his sudden death, in Paris, it was found that just before leaving home he had made a new will, entirely in his own handwriting, and no mention of me was made therein. I drop this most painful part of my life's history here. The offer of being financial agent of the college was worthless.

But now — what was I to do? I had barely money

enough to pay bills actually due, but nothing to pay the rent of the house (in New Haven) where my family was then residing. It was the first time in our family life that want stared us in the face.

We resolved to make no public complaint, and to have no scandal of a rupture in a work which had been so signally blessed of God. It is needless to say that the future, and the near future, looked sufficiently dark. We prayed over it with tears. My wife shed the tears; I was too deeply wounded for that. My seventeen years of absolute devotion to the college, with unhoped-for success and marvelous triumphs, were coolly ignored, and all my thirty-five years' labors in the East counted worthless. But, just then, I had an invitation to occupy an empty pulpit for three Sabbaths, at twenty dollars a Sabbath. In the meantime I resolved to write a book. On the faith of its future proceeds I borrowed three hundred dollars from four friends, to be reimbursed, in whole or in part, according to the profits of the work. This kept us afloat for three months. In that time I wrote the volume "Among the Turks," which has yielded me about $500.

I was correcting the proof sheets of this, when I was urgently invited to fill the vacant chair of Theology in Bangor Theological Seminary. The salary offered was $2,000, and a house partly furnished

through the kindness of the Ladies' Charitable Association in Bangor, "The Corban," of which my dear friend, Mrs. James Crosby, was president.

This was a most unexpected and wonderful deliverance from the exigencies of our situation! I was compelled to borrow $200 to meet the expenses of closing up at New Haven and removing to Bangor. I might, with some show of justice, have claimed not less than $3,000 of undrawn salary. For, while I was in the unpleasant business of soliciting funds for the college, we chose not to draw a regular salary, but to live in the most economical way possible. But as neither Mr. Robert nor the trustees offered anything, in my smothered indignation and pride I resolved not to ask for anything. This was our painful farewell to Robert College, but that noted building will be my witness to coming years.

I graduated at Bangor Theological Seminary in 1837, seventy-two dollars in debt. Just forty years later, in 1877, I returned to the seminary as teacher; but when settled in my house I found myself $280 in debt. This was not financial success! but that was what I had never sought. But I was in a position of perfect independence, fearing no man and asking no favors. If Mr. Robert was waiting for any claims from me, he waited in vain.

We now resolved, first of all, to pay our debts, and

then to lay up money for the future, as far as possible. When I first gave myself to the missionary work, I resolved never to seek for wealth and never to have it. I had lived on the principle of squaring accounts at the close of every year. But now I was out of the missionary work, out of all work, and out of all relations to the Church or the past that would secure me a livelihood. We fixed upon $500 as the sum that we would deposit in the bank annually. But the stern trial had been unfriendly in its influence upon my wife's health, and she was compelled to spend seven months at Clifton Springs. This diminished our bank account, notwithstanding the generous kindness of Dr. Henry Foster. But we paid our debts, and from that day to this, our earthly possessions have annually increased, and some marvelous additions have been made by the kindness and generosity of friends, as will appear.

CHAPTER XV.

RETURN TO BANGOR.

MUCH that was sad as well as much that was pleasant attended my return to Bangor, after forty years of active life. Most of the friends that made the three years of student life so pleasant and memorable had passed away. A dozen or so of them survived, and with them I held sweet intercourse, with sobered but not somber views of life and its destiny. The able, faithful, laborious, and beloved Dr. Pond, the Nestor of the Congregational ministry, who had carried the seminary through dark periods by his invincible faith, tact, and wisdom, was still active in its interests at the age of eighty-six. Deafness secluded him from teaching and preaching, but his pen moved as rapidly as ever. His last work was published at the age of eighty-eight, netting him about $1,000. Deacon Duren, Deacon Titcomb, and Deacon J. T. Hardy, the portrait painter, honored and beloved, welcomed me with warm affection. Mr. Hardy painted my portrait, while I was a theologue, for my mother and sister Susan, living together. After finishing it, he wanted I should give him a

sitting of one hour to sketch my head. He was going to do it roughly and rapidly, piling on the colors. It was certainly a success as to expressing my peculiar phiz, as I think the following incident sufficiently proves.

Some five years after I reached Constantinople, while passing along a crowded and narrow street, some one from the opposite side said: "Good morning, Mr. Hamlin." I responded, and passed right across to him. On meeting, I said to him: "I cannot recall you, sir. Where have we met?"

"Nowhere before this," he replied. "We have never seen each other before."

"How, then, did you know me, sir?"

"I have often seen your head in Mr. Hardy's studio in Bangor, but I never saw you before."

Mr. Hardy was one of my most valued friends, and our friendship continued to the last. I would like to speak of Duren and Titcomb, the former my friend in boyhood, the latter, a guide of my early spiritual life, but time would fail me.

Of the excellent ladies of Bangor, I should speak of Mrs. James Crosby, Mrs. Deacon Brown and her daughter Mary (Mrs. Pickering), Mrs. Jane H. Appleton, Mrs. Kate McGaw Foster, Mrs. Hazzard, and a few others less intimately known. I have before referred to Mrs. Crosby. She is still the comely

crown of Bangor womanhood, and I shall always remember her with admiration and grateful affection.

I was three years at Bangor. My seminary duties occupied my time fully. My services, however poor, were well received. I preached occasionally in the neighboring churches, and I gave some lectures here and there. I lectured in St. John and Fredericton, N. B., on the Eastern Question, to large and paying audiences. My reception in these places was very cordial. In Fredericton, I saw repeatedly the traitor Arnold's house, built directly upon the street and near the river. The elms he planted are now magnificent trees and help perpetuate his infamy. I enjoyed my two visits to New Brunswick very much; the second with my wife, spending a week with the Honorable Mr. Waugh — a member of the Canadian House.

It is one of the misfortunes of old age not to be aware of its approach. I had passed three years of earnest work in Bangor Theological Seminary, hardly conscious that I was too old, in theology, in temperance, and in advocacy of the prohibitory law. I was somewhat rudely awakened by a vote of the trustees to look out for a younger man. I resolved to resign at once and face the world again.

The following lines were written by my wife the evening of the vote; —

The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof!
Why, then, despair?
Treasures, uncounted by conqueror, crowd
Earth, sea, and air;
Cannot He give thee thy portion, who
Put them all there?

The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof!
That Lord is thine!
Father! I look on thy world, and I ask
For me and mine
Only the wealth of a child's sweet trust!
My will be Thine!

The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof!
What is heaven, then?
How shall heart limit the "fulness of joy"
Laid up for men?
Oh! for the "poor in spirit" of earth,
Dear Saviour!—when?

I could find no employment. A man thrown upon his resources at seventy is at a disadvantage. I resolved to do the best I could both for temperance and theology, orthodox theology, drawn from the Word of God, for the coming year, and then leave Bangor. The Maine Law party, that is, the party for the execution of the law, against the party for the law but "again its execution," was determined to punish Governor Davis for his treason to the law. We had a state convention at Augusta, but the gov-

ernor's party mobbed us out of the hall — not, however, till Mr. Speare (Rev. S. L. B. Speare) had given them one of the most eloquent and crushing philippics to which I ever listened. We adjourned to Portland, where we were safe from mobs, and organized a party which upset the governor. He failed of his reëlection.

I was spending the evening with my nephew in Portland. His family were away. We were reading the newspapers to a late hour. He laid down his paper in his peculiar, original way, and announced his disbelief in a special divine providence. "Here you have been," he said, "forty years hard at work in every good cause, and at the age of seventy, you are thrown out discredited, and you have nothing to do but go to the poorhouse, while rumsellers and their abettors are floating in wealth."

I made my reply, and we retired to rest, engaging to rise early and get our breakfast, he standing for the beefsteak, I for the coffee. While thus employed in the morning, the doorbell rang, and my nephew said with some irritation: "Just look out for this steak, while I go and teach those grocery men to come round to the other door."

I heard a grave voice, and my nephew returned saying, "An elderly gentleman, a traveler, wishes to see you a moment."

It was the Rev. Dr. Lambert from Rupert, Vermont. He had been to Bangor to see me and had returned by the first train, and, following the exact directions given him by my family, was rejoiced to find me. He wanted an hour's talk with me about Middlebury College, but must go on in the nine o'clock train. As we could not offer him a breakfast, I sent him right back to the station, where was a good restaurant, and told him I would follow him in ten minutes. I had some laughable adventures in following him, but I reached there in twenty minutes, not having made known anything to my nephew.

Dr. Lambert placed before me the condition of Middlebury College, and offered me the presidency, with a salary of $2,000 and a furnished house. He did not conceal the disastrous condition of the college, and the need of a new man entirely unknown to all parties to take hold of it and rescue it. When I asked him how they came to pitch upon a man of seventy for such a work, he replied that "Professor Boardman having declined, Dr. Wickham, himself, and Mr. Fairbanks (Sir Thaddeus), backed up by Dr. Prentiss' strong recommendation, put all the other candidates aside."

I accepted for one year's conditional trial, and we separated at the train joyfully.

When I told my nephew he was astonished. He took back all he had said against a special providence.

I took the next train for Bangor, sent in my resignation, and proposed, as my successor, Lewis Stearns, who was finally, after long balloting, elected.

I hastily sold out at auction at about seventy-five per cent discount, packed up what we did not wish to sell, and started for Middlebury. The One Hundred and Twenty-fourth Psalm expressed my feelings with relation to the liquor interest, but I had many very dear and faithful friends in Bangor, to all of whom I sent the following printed note : —

TO MY FRIENDS IN BANGOR.

Dear Friends, — The suddenness with which I leave Bangor, owing to my having accepted the presidency of Middlebury College, and the positive necessity of making no delay, have precluded the possibility of farewell calls. I cannot allow this to be attributed to indifference. Bangor would have been my choice as a residence for the remaining years of life. Its beautiful situation, its hills and valleys and rivers and neighboring lakes, its pure bracing climate, but, above all, its friendly, refined, and social people, would have inclined me to make it my residence, until Mount Hope should be the final resting place, had the choice been possible to me.

But my term of service in Bangor having become limited to the present year, it was clearly my duty to accept the offered presidency.

My residence in Bangor has been a rest and deliverance from many anxieties. The Russo-Turkish war in 1877 had compelled me to cease from efforts on behalf of the endowment of Robert College, and I was without any means of support for my family and for the first time in my life was incurring debt. My coming here not only relieved me from this embarrassment, but has made me a *moneyed man!* I have a bank account, and have had an interesting, honorable, and useful work.

I shall always, moreover, remember Bangor as having restored to me, after my wanderings, something of the idea of *home*. I was here three years as student, from 1834 to 1837. I was afterwards forty years on the battlefields of life, and I then returned to be three years a teacher where I had been three years a student. Forty-six years measure the working days of most of our lives. Our beloved and venerated Dr. Pond is a rare exception. Whatever may yet in the divine thoughts remain to me will be given to a work wholly congenial, and in a State that I would choose of all others next after my native State.

The ancient Hebrew was required to "pray for the peace of Jerusalem." Wherever I may be, both duty and feeling will lead me to pray for the peace, purity, and prosperity of Bangor. If in anything I have seemed to do otherwise, dear friends, allow me at least the credit of acting conscientiously, not selfishly, in the fear of God and in the love of man. As in the uncertainty of human life this may prove a long farewell, let me follow apostolic example in wishing you grace, mercy, and peace from God our Father and from the Lord Jesus Christ.

CYRUS HAMLIN.

BANGOR, September 3, 1880.

When I think of the ravages of rum in that beautiful city, I exclaim, O Lord, how long!

In accepting the presidency of Middlebury College, I entered upon five years of hard service. The college had exploded! The faculty was not harmonious. The trustees and faculty were at variance. The president was not in accord with trustees, faculty, or students. Finally the students absolutely rebelled. The president was an excellent man, and his resignation of office was keenly regretted by his friends.

Middlebury is a beautiful Vermont town in the Champlain Valley. A charming little river, absurdly named Otter Creek, passes through it. It takes its rise from the Dorset Mountain, gathering its clear waters from many hills as it passes along to Lake Champlain.

The fine presidential house into which we entered was reported to me as "the coldest house in town." It required a furnace in the cellar and a stove in every room, during the winter weather, and was even then comfortable only in fine weather. On careful examination, I discovered many reasons for this that had strangely escaped notice. I expended about $100 out of my own pocket, and made the house every way healthful and comfortable.

It needed papering, painting, the rebuilding of one chimney, and certain other improvements. Mr. Charles Starr, a generous friend of the college and of myself, offered me $700 for these purposes. I positively refused. While the funds of the college did not meet expenses, I would not allow display on the president's house.

My predecessor had allowed the college to accumulate a debt at the rate of two to three thousand dollars a year. I determined to stop this leak, or resign, and I did it, not without great effort and a heavy annual contribution from my own salary.

During my five years in Middlebury, I formed many valued acquaintances and friends. My relations were very pleasant with the faculty, the trustees, and the students, and with many families in Middlebury and in neighboring towns.

I had many changes to propose in the college. It was in the ruts, and to some the task of extricating and transforming it seemed hopeless. One of the trustees told me that I had come to attend a funeral, and he knew I would perform the ceremony with honor. But I found signs of vigorous life. I formed a plan which at first most of the trustees thought wild. The changes, they said, would certainly cost twice my estimate of $7,000, which I proposed to

raise before expending a cent. Ex-Governor Stewart stood by me nobly from the first. He declared his full approbation of the plan, and his entire confidence in my ability to carry it through. Without his influence I could have done nothing.

The response of the trustees to my letter of resignation indicates briefly and generously the chief changes I introduced. The prophecies of some that I would certainly run the college into debt would have proved true had I done the work by contract. I proposed to take one end of old Painter Hall, knock out all the divisions, and change it into a library. Smith & Allen wanted $3,500 for that work alone. I refused to employ them, and they laughed at my estimate of $1,500. I hired carpenters, and accomplished all within $1,500, adding two handsome porches not in the program. When all was finished, to the great satisfaction of the trustees and friends, I had the pleasure of reporting that all was accomplished which I had proposed, and some things more, and I had overrun my estimate of $7,000 by one dollar and fifty cents, which I had paid myself. Besides Governor Stewart, the Starrs, Charles and Egbert, were my strong and generous supporters, and they have been noble and generous friends since I left Middlebury.

Mr. Philip Battell, one of the oldest graduates of

the college, has been very generous in caring for the library, and Mr. Charles Starr has made the splendid donation of $60,000 to the college.

I here insert my letter of resignation: —

TO THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES OF MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE.

Gentlemen, — The time has come for me to offer to you the resignation of my office as president.

I have reached the age when it has always been my purpose to retire from responsible labors.

After nearly seventy-five years of service, with its due proportion of change and care, I am no longer equal to the wear and tear of all these college duties and anxieties.

I have introduced some improvements, with which you are well acquainted, and I have done all that I am able to do for this institution.

It will be the first duty of my successor to secure the fifty thousand dollars' subscription to the funds already begun. To this work I am every way unfitted and incompetent, and its necessity would be alone a sufficient reason for my resignation.

In resigning this office, I am profoundly grateful for the uniform kindness, confidence, and support of the trustees. That alone has made certain changes possible and successful, and has made my five years of service pass swiftly by. They are the oasis of my old age.

May God in his infinite goodness guide you to another choice which shall fulfill all your wishes.

With great respect, gratitude, and esteem,

I remain faithfully yours,

(Signed) CYRUS HAMLIN.

July 1, 1885.

RESOLUTION OF BOARD OF TRUSTEES.

Resolved, That the Corporation of Middlebury College accept, though with great reluctance, the resignation of Rev. Cyrus Hamlin, D.D., LL.D., of the office of President of the College and Corporation, which he has administered with marked success for five years. Little evidence of the advanced age which Dr. Hamlin urges as his reason for retirement appears to our eyes, beyond the vast amount of most useful and varied work which he has done.

Coming to this office at an age when most men would seek repose from such care, after results accomplished in other fields which would have satisfied the ambitions of most men, he brought an energy and administrative ability which have been exercised to the great advantage of the college.

He has reorganized the departments of Natural History, Chemistry, and General Physics; reconstructed. catalogued, enlarged, and rendered more practically useful the library; and provided the students with a reading room, gymnasium, and commodious club house, where good fare may be had at minimum cost by all who desire to practice economy.

We cannot part from Dr. Hamlin without making expression of our great admiration for his character and our gratitude that it has been our privilege to enjoy this association with him. He leaves his impress upon the college, as he has done upon the minds of those who have enjoyed the benefits of his teachings and friendship. We assure Dr. Hamlin of our affection and esteem and our hope that for many peaceful years he may enjoy his well-earned rest.

I hereby certify that the above resolution was passed at the Corporation meeting of Middlebury College, July 1st, A.D. 1885.

Attest JAMES M. SLADE, *Secretary*.

Thus closed the forty-eight active years of my life. I was in my seventy-fifth year, and I had become so afflicted by insomnia that I felt it was impossible to hold out another year.

I care not to criticize these forty-eight brief years. They present themselves in such varied lights that what I should say at one time would not harmonize with what I should say at another. But the feeling, the judgment "I might have done more and better," follows me all through whatever mood I may be in. In this solemn review I repeat to myself with infinite satisfaction, "There is a fountain filled with blood."

I can see that my life has been a varied one, and that one lesson it gives is that it is not in man that walketh to direct his steps. My first fancy in life was to be a farmer. I became a silversmith and jeweler. My aspiration then was to become an importer, after reaching majority; I became a student. I resolved to be a missionary, and to do whatever work should be given to me to do, and to sacrifice forever all aspiration to wealth or learning. I resolved to go to Africa; I was shunted off to China first, and then most unexpectedly to Turkey and to education as my life's work. Dating from my acceptance and appointment by the American Board, I was twenty-three years, 1837–60, connected with the

Board, then thirteen years in founding, building, and fighting for Robert College, and bringing it forward to marvelous success, then four years in almost fruitless and unhappy efforts for an endowment, three years professor of theology in Bangor Seminary, five years president of Middlebury College, as hath been said. I have seen every grade of human life, from the beggar to the Sultan. The Earl of Shaftesbury and Lord Stratford de Redcliffe I place at the summit of all the public men I have known. My life has been mainly with the poor and the oppressed, and if by infinite grace I reach the kingdom of the blessed, some of them long since there may become my teachers as I was once theirs. I know that I have the respect and love of the people of the East, so far as I am there known, and this conviction cheers me in my nearly useless old age.

I return now to the narrative, and enter upon my *superannuation.*

I had no time to be sentimental about the final condition of my earthly life. I seemed to have reached the last phase of life on a sudden. I was wholly unprepared for it, although I had thought of it all along, had spoken of it freely, had felt that it was right, proper, necessary that I should put off the armor and retire from the battlefield to some post

unexposed and easily guarded. But now it all entered my actual experience. And is this all of life? How short it looks! A little while ago I was on the farm in Waterford with my brother Hannibal, and now here I am an old man, my work done, my record made and sealed, and I have only to seek a resting place for a little while! Mother, brother, sisters, and some of my own beloved family, all gone! Verily man is of few days and full of trouble. He cometh forth as a flower, and is cut down.

But where shall I find a resting place? How shall I keep the family together? I have some three or four thousand dollars of invested funds, chiefly from my friends, R. W. Wood, M.D., Arthur Stoddard, and S. M. Menasian. This would last me a few years, and then the family must break up.

Or should it break up at once, and each one seek such shelter as God should provide? We agreed, on the whole, to hold together as long as possible, and then should separation come, it would be so plainly the will of God that it would come easy. There would be a training of absolute necessity for it.

We were earnestly invited to locate our home at Manchester, Vermont. It is a most attractive place. Our dear friends, Dr. and Mrs. Wickham, were urgent. Mr. Orvis, of the Equinox, offered a house at most reasonable terms, and we should be near our

dear friend, Dr. Prentiss, in his summer home in Dorset.

But there was one great objection. I should have little chance for employment of any kind that would help out my slender resources. I decided finally to seek a cottage in some village within ten or fifteen miles of Boston, where I might hope for some employment.

I left home in Middlebury, I think the last week in July, and began my search, having fixed upon a rent of $250 a year as the highest I could afford to give. I visited North Woburn, Woburn, Winchester, the Somervilles, Hyde Park, Jamaica Plain, the Newtons, Auburndale, etc., and found no rest for the sole of my foot.

The pleasant and *healthful* places were all above the price I could offer. A wise woman helped me out of my difficulty. It was Mrs. Carruth, of Dorchester, "who has been a helper of many and of me also." Visiting her house, to see her daughters just returned from Constantinople, where they had been generously kind to my daughter Clara, and mentioning my perplexity and despair of success, Mrs. Carruth said: "If you must have a garden with your house, why don't you go to Lexington? Land is cheaper there than in any other place so near Boston, because there are no factories and no crowds of

foreign workmen to cover the land." In all my researches, no one had mentioned Lexington or given me such advice. The next morning saw me here. I found this house through the kind and ready assistance of Rev. E. G. Porter and Mr. George E. Muzzey, who gave up a whole afternoon to me, and who have always stood ready to do a favor. The owner, Mr. J. L. Norris, would sell, but would not rent. I would rent, but would not buy. So all separated, and I went back to my lodgings in Boston to sleep over it and decide. The terms were easy, $3,000; $500 down and a five per cent mortgage payable in annual instalments. Now I had $500 in the savings bank, the gift of a dear friend, Mrs. S. T. Dana, 3 Arlington Street, Boston. In a stormy passage across the Atlantic I had kept her courage up, and she was always overgrateful. She never knew how that legacy would give me a home. I hope, however, she knows it in her heavenly home. She was a cultivated Christian woman of the finest mold.

In the morning, I saw clearly that the thing to do was to purchase the place, which I did that very day; not an hour too soon, for another man was right on my heels to take it.

The writings were made out and the deed given August 13, 1885.

I then returned to Middlebury, to pack up and

move to *our home*. I knew not how I should pay for it, but the interest on the mortgage, $125, and the taxes, about $40, would be $165 per annum. The property would certainly not depreciate in value. We all rejoiced at the prospect of some permanency. To be in danger of moving every year is a sad fate for old people.

I came on the seventh of September; my family a week later. The house was new; the land, 48,000 feet, a little more than an acre in a very rough state. I could obtain very little help, and I worked every day to the utmost of my strength. The weather was fine, the air pure, and my sleep was decidedly improved.

We came into shape very slowly. Furniture, carpets, window shades, kitchen furniture, must be immediately secured. Friends around us were very kind, and we made some progress every day. But cold weather came before we felt fairly *settled*.

My dear chum at Bangor Theological Seminary, Rev. Dr. Tappan, of Norridgewock, hearing of my purchase, sent me a check for fifteen dollars to buy some article of furniture with. I felt he ought not to do it, but it proved to be the drop before the shower — a torrent. As one friend after another heard of the purchase they also sent in their checks, $25, $50, $100, $200, $250, $500, $500, $500, and so

on until the thirteenth of February, just six months after the date of the purchase, I made the last payment, took up the mortgage, and paid the interest that had accrued. Fortunately one of the written conditions of the contract was that payments could be made at any time if it suited my convenience. One of the $500 gifts was by the hand of our pastor, whose hand is in multitudinous good works. He was invited to dine with us on my seventy-fifth birthday, and he had collected from friends in Lexington and in other places, together with what he gave himself, the $500, which formed the chief article of the dessert. We have had many kindnesses from Mr. Porter, and from other friends through him. I feel quite abashed and ashamed of all this kindness and attention. I have done so little to deserve it.

I must go back to one thing omitted, but I will first give one or two incidents omitted in my house story. Five hundred dollars only remained, and we resolved to practice every economy and stretch every nerve to pay that within a year from purchase. But the payment was completed in just six months, as I have said above. The last fifty dollars were given by two ladies in Portland, who were of my audience in Second Church, Portland, 1837, Mrs. Goodnow and her sister, Mrs. ——. That came by Mr. Porter's hand. So, for the first time in my life, I be-

came a house owner, and a prospective owner of a garden, the rough acre calling for too much hard labor. It all seemed like a dream. When I gave myself to missions I resolved to eschew two things, as I have mentioned: — first, money-getting. I would live and die poor. Second, that I would never aim at being literary or scientific, except just so far as my work should demand. But now here was the possession of a house and land thrust upon me by the kindness of friends. I saw plainly the hand of God in it, and I came down from the heights of my poverty to be a land owner and a payer of taxes.

We had no sooner become a little settled in our new home than Mr. Porter gave us a grand reception at the Massachusetts House. We did not apprehend such a gathering. It was said not less than three hundred were there. It was quite confusing, and the complimentary part overwhelming. Mr. Porter conducted the whole affair with an ability and grace which few men possess. He held it perfectly in hand to the close. Rev. Dr. March, of Woburn, Dr. N. G. Clark, Mr. Ezra Farnsworth, and the Mayor of Waltham made the speeches.

Mr. Porter interspersed his remarks with the following extracts from letters which he had received in answer to his invitation: —

BOSTON, September 4, 1885.

REV. E. G. PORTER.

My dear Sir, — Of all Americans who have taken up their residence in the Eastern hemisphere, there is no one who has shown a greater desire to benefit the people where they labored or been a richer blessing in their self-denying efforts, than the guest you seek to honor. He certainly is worthy of the gratitude and love of all his countrymen; and, I am happy to add, it is universally accorded to him.

Faithfully yours,

DAVID R. HITCHCOCK.

PORTLAND, Me., September 2, 1885.

My dear Mr. Porter, — Lexington seems both naturally and historically selected as the happy retreat of a veteran, who has most signally illustrated, at home and abroad, in peace and in war, the prompt initiative, versatile genius, and philanthropic spirit of your time-honored town — and of our common civilization.

Very truly yours,

E. C. CUMMINGS.

LONGMEADOW, September 14, 1885.

REV. E. G. PORTER.

My dear Sir, — I have duly received the invitation extended to Mrs. W—— and myself, to attend the proposed reception to be given to my friend, the Rev. Dr. Hamlin, on the 22d inst. We should be very happy to be present on an occasion of so much interest; and very much regret that the prospect of our being able to do so is too slight to permit us to encourage the hope.

I congratulate both Brother Hamlin and yourselves on his choice of your community as the one in which he may pass the

quiet evening of his useful and honored life. I have no doubt that he will highly enjoy both the historical reminiscences and the modern privileges of your goodly town; and that the Divine blessing will crown his life even to its close — which I pray may be distant. Ever truly yours,

SAMUEL WOLCOTT.

WELLESLEY, September 18, 1885.

My dear Porter, — It would give me unfeigned pleasure to meet Dr. Hamlin, as you and he both know. He is worthy of attention and honor. He has a noble record, and a reward on high. I wish he could have something done for him by the churches, to make his old age bright and comfortable.

Very truly and cordially,

E. B. WEBB.

NORTH WOBURN, September 16, 1885.

My dear brother Porter, — For nearly fifty years I have known the man whom we all so highly respect. Before he entered upon the work of a missionary, and when he was supplying a pulpit in Portland, I first made his acquaintance, and called with him upon the family of the sainted Payson, in that city. I was present, when in Park Street Church, Boston, he received his instructions as a missionary of the A. B. C. F. M. And when, soon after this, I became a missionary in Western Asia myself, and was so worn down by the incessant excitements and perils of four successive wars as to be laid, at last, at death's door, by a long and very dangerous illness, in Jerusalem and Beirût, it was an inexpressible comfort to me to know that Brother Hamlin, though a thousand miles distant, understood our case and expressed (in writing) the warm sympathy which, in my prostration, I needed and craved.

But my intention was to speak, not of myself, but of *him* — the man, the Christian, the minister of Christ, the teacher, the heroic missionary of the Cross. I used to think of him, in those far-off days, as a man of all trades: inventor, genius, courtier, manager, agitator, peacemaker; and I hardly know what not besides! and yet always and everywhere the disciple of Him who "went about doing good"; and, amid all forms of error, superstition, and corruption, the fearless preacher of righteousness. It was then, and is still, my firm conviction that our brother was raised up and specially qualified to fill a position in the Turkish Mission which it was of vital importance to fill, and which few men living *could* fill. Let us thank God that he employed him so usefully in the varied service to which he was called; and let us congratulate *him* that he was enabled to be obedient to the heavenly vision.

Cordially invoking the best of heaven's blessings on our dear brother and friend, Dr. Hamlin, and on all who may meet him on Tuesday evening, I remain, as ever,

His and your friend, very truly,

LEANDER THOMPSON.

The evening passed off remarkably well, there being no waiting, *no hitch* anywhere. Mrs. Hayes, of the Oakmount Palace, sent us home in her carriage, with a wonderful basket of artistically arranged fruit from her estate, products of tropical and temperate zones. Who but Mr. Porter would have gotten up all this?

Before I was fairly settled in my new house, the question of family support demanded consideration

We were five persons, and two of these, the youngest daughter and youngest son, still in the process of education. I found it difficult to obtain empty pulpits to fill. Age and the entire absence of popular gifts as a speaker are sufficient reasons; and, besides, the competition of younger and abler men for every empty pulpit was far too great to allow me any chance for success. There were ten hungry mouths for every morsel.

I did something in lecturing for a time, but with no very cheering results. I could sell my railroad bonds and live for a while, but then absolute destitution would follow. At length I resolved to apply to the American Board for work. It was with great reluctance. It was humiliating. The employment that had come to me thus far had come without my seeking. Now old, superannuated, past work in public estimation, it would not do to wait for something to turn up. I felt less reluctance to apply to the Board because I had paid into its work not less than $30,000, — including rent I might say more than $30,000, — which was more than I had ever received from the Board in all my missionary life.

Dr. Clark said the Board would gladly aid me, and no one would have an objection to make. But then I insisted it should come by way of work, and not as gratuity. It was finally proposed that I receive $500

a year from the Board, and that I address the churches, who should call me, on missions, not taking up any collection. I agreed to this joyfully, and thus far it has worked well; that is, well for me. I have enjoyed visiting the churches, and have always found some whose hearts were deeply interested in the missionary work, and some who had erroneous views of the nature and modes of our work.

In the beginning of September, 1887, I was called suddenly and most unexpectedly to take, for a short time as was supposed, the place of Professor Karr in the Hartford Theological Seminary. I had recently destroyed my theological notes and manuscripts which had accumulated during the three years at Bangor, but the Hartford faculty took the responsibility, and I went, expecting to return at Christmas or before. I had to teach dogmatic theology, Christian ethics and apologetics. Professor Karr, instead of the recovery hoped for, went to the grave, and terminated a very noble life, to the grief and loss of the seminary. I remained per force of circumstances till February 22, 1888. The pay was generous, $200 per month and board. The duties were heavy, and their performance gave that sort of satisfaction that comes from necessity. There was no better man lying round loose with nothing to do. The compe-

tent men were all in places they could not leave for a few months' employment. I do not think I rendered a *quid pro quo*, but, on the whole, it was just what had to be.

With the aged, venerated, and beloved Dr. William Thompson I had the most delightful Christian intercourse; with Dr. Bissell also, and with Mr. Richardson, the librarian; with the rest I formed no acquaintance. On the whole, it was a happy change in the uniform current of my life.

At the close of my duties at Hartford, I was intending to visit my honored friend and the benefactor of Robert College, George H. Corliss, the great steam engine inventor and manufacturer. He had urgently invited me to spend a few days at his house, and inspect all the changes he was introducing to his great manufactory. What was my surprise and grief to read in the morning paper his sudden death! He was one of the remarkable men of his age, and his name will be had in everlasting remembrance.

Dr. Thompson has also passed away at great age, a man Christlike in life and temper, pure, upright, just, unselfish, of very clear judgment and invincible firmness of purpose, true to the Word and Church of God. He held the helm with the skill of a captain.

There is little further of interest to notice in my quiet life. Chris and I have built, with great labor,

a small annex to our small house. It is a great boon. Mrs. Baker paid for the material. We have also immensely improved our land, a part of which, around the pump, was a small Serbonian bog. I have become missionary editor on Dr. Cook's staff in Our Day. The magnificent progress of the missionary work in India, China, Japan, and other places cheers us with thoughts of the coming glory of the Lord. The Turks are now deluded by their own fanaticisms and the policy of France and Russia to attempt the effacement of Evangelical religion from the empire. "He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh, the Lord shall have them in derision." There is much suffering by the poor defenseless Protestants which calls for the interference of Christian nations. Turkey exists by their permission, and should not have their permission to persecute Christians.

Let me here remind the reader that these records were made in the familiar, unadorned style of address to my children, and if clear and intelligible they are not subject to further criticism.

I have received innumerable kindnesses from many sources. If I have been in any exigency, it was sure to be relieved by some unexpected check, whether for $10 or $50, or some intermediate sum. It always seemed as though spirits unseen walk among us, and have means of suggesting thought to others

without revealing themselves to consciousness. Whether by this or some other way "Our Father's" care, "who knoweth that we have need of these things," reaches us always and at the right time. I have neither wealth nor poverty, but I have all things needful for a quiet and happy life while I await the Master's call. In the unmerited and unbounded kindness of innumerable friends I have received the promise, "hundredfold more in this present life."

APPENDIX.

Two views are presented of Robert College. One, not the best view of the building, is taken from the rear, in order to show its relation to the Asiatic shore and to the Bosphorus, which bends round the college promontory and disappears behind the tower at the left. Opposite are dimly seen the Asiatic towers and the entrance to the "Heavenly Waters." The college has been an acknowledged power in the empire.

Of the three characteristic pictures of students of Bebek Seminary that of Colonel Toros represents a large element of educational results that is not directly missionary and yet is very useful in the general progress of society. He rose from a position of hopeless poverty to one of honor and influence.

I regret that I cannot give the portrait of Baron Zenope, the genius in chemistry and the most noble example of Christian patriotism and self-abnegation.

The native pastors, teachers, translators, and editors have been the choicest fruits of the institution, and their average character is the halo of its history. It may challenge later institutions to show better results.

Pastor and Professor Mardiros was one whom President Hopkins would have chosen into the number seven. He once remarked that if he could graduate seven MEN every year he would be satisfied with his year's work. Mardiros had a clear head and a pure heart and he never lifted up his soul unto vanity. Few men have been so universally respected and beloved. To the evangelical Armenian community his loss seems irreparable.

Pastor Alexander, of Adabazar, was his peer in all respects. He had preëminently that which is called *faculty*. He was wise to plan and skillful to execute. He had the grace of continuance, and could not be diverted from his main object. He was one exception to the rule, "The prophet has little honor in his own country." He was called in his youth to be the pastor of the

little church in his native place, and there he passed his entire active life. His church became preëminent for its missionary efforts and its educational institutions.

Time would fail me to speak of many others, some of whom have entered into rest, and some are still serving God and their generation.

I look upon the portrait of Ahmed Vefyk Pasha with feelings of gratitude and also of deep sorrow. He was probably the most learned Turkish gentleman of his day. He belonged to the liberal element of the empire. Always when in office he made things hum to such an extent that the sleepy empire had no place where he could long be endured. I enjoyed his friendship and had his confidence to a remarkable degree. He felt most deeply the disasters and ruin of the empire. He had many enemies, of course; he had also very warm friends. His last days were clouded and his mind lost its balance. He was always a faithful friend to Robert College.